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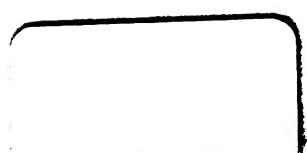
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*Monthly Miscellany.*





ADA  
Monthly























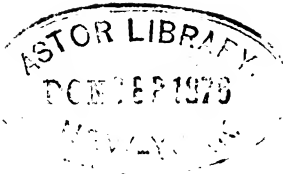
*Apollo, distributing honorary Rewards to the Ingenious*

THE  
*Monthly Miscellany;*  
OR  
GENTLEMAN and LADY'S  
COMPLETE  
MAGAZINE,  
VOL. II.  
for the YEAR 1774.



L O N D O N:

Printed for R. SNAGG, N<sup>o</sup> 29, Pater-Noster Row,  
R. CRUTTWELL, in Bath, & HODSON & JOHNSON,  
in Salisbury.





# SOMETHING from the PUBLISHER,

BY WAY OF

## P R E F A C E.

I Was sitting in my elbow chair this afternoon, reflecting with some anxiety upon the consequences of the late decision against Literary Property, when Mr. PEARL, the Printer of my *Miscellany*, came in, and asked me whether I had got my *Preface* ready.—I must own I was astonished at his question, for I could not imagine that a *Preface* was any way necessary for a *Magazine*; I replied, therefore, (with looks that testified my surprize) that there was no occasion for it;—Mr. PEARL was of a contrary opinion; and seldom chusing to advance what he has not *some* argument to defend, a Dialogue like the following passed between us.

P E A R L.

Not give a Preface, Sir? Upon my word I think you're wrong.

P U B L I S H E R.

Why so, Mr. PEARL?

P E A R L.

Because no publication of consequence appears without one.

P U B L I S H E R.

But why need we follow an useless precedent?

P E A R L.

By no means *useless*, Sir.—The world will think but very poorly of any Editor who has nothing to say for himself—and in this case it is particularly necessary; for as the writings of *other men* compose your whole *Miscellany*, the readers of it have not the least opportunity of knowing *you*.—A Publisher, I think, should certainly take up the pen sometimes, that the world may know he can *write*, as well as *read*.



## PUBLISHER.

Indeed, that plea may have weight with *some* kind of people ; but I have no ambition, Mr. PEARL.

## PEARL.

That want of ambition, Sir, is now the greatest crime.—When you first began the *Miscellany*, scarce a number appeared, without an Address to the Public. *They* were of the Preface kind ; and I dare say you found the benefit of those Addresses. To *them* you owe, in great measure, the approbation of those improvements which they pointed out in the Magazine. But I am afraid success has made you rather indolent—for having established your *Miscellany* in a more extensive sale than any other periodical publication, you are afraid of setting pen to paper—and leave the work to shift for itself—while your Competitors are ransacking their brains for new ideas, and dealing out their own praise in strains that should excite your *emulation*.

## PUBLISHER.

Or rather my *contempt*, Mr. PEARL. I did, as you say, present my readers with a fresh Address in every Number. I thanked them for their kind encouragement, and told them I would spend my life in endeavouring to deserve it. Have I been indolent since then ?—Pray tell me where ? Has not each number increased in point of *goodness*, as well as in its *sale* ?—Have I not engaged Mr. *Light* at an high price for the Designs, in preference to Mr. *Shade*, because he was the better Artist ?—Has not Mr. *Scratch* also a very great price for his Engravings ?—and is not my desiring you to get a new Type from Mr. *Casson*, a proof of my attention to the improvement of the work ?—to say nothing of my Silver Medals, or my successful applications to gentlemen who shall be nameless, for their assistance. This is the proper ambition of a Publisher ;—*this*, Sir, and not *writing*. My first Addresses were merely Advertisements, to request the favours of the public ; and now my gratitude should be evinced to them—not by *words*--but by my industry, for their amusement and information. Besides, what now remains to write a Preface on ?

## PEARL.

Oh !—Plenty, Sir, plenty.—Why the very articles that you have just been mentioning, are matter sufficient for five or six pages.—And you might with great propriety give a *Dedication* also. Suppose, for instance, you were to adopt this, which I just wrought off before I came from home ;—there, Sir, you see 'tis very neatly done.

TO THE  
FRIENDS OF LEARNING,  
IN  
GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND THE COLONIES;  
THIS  
MISCELLANY,  
COMPILED FOR  
THEIR BENEFIT AND AMUSEMENT,  
AND SUPPORTED BY  
THEIR ENCOURAGEMENT AND ASSISTANCE,  
IS  
WITH ALL SUBMISSION  
DEDICATED,  
BY  
THEIR MOST GRATEFUL,  
MOST DEVOTED,  
AND  
OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

PEARL.

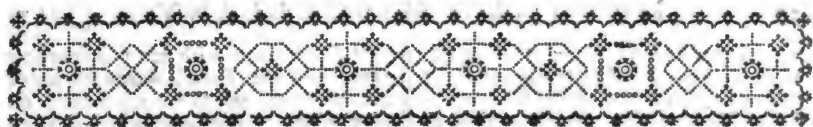
What think you of this?

PUBLISHER.

Why, Sir, in a word :—the public are not so blind to merit, as to need being told of any alteration in our plan.—The judicious choice of our Materials, the elegance of our Designs, and the excellence of our Engravings, have already attracted universal attention, and there is little doubt of our continuing to meet with applause for every addition that may deserve it;—with equal justice also may we expect their censure, for every inattention or neglect we are guilty of. *Here, then, Mr. PEARL,* it is, that a Publisher should fix his standard : Let him make it his business to consult the taste of his readers, and he may be sure of meeting with a reward for his endeavours, nor needs a Preface, which at best exposes his vanity to the public, or boasts of that industry which it is but his duty to persist in. His *life* should be dedicated to the service of his friends, and not his *book* alone. However, that you may not be wholly disappointed in your expectations, and as the public may probably receive some little entertainment from our past conversation, I will endeavour to recollect it, and commit it to writing, and you shall give it to the public, as *something by way of Preface.*



THE



T H E  
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,  
F O R  
J U L Y, 1774.

The SCRIBBLER, Number VIII.

AMBITION *thus makes* WRITERS of us all.

PARODY of HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

**N**OR dare th' immortal Gods my  
rage oppose.----Such was the  
conclusion of an harangue,  
worked up by the enthusiastic  
brain of a tragic poetess, ex-  
pressive of that height to which the ambi-  
tion of her Hero aspired; and what she  
has there applied to *his* situation, may not,  
I think, be improperly adapted to that of  
a *modern Poet*.

There is scarcely a wretch upon the sur-  
face of the earth, but who, in some degree  
or other, thinks himself qualified to be a  
Poet; and there are few, who bear that  
name, but are the slaves of wild, extrava-  
gant ambition. Imagining that Nature  
has given them abilities for writing poe-  
try, they seize the pen on every occasion,  
and without having any good end in view,  
they rhyme away their time and senses to no  
manner of purpose. Their minds are too  
much busied on *sublimar* matters, to be at-  
tentive to their business or their families,  
and while they are soaring, in idea, to the  
utmost height of importance, they sink, in  
reality, into poverty, contempt, and wretch-  
edness.

I was sitting one day at my bookseller's,  
(where I often go to pass a leisure hour)  
when a young man, dressed in black, came  
into the shop, and enquired for Mr. *Folio*.  
From the shabbiness of his appearance, I  
judged him to have come on a charitable  
errand; and when he begg'd Mr. *Folio*  
to retire with him to another room, that he  
might communicate his business, I felt for

his distress, not doubting but he was un-  
der some very great misfortune, destitute  
of support, yet ashamed to ask a public cha-  
rity. I was the more confirmed in this o-  
pinion, by the humility of the man, and  
a something genteel in his appearance,  
which told me he had once seen better days.

I must own I had a great curiosity to be  
rightly informed in this matter, and there-  
fore waited till his business with Mr. *Folio*  
was concluded.---It was not long before  
the young man returned, but with visible  
marks of dissatisfaction in his countenance.  
---What, thought I, is it then possible, that  
my friend *Folio* should hear the complaints  
of indigence, and yet refuse to mitigate its  
sorrows?---Can a Bookseller, whose very  
life is spent in reading over the works of  
eminently-virtuous men, be himself so void  
of that most pleasing virtue, which delights  
in doing good?---For shame! said I---  
and was going from the shop in quest of  
the poor fellow, when Mr. *Folio* desired me  
to step into his parlour.

I went---though not without some re-  
luctance; and as soon as he had shut the  
parlour door, I asked him of the person he  
had been conferring with.

"That (replied he) is a *poor writer*;---  
a fellow that has had the *misfortune* of a to-  
lerable good education, without any con-  
duct. The *cacosthes scribendi* seized him  
very early in life, and has reduced him to  
the miserable plight in which you saw him.  
He has lodged at a little public-house in  
this neighbourhood for some time,---and

where

when I could do the young man any service,---I did. He often teazes me to set on foot for him a subscription for *Two Volumes of Fugitive Pieces*, which he thinks he could get permission to dedicate to Lord \*\*\*\*\*; but there is such a vile collection of incoherent rubbish---*Imitations and Paraphrases of Pindar, Horace, Juvenal, and the Psalms*---*Verses to Amelia*---*Strephon to Celina*---and other such insignificant, threadbare stuff, that no money could be got for it,---nor do I think any gentleman would suffer his name to be printed in it; and as for charitable subscriptions, we have had enough of them, Mr. \*\*\*\*, already.

I was going to express my concern for him, when Mr. Folio proceeded:

"I am heartily sorry for the poor fellow, indeed. Seven years (he says) has he followed this employment; and finding now that nothing is to be got by it but poverty and rags, he is determined to change the livery of the Muses for that of his Sovereign."

"What, (said I) to enlist?"

"That is really the case. While in his present situation, he has no hopes at all; but as he is a man of some spirit, he thinks he may get preferment in the army, by being active and industrious; and not having wherewithal to purchase a commission, he begins at the lowest step, and enters as a common soldier."

"Poor young fellow-w."---My heart was too full to say more, and a silent tear fell down my cheek, in spite of all my fortitude.

"His business with me this morning (continued Mr. Folio) was to tell me of his resolution, and to ask my opinion on the publishing a few sketches of his life,---as a beacon to others, who are wandering in the same mistaken path with himself. He has not brought me the copy, not being willing to complete it till he had my approbation; but one can't give much, Mr. \*\*\*\*, for the life of a poet. They (Lord help 'em!) have no variety---a Garret is their constant residence---a Bookseller their only master. Visits, indeed, they would pay, if they could get admittance; but company at home they never see. However, I told him to get it finished, and probably I might give him half a crown for it. You shall see it, Mr. \*\*\*\*, and if you have a mind to take it for a paper of your Scribbler, you shall have it at a fair price. I expect him again to-morrow, and you shall then talk with the young man yourself."

I thanked Mr. Folio for his obliging offer, and returned home, ruminating on the unhappy state of those men, who, mistaking a lively imagination for poetical genius, and vainly trusting to those abilities, plunge themselves at once into misery and distress; exchanging a life of happiness and ease for that contemptible situation, which Dr. Swift imagines to be the very depth of wretchedness.

Were I to curse (says he) the man I hate, Attendance and dependance be his fate.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

## AN ESSAY ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY;

IN WHICH

ITS INFLUENCE ON MEN'S MORAL CONDUCT IS CONSIDERED.

THOSE researches which impress on our minds a just sense of a superintendant Providence, will more certainly lead us to the performance of virtuous than immoral actions. Natural Philosophy here claims the palm: it is to her the antient Deities are indebted for their existence. The contemplative mind, as it ranged through the works of the creation, plainly discovered the footsteps of a Deity imprinted on every leaf and flower. Reason, confined and narrow in her conceptions, could not at first form the vast idea of UNIVERSALITY: it was an abyss into which the unaccustomed soul was at a loss to enter; and therefore, instead of giving the immediate direction of the Universe to a single Omnipotent Agent; she readily di-

vided it into numerous classes, and assigned to inferior Deities the government of each lot; and even then she had a strong idea of a Supreme to whose authority those Deities paid due submission.

Revelation, joined with Philosophy, has taught us to reject these notions concerning the government of Creation, and clearly evinced to us, that what the Heathens worshipped as tutelary Gods, presiding over the various links of Nature, are only certain fixed properties given her by the Almighty, by which she performs such actions as to his infinite wisdom seem meet for the universal welfare.

That these powers of Nature are immediately dependent on her present mode of existence, is evident; since many Philosophical

phical experiments prove, that matter not only loses its powers, but assumes new ones, according to the arrangement of its elements, and the states in which it is placed.

That Being, therefore, who fixed it in its present round of variegation, can, whenever it shall please him, break the chain of connection, change and confine it to another state: in which reflections I would convey the following inference:—It is not at all contradictory to the principles of Nature, that she should, at the will of that pervading Power which at present conducts her regular motions, fall into an entire new state; as has been announced in Holy Writ.-----Thus far inanimate matter.

The Soul, in its present confined state, evidently proves itself in its every action an eternally existent, but subjected being, immured in the flesh to exalt its nature, and render it worthy the immortal mansions of ethereal bliss.

Knowledge has been censured for making men ambitious and self-sufficient. True Knowledge can have no such effect. If men will scarcely enter the field of science before they set up for deep Philosophers; and accurate investigators of the Powers of Nature; if they will slightly scan over the powers of secondary causes, and from them draw conclusions, without reflecting on the basis on which these causes act, they may possibly swell with pride, and, arrogating to themselves universal knowledge, forget to whose bounty they owe their existence and capacities.

Learning to bad men is truly pernicious; for, as a jewel in the swine's nose, so is Science in the mouth of a fool: it may be compared to wines---cordials to the wise, to the foolish, poisons; nourishing and invigorating the former, but producing frequently fatal intoxication to the latter.

But shall the behaviour of a *Madman*, or the sentence of *Folly*, fix a stigma on any thing? Was their abuse of things to affect their merit, we might caril at every favour Heaven has bestowed on us. The necessities and comforts of life, are by them rendered so many instruments of destruction; and every blessing in their hands is a certain evil. The admission of such reasoning would be laying the axe at the root of nature's every law, and at each blow the attributes of the Almighty would feel the wound. Nor would the Christian Dispensation escape our censure, should we judge of its merit by the conduct of too many of its professors.

The errors, therefore, or imperfections of Philosophers, altho' advanced with such confidence as arguments against Philosophical Enquiries, are so far from being unanswerable, that they are to be easily overthrown.---But before I conclude this part of my enquiry, let me ask a few questions: Are their errors and imperfections peculiar to themselves, and the mere effects of their knowledge? Would ignorance make them a jot more virtuous and irreproachable? Would it in any degree mend their morals? An extinction of Science, that grand luminary of the mental world, like the absence of the sun, would cast a darkness over the land, but not in the least lessen its vice.

Evident it is to me, that Science softens our ferocity, and properly used, diverts and amuses the passions---those tygers of the mind, which prove destructive of its peace and good order; and the Learning of the wicked will appear less deserving our fear than their brutal Stupidity, since the former will render them circumspect in their actions. The Sciences, therefore, aid the cause of Religion and Virtue, and conduce to the good order of society, as without them men may be poor and ignorant, but no less vicious.

Science may be compared to the old man's faggot---each stick, separately, will yield and break---but, when united, they resist our utmost power: so, also, sever the links of Science, and they may be wrested to their own destruction; but, while connected, they are proof against every injury. An investigation of the powers of Nature is the chief employment of the Blessed. An attention to Science on earth is, therefore, anticipating in some measure that fullness of bliss which is enjoyed in the mansions of eternity, and to which it will conduct its votaries, when this globe, and all its beauties, shall be done away; even then shall Science remain unchanged, except in that it will become far more exalted and improved.

Let us, therefore, enter deeply into this agreeable field; let us follow Nature thro' her various windings; see the reciprocal chain of alliance, by which her every part is linked together; but, above all, that grand dependence which it holds towards its Creator. Let us, I say, thus insensibly rise from one link of Creation to another, and, if possible, reach the *primum mobile*; there behold that which seems to our confined senses a vast impossibility, performed with the most perfect ease. Then see how our feelings will be actuated; will vanity, or awful modesty fill our bosoms? Surely the



the latter must take place, and every spark of the former die for ever.

Where shall we begin to depict the variegated scene of wondrous order? Shall we look up to the orbs in regular motion moving in their rounds, and harmoniously keeping in their spheres? or shall we investigate the minute organism of beings, whose existence is indiscernible to the common eye? or shall we take a transient view of any the intermediate links of Creation? Each separately raises our wonder, and gains from us involuntary adoration; but when we consider the aggregate body of Creation, its connections and dependencies, that symmetry with which the constituent parts are connected, that elegant formation of structure, that capacity for action, and minute dependency on each other in a reciprocal order; the Phœnician birth of nature, or one class of beings rising into life from the ashes of another, well may we join the Psalmist, "Lord! how wonderful are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; creation teems with thy riches."

The more minutely we examine Nature, the greater our surprize is, that she resists the shocks her own powers are continually making against her œconomy; and well satisfied must we be, that merely by her self-existent power she would not long survive such repeated violences: soon must she yield a victim to her own frantic passions, unless supported by some all-powerful controul; and wild confusion, seizing the reins of government, would produce a second chaos.

If we look back a few ages, (few indeed when compared with eternity) we find mankind lost in ignorance; gradually they launched out from the dark cloud that enveloped them, and with a rapid gradation arose to the height of knowledge which they now possess.

The mind of man is too active to remain long in a state of lethargic ignorance; it naturally awakens itself to knowledge, rushes forward into the spacious field of Nature, and contemplates on the various phenomena that present themselves to our intellectual or corporeal senses. From them we draw conclusions, by them form opinions, and thro' them are easily led to acknowledge a Supremacy must exist.

Nature could not have been always as it is. Man must have begun existence—when, is indeterminate—how, is easily answered. His own innate power is unequal to the task. Some more powerful Agent must therefore have called him into being, who, as his Creator, demands his gratitude and obedience.

Let us look into this beautiful microcosm; let us examine its various faculties and powers; how wonderfully every part is framed to receive the most exquisite sensations, to perform the most glorious actions, and attain the first of blessings! Not an atom in our frame but is destined to some noble end—to support some grand design, and further some exalted deed.—How pleasingly is the body adapted to perform every wish the soul can form, or attain every point that it soars at! Look into thyself; canst *thou* form such a system of systems, in a regular confusion, and surprisingly varied labyrinth of powers dependent on, and serving each other? Canst *thou* demonstrate the principles on which it moves, or the causes of its various actions and affections, and the reason for its several functions and senses? Canst *thou* clearly demonstrate why the ear hears, the eye sees, the nostrils receive the impression of flavour, and the mouth of taste; while the sense of feeling is scattered indeterminedly thro' the whole frame? Are not the nerves to each part the same—the same their origin and structure?

Is it reasonable that so exquisite a piece of mechanism should be the work of blind chance, independent of Supremacy?—Reason starts back at the position; nor will it admit a shadow of possibility.

There is not an action in Nature, but at the same time that it points out his power, convinces us of the mercy of the Almighty. Nature has certain fixed properties, by which she is connected, and which determine her actions. Every effect is produced by a certain cause; and, without a stated influence, no effect or action can take place. These reflections are the result of Philosophic knowledge: they arise from an accurate investigation of Nature, and her laws. Let us examine the inferences to be drawn from them, and the influence they are likely to have on men's conduct.

The violent actions, or efforts of Nature, are timely cures to certain diseases in her œconomy, from whence they arise, or are the symptomatic effects; and by destroying superfluous collections of matter, hinder fatal events to herself or constituents. As Man is subject to diseases to which he must in time yield, but has powers to counteract them for a time, so is it with Nature. But by her violent efforts in accomplishing her grand designs, individuals sometimes become victims to the immoderate rage of her elements, or, in a secondary manner, by the works of their own hands. This sacrifice is indiscriminate,

nate, falling alike on the just and unjust, and is therefore evidently not as a punishment for vice, nor a reward of virtue; it comes not in wantonness, nor is it the sport of fools, but the stated influence of Nature, who, while she destroys an individual, is working to the preservation of myriads. And no doubt the Almighty chooses thus to demonstrate his attributes to mankind, by allowing so vast a latitude of action to the elements, and then restraining them; by which his mercy, wisdom, and power appear conspicuous.

Science, thus employed, removes those doubts and scruples which arose in other men's minds, from a supposition that the accidents of life were rendered to us as certain punishments, at the same time that the promiscuous distribution was evident. Such a persuasion was rife with great evil, startling some in their religious principles, and rooting all sense of religion from the breasts of others;---filling some with groundless fears and jealousies, others with discontents and murmuring; by which means they either became superstitious and idolatrous, or atheistical and immoral; either of which extremes are a sufficient root for all evil---while Science, removing Nature from this obscurity, gives her the golden mean.

Before we quit this subject, let us cast back a thought beyond the birth of Nature. How were things then situate?---Rude confusion crouds our imagination; and our souls are lost in wonder and surprise. No longer deny the power and authority of the Godhead, but, won by admiration, own his omnipotence is far beyond our bounded comprehension.

Look back for myriads of ages, and you will at last form a boundary to the flight of the soul, but at the same time be conscious of a pre-existence; the unfathomable abyss is too deep for the mind; in vain she endeavours to reach eternity, while, loaded with frail matter, she never can enter the immaterial worlds, but will remain bewildered and lost in her research, and, tho' conscious of a path, is incapable of pursuing it; like as in a dream, it vainly endeavours at that activity which it cannot attain.

I have already shewn that the present existence of things must have had an origin; that men could not have remained for so many ages in perfect ignorance, and all at once break out into perfection; and therefore, as Nature once existed in a different modus from its present, some power beyond its own must have influenced it to this effect, or it had never varied,---

Was it at first inert, thus it had remained, and had been even now as then, motionless, "and without form, and void."---The First Agent to this alteration must have been self-existent and independent, supreme over other powers, and co-operating with them in all their actions. And, without this influence, matter would not only have remained in its former state, but will again, on being deprived of it, return to its pristine chaos.

This Author of Existence, then, under what name soever dignified, is the Governor and Controuller of this little globe---nay more, of the universe; a word too copious for our confined ideas, and as far beyond our comprehension, as the ideas of the soul exceed the shell it lives in.

The powers and faculties of the soul point out its immortality. How low, despicable, and degenerate must that man be, who would lower himself with the beasts that perish! What! shall Man lord it on earth for a few years, stand superior in the chain of created beings, with faculties for eternal existence, and at one stroke be levelled with the rest? If ambition be the result of philosophical enquiries, it will crush the groveling thought, and, instead of inducing men to spurn, render them fond of embracing the doctrine of immortality. The accusation, therefore, of arrogance and ambition in Philosophers being at variance with its proofs, both must fall to the ground; since I have proved that Science, inculcating in us a proper notion of the attributes of God, will aid our endeavours to virtue, by implanting in us the only true knowledge---"to know ourselves."

To sum up all;---What can give a man more calmness, than a fixed certainty in hope of immortal happiness? What can teach him social duties with more energy, than that contemplative knowledge which results from true Science; opening the scene of futurity, when the wearied soul will throw off this cumbrous shell of mortality, and range with perfect freedom through the works of God,---there see and converse with Spirits and Angels, substances akin and suited to its nature?

Let no man, therefore,---milded by weak credulity---maintain, that too much knowledge inflates the minds of men.

PHILOTHEORUS,

[The Select Committee for determining the Prizes have adjudged the Medal this month to the author of the above ingenious Essay, to whom it shall be sent agreeable to his own directions.]

DAMARIS

## DAMARIS AND PHILLIS:

Or, The SWEETS of INDUSTRY.

**P**HILLIS and Damaris were two country lasses, the pride of the village where they lived; both handsome to perfection, but exceedingly different.

The unaffected Damaris had no attention but to assist the infirmities of an aged parent, whom severe illness confined to his cottage, while she tended his flock by the wood-side. Her hands were generally employed in some useful work: and when the knit, or spun, to procure her old father a more tolerable subsistence, the cheerfulness of her songs expressed a contented heart. Her dress, though very poor, was always neat and clean: she studied no ornament in it; and if the neighbours commended her person, she gave them very little attention.

Phillis had been bred up under a careless mother. She was exceedingly pretty, and knew it mighty well. On holidays nobody so spruce as she. Her hat was wreathed with flowers or ribbons; every fountain was consulted for her dress, and every meadow ransacked to adorn it. From morning till night she was dancing, and sporting on the green: all the shepherds courted and admired her, and she believed every word they said. Yet she felt many a discontent. Sometimes her garland would be less becoming than she wished it: and every day brought with it some disquiet. She was one morning sitting very pensive under a poplar, tying up a nosegay, when she heard Damaris, who was concealed from her only by the shade of some bushes, singing with a merry heart, a song in praise of Industry. Phillis could not help interrupting her in the midst of it: and when she went towards her, found her busy in plying the distaff, which was fixed in her side; when thus the gay maid began:

**P H I L L I S.**

How is it possible, Damaris, that you should be always so merry in leading a life of such drudgery? What charms can you find in it? How much better would it become your years to be dancing at the May-pole, where some rich farmer's son might probably fall in love with you!

**D A M A R I S.**

Ah! Phillis, I prefer this way of life, because I see you very unhappy in your's. For my own part, I have never a moment's uneasiness. I am sensible, I am doing what I ought. I see myself the comfort of a good old father, who supported my helpless infancy, and now wants this return of duty in his decrepid age. When

I have pinned the fold at night, I return home, and cheer him with my light. I dress his little supper, and partake it, with more pleasure than you have at a feast. He, in the mean time, tells me stories of his younger days, and instructs me by his experience. Sometimes he teaches me a song, like that I was singing just now: and, on holidays, I read to him out of some good book. This, Phillis, is my life. I have no great expectations, but every cheerful hope, that can make the heart light and easy.

**P H I L L I S.**

Well, Damaris, I shall not dispute your taste. My father is well enough, by his own labour, to provide for his family: and my mother never set us the example of working. 'Tis true we are poor: but who knows what good fortune may throw in our way. Youth is the time for mirth and pleasure: and I do not care how hardly I fare, provided I can get a silken lining to my hat, and be Lady of the May next year.

**D A M A R I S.**

O! Phillis, this is very pretty for the present: but in what will it end? Do you think that smoothness of face will always last? Yon decrepid old woman, that limps upon her crutches, was once, they say, as handsome as you. Her youth passed without engaging any body in a real affection to her: yet her good name was lost among the follies she engaged in. Poverty and age came on together: she has long been a burden to the village, and herself. If any neighbour's cow is ill, all suspicions of witchcraft fall upon her. She can do nothing to maintain herself: and every body grudges her what she has.

**P H I L L I S.**

Ill-natured Damaris, to compare me with a hag, that the country abhors. I wish you would come to the pastimes: they would put you in a better humour. Besides, you would there hear what the shepherds say to this Phillis, whom you are pleased to despise so.

**D A M A R I S.**

I do not despise you, Phillis: but I wish you well, and would fain see you as happy as myself. That fine green stuff your gown is made of, would become you much better if it was of your own spinning. But I talk like an old man's daughter, and am little heeded. Go, pretty butterfly, and rejoice in the summer of thy days: let me like the homely, but industrious ant, lay up some provision for the winter.

**ANECDOTES**

# ANECDOTES of the LIFE of PROTOGENES, An ITALIAN PAINTER.

**P**ROTOGENES was a native of Cannus, a city of Caria, subject to the Rhodians. Being descended from poor parents, he had not probably the instructions deemed so proper for his art. The first we hear of him is, that he painted ships for his livelihood.

He finished his pictures with a vast deal of care and exactness. The finest of them, it is said, was the picture of Jalisus, who is supposed to have been a famous hunter. While he was employed upon this, all his food was lentils mixed with a little water, which served him both for meat and drink; being of opinion, that this simple and light nourishment would leave him more freedom of fancy than richer or grosser viands.

Apelles seeing this piece, was so struck with admiration, that he could find no expression adequate to its beauty. This picture afterwards saved the city of Rhodes, when besieged by Demetrius; for not being able to attack it on any other quarter than that where Protopogenes worked, which he intended to burn, in order to set fire to the rest of the town, he chose rather to abandon his enterprize, than by effecting this to destroy so fine a piece, the product of such a painter.

Though Protopogenes, having his workshop in a garden in the suburbs near the camp of the enemy, must necessarily be exposed to the noise and din of arms, yet this could not distract him in his labours.—Demetrius sending for him, and asking

him, “With what assurance he could work in the suburbs of a city that was besieged?” His answer was, “That he understood the war which the King had undertaken was against the Rhodians, and not against the arts:” which answer so pleased him, that he ordered some of his soldiers for his guard, being glad that by such means he could save so great an artist.

Apelles asking Protopogenes what price he had for his pictures, and hearing that it was inconsiderable, as is too generally the case of those who are obliged to work for bread, being concerned at the injustice he conceived to be done to such beautiful productions, gave him fifty talents for one picture only, saying, “That he would make it pass, and sell it for his own.”—

This made the Rhodians perceive the merit of Protopogenes, and made them willing to get the picture Apelles had bought out of his hands at any rate; so that they paid him down a much greater price than he had given for it; and it was by this method that they were stimulated to give a greater price for the works of Protopogenes, who was ever grateful to his friend Apelles, to whose generosity he owed his advancement.

Protopogenes (according to Pliny) was a sculptor as well as a painter; and this author has spoken more at large of his works, ranking him with the skilful painters of antiquity.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

## ON THE INSINCERITY of GREAT MEN'S PROMISES;

With a Curious ANECDOTE of Lord B\*\*\*\*\*TON.

**F**ALSEHOOD and Insincerity have so firmly established their throne, and reign so predominant in the breasts of mankind, that to attempt to dislodge them from their sovereignty, would be vain and impossible. These passions have been cherished in all times, but to a much greater degree in the present age, which is equally notorious for its unbounded as well as refined dissipation. From the court to the cottage, Deceit, Fraud, and Perfidy, are hourly practised: Sincerity, Honour, and Fidelity, are banished from the land; and dare not shew their countenances amongst us. What opinion must we entertain of

the most exalted characters, (we mean those who maintain distinguished situations) when they pledge their faith and honour for the performance of every application that is made to them; and that too, without the least intention of rendering those deluded dupes, who confide in their declarations, any manner of service? We must, and ought to treat them, with contempt.

How ridiculous, absurd, and fulsome are those Compliments which are in general so prevalent amongst mankind! They are calculated to injure, but never to serve. Have we not frequently seen men address

one another with all the protestations of seeming friendship and respect, professing that it would be the means of producing eternal happiness, could they have it in their power to render each other services, and praying and soliciting for permission to introduce substantial proofs of unremitting gratitude and esteem, at a time when they retained the most cordial enmity for each other.

Courtiers have always rendered themselves odious by their repeated breaches of protestations; it is even become proverbial to declare, when you doubt the veracity of a promise, that the declaration does not merit any other confidence of faith, than that of Lord B-r-g-n; or, indeed, of any other Court Character equally notorious in the hackneyed road of duplicity and finess. We might, perhaps, incur the displeasure, as well as censure of the public, if reasons were not assigned for thus particularizing this noble Lord; therefore, as a proof that we neither intend nor wish to vilify or depreciate his Lordship's character, we present the reader with the following Anecdote, which conveys the subject of a matter of fact; and, as its recital may, in some measure, be of real advantage to the Gentlemen of the army in their future applications, we shall introduce it without farther ceremony.

#### ANECDOTE of Lord B\*\*\*\*\*TON.

THE difficulty of obtaining promotion in the Army, without money or interest, is too obviously known to render any comment upon that subject necessary.—Let it suffice to say, that a worthy veteran Officer, born on the north of the Tweed, and whose manly locks were already silvered in the service of his king and country, was in this predicament. He had served in the rank of subaltern upwards of twenty years, during which period many were preferred over his head; some thro' the interest of their friends, and others by the purchase of their promotion. Our gallant North Briton had no merit which could entitle him to claim promotion, except that of his intrepid courage, and long and faithful services. He had been on the plains of Minden, and in several other engagements during the late war; in all which he greatly distinguished himself.—About the beginning of the year 1761, he obtained his Colonel's leave to return to England, who, at the same time, procured him very ample recommendation to Lord B-r-g-n, then f——y at war, for the first vacant company. His Lordship re-

ceived our hero with open arms, promising to provide for him speedily. He accordingly attended his Lordship's levee for many months, without any greater probability of succeeding in his wishes than on his arrival in England; he therefore was determined to adopt a new plan of procedure.

Imagining that his Lordship must be more at leisure from the fatigues of office in the mornings at his own house, he accordingly repaired thither about nine o'clock in the morning, when he was informed by a footman that his Lordship was gone abroad. For about ten days he experienced the same reply. He then discontinued his visits for four or five days, and as he afterwards approached the house, he perceived his Lordship precipitately retreat from the window; upon which our Soldier knocked at the door, and received the usual information. Perceiving how much his credulity had been abused, he would now have chastised the party-coloured Gentleman, if he had not had higher game in view; he, therefore, without further ceremony flew up stairs, burst in upon his Lordship, and addressed him as follows: "Be not surprized, my Lord, at this intrusion. My wrongs demand reparation; they *shall*, and *must* be gratified. Your Lordship's treating me with the grossest duplicity, it seems, is not sufficient; the rascals, your footmen, are taught the very same principles."

To this language his Lordship very coolly replied, that he really could not consider this unexpected visit in any other light than that of an intrusion; and that his servants were guilty of no crime, except obeying their master's orders could be construed into one.

The Officer proceeded: "My Lord, as I intend to make this but a short visit, and as I have matters of consequence which require immediate discussion, I shall wave the point relative to the propriety or impropriety of instructing servants in the arts of falsehood and deception. Your Lordship knows my errand; I am determined not to be duped any longer. Should you attempt any further experiment of that nature, perhaps you may find it rather too late to repent of your conduct."

Upon this the Officer pulled a loaded pistol out of his pocket, which he put into his Lordship's hands, recommending him to be particular in examining the exquisite taste of the artist in its construction, while he pulled its fellow from his pocket. He then appealed, if such an instrument was not very proper to have recourse to, when a gentle-

gentleman supposed his honour to be injured. His Lordship, well understanding the meaning of this appeal, returned the pistol; and being very much agitated by a sudden tremor, which very visibly appeared to be exerted throughout his whole frame, with a faltering voice desired the Officer to give himself no further uneasiness relative to his promotion, as he then pledged his honour that he should be presented with the first vacant company; upon

which the Officer very politely took leave of his Lordship, after having apologized for the mode of procedure which he had been under the necessity of adopting, with a view of gratifying his honour, and removing his grievances.

His Lordship for once was faithful; he fulfilled his Promise; and the Officer thereby experienced the *ultimatum* of his wishes.

[West. Mag.]

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The BOOK - WORM, an OCCASIONAL PAPER;  
NUMBER I.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

IF I should say that your Miscellany is the best periodical production that has ever yet appeared, it would be only a repetition of what thousands have already said; I therefore wave all compliment, and beg leave to lay the following plan before you.

You must know, Sirs, that I am an old man, who delight much in reading, and whenever I meet with any thing that is particularly striking, I copy it in my Common-Place Book, where are now deposited the choicest treasures of our best English writers; but as my design, in following this method, has not been merely for my own advantage, but for that of the public also, I have for some time waited for a proper channel, whereby I might convey them to the notice of mankind; and now offer them to you, Sirs, as a proof of the opinion I entertain of your undertaking, not doubting but they will prove agreeable to your very numerous readers.

But it may not be unnecessary to explain my motives for appearing under so uncouth a title as that of BOOK-WORM.---Believe me, Sirs, I from my heart despise the selfish wretch who *deserves* that appellation; who reads for ever for himself alone, and lays up in his memory an useless heap of undigested matter.---Men of this class are generally little more than WORD-GRUBBERS, remembering with the nicest care the peculiar stile or expression of an author, but totally inattentive to his principles or sentiments. The pride of such a man is merely in the *number* of the volumes he has read, and so perpetually is he engaged in *reading*, that he does not allow himself time for *application*, and thus becomes a very drone in society,---living on the fruits of other's labours, yet no way adding to the general stock.

I need not, however, take up your readers' time, in pourtraying a character too often seen; suffice it to say, that my own

fondness for books has drawn upon me this opprobrious name, and that I am seldom known by any other, more especially among the undiscerning multitude, whose opinions are formed from superficial views. But my present appearance may possibly convince them, that I am not that miser in knowledge they suspect me to be, and that whatever I glean in the fields of learning, I freely distribute to such as will receive it.

*Apropos*, Messieurs---the English, I observed, are a strange, unaccountable people, judging without thought, and deciding without judgment.---Take, then, the following picture of them, as drawn by the ingenious and sensible Dr. S-----, in his

HISTORY AND ADVENTURES of an  
A T O M.

In justice to the Doctor, I must previously observe, that he has published the character in question under another name, substituting the empire of Japan for the kingdom of England; but as nothing of ill-nature is to be found in this description, my countrymen, I think, cannot be displeased, if the mirror is awhile held up to them.

THE kingdom of England consists of three large islands; and the people who inhabit them are such inconsistent, capricious animals, that one would imagine they were created for the purpose of ridicule. Their minds are in continual agitation, like a shuttlecock tossed to and fro, in order to divert the demons of philosophy and folly. An Englishman, without the intervention of any visible motive, is, by turns, merry and pensive, superficial and profound, generous and illiberal, rash and circumspect, courageous and fearful, benevolent and cruel. They seem to have no fixed principle of action, no effectual rudder to steer them through the voyage of life; but to be hurried down the rapid

tide of each revolving whim, or driven, the sport of every gust of passion that happens to blow. An Englishman will sing at a funeral, and sigh at a wedding; he will this hour talk ribaldry with a prostitute, and the next immerse himself in the study of metaphysics or theology. In favour of one stranger, he will exert all the virtues of hospitality; against another, he will exercise all the animosity of the most fordid prejudice; one minute sees him hazzarding his all on the most extravagant project; another beholds him hesitating in lending a sum of money to his friend on undeniable security. To-day, he is afraid of paining his corns; to-morrow, he scruples not to cut his own throat. At one season, he will give half his fortune to the poor; at another, he will not bestow the smallest pittance to save his brother from indigence and distress. He is elated to insolence by the least gleam of success; he is dejected to despondence by the slightest turn of adverse fortune. One hour he doubts the best established truths; the next, he swallows the most improbable fiction. His praise and censure is what a good man would chuse to avoid, as evils equally pernicious: the first is generally raised without foundation, and carried to such extravagance, as to expose the object to the ridicule of mankind; the last is often unprovoked, yet usually inflamed to all the rage of the most malignant persecution. He will extol above Alexander the Great, a petty officer who robs a hen-roost; and damn to infamy a General for not performing impossibilities. The same man whom he yesterday flattered with the most fulsome adulation, he will to-morrow revile with the most bitter abuse; and, at the turning of a straw, take into his bosom the very person whom he has formerly defamed as the most perfidious rascal.

The English value themselves much upon their constitution, and are very clamorous about the words Liberty and Property; yet, in fact, the only liberty they enjoy is to get drunk whenever they please, to revile the government, and quarrel with one another. With respect to their

property, they are the tamest animals in the world; and, if properly managed, undergo, without wincing, such impositions, as no other nation in the world would bear. In this particular, they may be compared to an ass, that will crouch under the most unconscionable burthen, provided you scratch his long ears, and allow him to bray his belly full. They are so practicable, that they have suffered their pockets to be drained, their veins to be emptied, and their credit to be cracked, by the most bungling ad—stra—s, to gratify the avarice, pride, and ambition, of the most fordid and contemptible—that ever sate upon the —.

The methods used for accomplishing these purposes are extremely simple. You have seen a dancing bear incensed to a dangerous degree of rage, and all at once appeased by firing a pistol over his nose. The English, even in their most ferocious moods, when they denounce vengeance against the m—r, and even threaten the — itself; are easily softened into meekness and condescension. A set of tall fellows, hired for the purpose, tickle them under the noses with long straws, into a gentle convulsion, during which they shut their eyes, and smile, and quietly suffer their pockets to be turned inside out. Nay, what is still more remarkable, the m—y is in possession of a pipe, or rather bullock's horn, which being sounded to a particular pitch, has such an effect on the ears and understandings of the people, that they allow their pockets to be picked with their eyes open, and are bribed to betray their own interests with their own money, as easily as if the treasure had come from the remotest corner of the globe.

Notwithstanding these capricious peculiarities, the English are become a wealthy and powerful people, partly from their insular situation, and partly from a spirit of commercial adventure, sustained by all the obstinacy of perseverance, and conducted by repeated flashes of good sense, which almost incessantly gleam through the chaos of their absurdities.

## CEREMONY OF

## A NUN's taking the VEIL at ROME.

WHEN the cardinal was robed, the novice was led into the chapel by a lady of the first rank in Rome, and brought to the altar in an exceeding splendid dress. Her hair was of a beautiful light brown, and curled *en tête de mouton*

all over her head. Her robe was of the richest embroidered and embossed blue and silver I ever saw. She had on a large hoop, and a great quantity of diamonds. More than two yards of her train swept the ground.

When she first appeared, she looked very pale, and more dead than alive. She made a most profound reverence to the cardinal, who was seated on the steps of the altar in his mitre, and all his rich vestments, ready to receive her. She threw herself upon her knees, at the foot of the altar, and remained in that posture some time, while other parts of the ceremony were adjusting; then she approached the cardinal, who said, "*Figlia mia, che domandate?*" "My child, what is your request?" She said, that she begged to be admitted into the convent as a sister of the order of St. Ursula. "Have you (said the cardinal) well considered of what you ask?" She answered cheerfully that she had, and was well informed of all that she was about to do. Then she kneeled down again, and kissed the cardinal's hands, and received from him a little crucifix, which she also kissed; after which she retired again to the foot of the altar, where she threw herself on her knees while the cardinal said mass, which was sung at the same time in the organ loft. After this there was a sermon in the Italian language, and that being over, the cardinal led the nun elect into the convent, where she was divested of all her gorgeous attire, and worldly vanities, and had her hair cut off. She then came to the gate in her religious dress, to

receive the white veil, with which she was invested by the lady abbess, the cardinal, and the other assistants standing by her.

When her veil was on, the new sister came to the convent door, to receive the congratulations of her friends, and of the company; but first, with a lighted taper in her hand, she marched round the convent, to salute all the nuns, who had likewise tapers in their hands. When she was at the door, with the veil, and a crown on, but her face uncovered, I, among the rest, went close to her, and found that she was much prettier than I had before imagined. She had a sweet mouth, and the finest teeth in the world, with lively sparkling eyes, and an elegant shaped face. She would, any where else, have been styled a very pretty woman; but here her situation exalted her into a beauty.

At the altar she changed countenance several times; first grew pale, then red, and seemed to pant, and to be in danger of either bursting into tears, or fainting; but she recovered before the ceremony was ended, and at the convent door assumed an air of great cheerfulness, talking to several of her friends and acquaintance, and seeming to give up the world very heroically. And thus ended the human sacrifice.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

#### EFFECTS OF

### PRIDE on the LOWER CLASSES of MANKIND.

THE most general complaint in the universe is against Pride; which surprises me very much that it is not entirely banished out of society; nor can I otherwise account for it, than that it is a part of most people's natures, and lies concealed from the possessor, though commonly visible enough to every one else.--- The Rev. Mr. Collier, in an essay on this subject, defines Pride "to be the having too high an opinion of our own excellence." Now that most, if not all, people entertain very flattering opinions of themselves, is, I believe, beyond all doubt; but that they can do so with propriety, is what I much question. I am rather inclined to think the contrary; and that, if every person would examine himself impartially, he would find no just grounds to be otherwise than modest and humble, and very dubious of his own perfections.

It must be a mortifying reflection to those who place so much confidence in

worldly enjoyments, that this life will not last for ever; and that it will not, is very evident.

I have often made a remark, (which strict observation has convinced me is just) that Pride and Ignorance are generally inseparable, and that the superior part of mankind are much freer from them than people in inferior situations. I am not unacquainted with anyone station in life, and therefore write more from experience than suggestion: and as I apprehend the same remark has been made by many besides myself, I shall confine my strictures on this subject chiefly to the middle and lower classes, as conceiving them the most culpable.

It is a fact well known, that Borough and Corporation Towns are principally inhabited by a set of men, whose delight and study it is to oppose one another; and of women who endeavour to excel in dress, and what they call politeness, and



who take a pride in traducing their absent neighbours. Political animosities are plenty enough in most places, but particularly so in these, where, joined with ignorance and pride, they almost pervert the order of nature, and extirpate every symptom of honour and virtue. The Right Worshipful the Mayors, Aldermen, and Common Council, as being the most important, are seldom without a *quantum sufficit* of Pride, which they let fly upon all occasions, giving themselves airs of great consequence, and becoming very imperious over those whom they fancy their inferiors. Nor is the alteration observable in them alone, but also in their Spouses. Mrs. Mayores (the wife of the worshipful Timothy Shallow, Blacksmith, Mayor and Squire) becomes a fine lady. Her head is metamorphosed into a pyramid of wool, flour, and grease, and all the rest of her delicate frame made showy as a peacock. The Aldermen's ladies follow her example, and give themselves vain and conceited airs, which make them laughing-stocks and objects of ridicule to every one who bestows the least attention upon them. It often happens that these female transcendent Beings form one party, and their envious neighbours the other: and, as all their enmity is occasioned by their Pride; so when they chance to come together, they seldom fail to entertain each other very plentifully with scorn and contempt.

Another set of insignificant proud gentry are the inferior sort of Parsons and Apothecaries. The first, whose vanity makes him believe himself a very profound scholar, and extremely clever, conceives that Pride is the most proper gild to make them portable, and therefore adds to a pedantic air, a starch, awkward address, insolent, haughty gait, and most supercilious, arrogant behaviour. The other imagines himself superior to his neighbours, because he can utter a parcel of phrases and jargon which few are able to comprehend, and which many illiterate persons suppose

to be very learned, and accordingly pronounce the unintelligible Apothecary "a bloody fine scholar."

The moment a numskull of a Shop-keeper, whose brains would not weigh two drams, becomes possessed of a little money, he bids adieu to humility, and apprehends he is a consummate wise fellow, and a fine gentleman. He forgets what he *has been*, and only thinks on what he *is*, and what he *may be*; that he is now a Gentleman, Cobler, and Common-Council-man, and that by and bye he may be a Mayor, a Squire, and a Justice. He sets up his one-horse chaise, smokes a pipe, and drinks a pint every night extraordinary; and sincerely believes he is quite the man of fashion, pleasure, and understanding. Deluded fool! Thy attempt to appear fashionable only exposes thy ignorance! Thou makest thyself a precious blockhead, by trying to become a man of pleasure; and thy understanding presents itself in its natural shallow state to every observer. Modesty is shocked at thy appearance! Humility reflects on thee with pity and contempt; and thou canst only regain their favour by reversing thy behaviour, and laying aside thy affectation!

I could be much more particular on this subject, but shall only say generally, that Pride is exceedingly incompatible with the Christian Religion, which instructs us in Humility---and directly contrary to Learning; as the more a man knows, the more he discovers his Ignorance, and finds occasion for Modesty. It is the ruin of society, because no harmony can subsist where there is a continual opposition; which is always the case amongst the Proud. It is highly detrimental to Friendship, as that requires generous sentiments, and great sincerity; neither of which have any connection with Pride.--- And, lastly, it inclines us to set a higher value on this life than we ought; and, which most intimately concerns us, it makes us think lightly of a Future State.

[West. Mag.]

## MEMOIRS of the late EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

**P**HILIP DORMER STANHOPE, late Earl of Chesterfield, was born in September 1695, and received his academical education at Trinity-hall, Cambridge. He left the university at the age of 19, where, by his own account, he was an absolute pedant. When he talked his best, he quoted Horace; when he aimed at being facetious, he quoted Martial;

and, when he had a mind to be a fine gentleman, he talked Ovid. He was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense, and that the classics contained every thing that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental.

With these notions he went first to the Hague, where, being introduced into the best company, he soon discovered that his

was mistaken in almost every notion he entertained. He had a strong desire to please, (the mixed result of good nature, and a laudable vanity) and was sensible that he had nothing but the *desire*. He therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the *means* too. And this he accomplished, by attentively studying the dress, the manner, and the conversation of all those whom he found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please.

Before he came of age, being then styled Lord Stanhope, he was chosen, in the first parliament of King George the First, for the borough of St. Germain, and in the next for Lestwithiel, both in Cornwall.--- He tells us himself, that "he spoke in parliament the first month he was in it, and from the day he was elected to the day he spoke, thought and dreamed of nothing but speaking\*." On the Prince of Wales's first arrival in England, he was made one of the Lords of his Bed-chamber, in which post he was retained, when his Royal Highness was dismissed the Court of St. James's, in 1717. In 1723, he was appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. In January, 1726, on his father's death, he succeeded him in his titles and estates; and, in 1728, soon after the accession of King George II. his Lordship was sworn of his Majesty's privy-council, and appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Holland, which high character he supported with the greatest dignity, doing service to his own country, and gaining the esteem of the States General. In 1730, he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and appointed Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household; and, in the same year, he returned to his embassy in Holland.

In September, 1733, he married the Right Hon. Melisina de Schultenburgh, Countess of Walsingham, in Norfolk, (so created by King George I. in 1722) niece to the Duchess of Kendal: and, soon after, as that Prince had left her Ladyship a legacy, which his successor did not think proper to deliver, the Earl, it is said, was determined to recover it by a suit in Chancery, had not his Majesty, on questioning the Lord Chancellor on the subject, and being answered that he could give no opinion extra-judicially, thought proper to forbid the bequest.

At the close of 1744, the Earl was a second time appointed Ambassador Extra-

ordinary and Plenipotentiary to Holland, and set out for the Hague, Jan. 11, 1745. His business, there was to engage the Dutch to enter roundly into the war, and to stipulate their quota of troops, &c.--- The Abbé de la Ville was there on the part of France, to hinder them from entering into the war at all. They could not visit; but the first time the Earl met him at a third place, he procured some one to introduce him, and told the Abbé, that, "tho' they were to be national enemies, he flattered himself they might, however, be personal friends;" which the Frenchman returned as politely. Two days afterwards, the English Ambassador went, early in the morning, to solicit the Deputies of Amsterdam, where he found the Abbé, who had been before-hand with him; upon which he addressed himself to the Deputies, and said, with a smile, "I am very sorry, Gentlemen, to find my enemy with you; my knowledge of his capacity is already sufficient to make me fear him; we are not upon equal terms; but I trust to your own interest against his talents. If I have not, to-day, had the first word, I shall, I hope, have the last." They smiled; the Abbé was pleased with the compliment, and the manner of it, stayed about a quarter of an hour, and then left his Lordship to the Deputies, with whom he continued upon the same tone, though in a very serious manner, and told them that he was only come to state their own true interests, plainly and simply, without any of those arts, which it was very necessary for his friend to make use of to deceive them. He carried his point, and continued his *proceedé* with the Abbé; and, by this easy and polite commerce at third places, often found means to fish out from him whereabouts he was.†

His Lordship took leave of their High Mightinesses, May 6, 1745, and the letter which they wrote to the King on that occasion, shews the just sense they had of his merit and abilities. He arrived in London, May 11, having concluded a treaty with the States, by which they engaged to assist the common cause with 60,000 men in the field and garrisons.--- During his absence, in Holland, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and, on the King's going to Hanover, was nominated one of the Lords Justices. His administration in Ireland will long be remembered with gratitude and admiration by that kingdom, where he met the par-

\* Letter lxxxviii.

† See Vol. II. Letter lxx. It is observable that his Editor there says, b. mistake, that he went to the Hague in 1744; whereas it was the year after,



I have premised already, adds the Doctor, that the fever is ascertained to be of the putrid kind, without symptoms of inflammation; in which case it may appear necessary to evacuate the putrid or accumulated effusions in the stomach and bowels, probably by an antimonial vomit, which should also be given in such a manner, or with such additions, as may procure as many stools as the patient can easily bear, as well as empty the stomach by vomiting; but where the patient has been previously much weakened, the evacuation is not always necessary or safe; and indeed the bark itself generally is laxative, either alone, or when joined with a mineral acid. Immediately after the intended evacuations have been produced, I commence the exhibition of the bark, without waiting for remissions or intermissions; a sedulous attention to which, and to crisis in fevers, I presume has destroyed more than famine, or Sydenham's cold. A dry dark-coloured tongue, a dry skin, urine without sediment, desipientia, delirium, dyspnoea, and continued fever, are the circumstances which have deterred physicians from using the bark. In a word, these are the very reasons for which I would immediately give it: it promotes a mild perspiration, produces a sediment in the urine, and diminishes the quickness of the pulse; it removes the delirium, by obviating the causes which produce the fever, and effectually relieves the breathing. Such a treatment may probably surprize the reader, but I am earnest in recommending it. In a fever, with the urgent symptoms of putrefaction, two ounces of the bark a day is the least that can be depended upon. My common form, however, is to order three ounces of the powder to be boiled in a quart of water to ten ounces, which is to be run through a coarse cloth, that admits the fine powder of the bark, and this decoction is to be taken in 24 hours. In

weak stomachs, I have remarked that weak decoctions sit easier with the patients than the bark in substance, and thereby prove more effectual. In some cases, a drachm of elixir of vitriol is added; it is laxative, prevents fermentation, and is probably antiseptic. It should be a general caution that the patient pay at least a daily tribute ad cloacam, as the first evacuation will not insure us against a fresh, though a less effusion of bilious matter.--- Having dismissed this first chief remedy in putrid fevers, the Doctor proceeds to his second, which is cold air.

It is with me, says the Doctor, a general injunction to keep the patient out of bed, as is now generally recommended in the small-pox; and where it is not convenient to take them out of doors, the windows and doors of the chambers are ordered to be opened throughout the day, and the patient to be exposed to the current of air: the good effects of this aurora salutifera are astonishing. This, with the free use of the bark, an attention to the state of the bowels, and some precaution in regimen, will render a putrid, gaol, hospital, or camp fever, which are all one and the same in the event, as familiar and easy to cure as a common intermittent.--- It is almost unnecessary to remark, that in cases of this kind all animal food and broths are to be avoided, and farinacea substituted for diet. The common beverage should be lemonade, imperial water, acidulated liquors, apple tea, wine and water, and pure wine, particularly claret, of which the patient may be allowed from one pint to three quarts a day. And among those who have been accustomed to malt liquor, I advise the free use of good small beer, or, if agreeable, as much porter as they can drink, of which I have known patients take a pint at a draught with great refreshment.

[Gent. Mag.]

REMARKS ON THE

AURORA BOREALIS, by Mr. WINN.

In a LETTER to Dr. FRANKLIN.

I HAVE often wished that somebody would carefully collate a sufficient number of meteorological journals, with intent to observe and class the several appearances in the atmosphere before great changes in the weather, particularly before great storms. I am persuaded, from my own observation, that, in general,

sufficient indications of impending tempests precede them a considerable time, did we but carefully note them.

The phenomenon which I am going to mention is one of those indications which not only portend an approaching tempest, but ascertain from what quarter it will come; a circumstance that may render it

of

of essential service to seamen. I believe the observation is new, that the Aurora Borealis is constantly succeeded by hard southerly or south-west winds, attended with hazy weather, and small rain. I think I am warranted from experience to say constantly; for in twenty-three instances that have occurred since I first made the observation, it has invariably obtained. However, I beg leave to request that you will recommend it to the notice of the Royal Society, as a matter which, when confirmed by further observations, and generally known, may be of more consequence than at first appears.

To shew that it may, give me leave to recite the circumstance which first occasioned my taking notice of it.

Sailing down the English channel in 1769, a few days before the autumnal equinox, we had a remarkable bright and vivid Aurora the whole night. In shore the wind fluctuating between N. N. W. and N. W. and farther out W. N. W. Desirous of benefiting by the land-wind, and also of taking advantage of an earlier ebb tide, I dispensed with the good old marine adage, "Never to approach too near the weather-shore, lest it should prove a lee-shore," and by short tacks clung close along the English coast. Next day the wind veered to the S. W. and soon after to S. S. W. and sometimes W. We were then in that dangerous bay between Portland and the Start Point, and carried a pressing sail, with hopes of reaching Torbay before dark; but night came on, with thick haze and small rain, inasmuch that we could not have seen the land at the distance of a ship's length. The gale was now increased to a storm: in this dilemma nothing remained but to endeavour to keep off the shore till the wind should change. Luckily our ship was a stout one, and well rigged.

Reflecting, some time after, on the circumstances of this storm, and the phenomena that preceded it, I determined to have particular attention to future Auroræ, and the weather that should succeed them; and, as I observed above, in

twenty-three instances, have found them uniform, except in degree; the gale generally commencing between twenty-four and thirty hours after the first appearance of the Aurora. More time and observation will probably discover whether the strength of the succeeding gale is proportionate to the splendor and vivacity of the Aurora, and the distance of time between them. I only suspect that the more brilliant and active the first is, the sooner will the latter occur, be more violent, but of shorter duration, than when the light is languid and dull. Perhaps, too, the colour of the Aurora may be some guide in forming a judgment of the coming gale. That which preceded the storm I have mentioned was exceedingly splendid. The tempest succeeded it in less than twenty-four hours, was violent, but of short continuance. In June last, a little without soundings, we had for two nights following faint inactive Auroræ; the consequent gale was not hard, but lasted near three days: the first day attended with haze and small rain, the second with haze only, and the last day clear.

The benefit which this observation on the Aurora Borealis, when further confirmed, may be of to seamen, is obvious, in navigating near coasts, which extend east and west, particularly in the British Channel. They may, when warned by this phenomenon, get into port, and evade the impending storm; or, by stretching to the southward, facilitate their passage by that very storm which might otherwise have destroyed them; for no winds are so dangerous in the Channel, as the southerly and south-west. In a word, since I have made this observation, I have got out of the Channel, when other men, as alert, and in faster-sailing ships, but unapprized of this circumstance, have not only been driven back, but with difficulty have escaped shipwreck.

Perhaps the observation that southerly gales constantly succeed these phenomena, may help to account for the nature of the Aurora Borealis.

[Gent. Mag.]

## INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG LADIES,

RELATIVE TO THEIR CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR IN LIFE.

[FROM A FATHER'S LEGACY TO HIS DAUGHTERS.]

ONE of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that reticent delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be

insensible of applause;—if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women; but you may be dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

When

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty.--- That extreme sensibility which it indicates, may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, but in yours it is particularly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush, when she is conscious of no crime? It is a sufficient answer, that *Nature* has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so. Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant upon guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This *modesty*, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one; people of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dullness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable; the expression in the countenance shews it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that *confident ease*, that *unabashed countenance*, which seems to set the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of *superior rank* addresses you, let not your eager attention and visible preference betray the flutter of your heart. Let your pride on this occasion preserve you from that meanness, into which your vanity would sink you; consider, that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman, only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in speaking to you.

Converse with men, even of the first rank, with that dignified modesty, which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

*Wit* is the most dangerous talent you can possess; it must be guarded with discretion and good-nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with delicacy, yet they are seldom found united; wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

*Humour* is a different quality: it will make your company much solicited: but be cautious how you indulge it; it is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character: it may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Be even cautious in displaying your *good sense*. It will be thought you assume

a superiority over the rest of the company; but if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts, and a cultivated understanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness; but such a one will seldom fall in your way; and if he should, do not be anxious to shew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for more than you possess. The great art of pleasing in conversation, consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will more readily hear than talk yourselves into their good graces.

Beware of *detraction*, especially where your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice. I think unjustly. Men are full as guilty of it when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, the temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason, be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regard. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Shew a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who are rendered so by the villainy of men.--- Indulge a secret pleasure (I may say pride) in being the friend and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of shewing it.

Consider every species of *indelicacy in conversation*, as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All double entendre is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at, when it comes from your mouths, or even when you hear it without pain or contempt. Virgin purity is so very delicate, that it cannot bear certain things without contamination: it is always in your power to avoid these. No man, but a brute or a fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if he resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached, perhaps, with

*prudery.* By prudery is usually meant an affectation of delicacy: now, I do not wish you to affect delicacy; I wish you to possess it: at any rate, it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

The men will complain of your *reserve*. They will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable; but trust me they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge, that on some occasions it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women: a great distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of. After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation. I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to *truth*. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts, who were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained anything of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain *gentleness of spirit and manners* extremely engaging in your sex; not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike: this arises either from an affectation of softness, or from perfect simplicity.

There is a species of refinement in luxury, just beginning to prevail among the gentlemen of this country, to which our ladies are yet as great strangers as any women upon earth; and I hope, for the honour of the sex, they will ever continue so.---I mean, the *luxury of eating*; it is a despicable, selfish vice in men, but in your sex it is beyond expression indelicate and disgusting.

Every man who remembers a few years back, is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies. Their drawing-rooms are deserted; and after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire.---How they came to lose this respect, which nature and politeness so well entitle them to, I shall not here particularly enquire; the revolutions of manners in any country depend on causes very various and complicated. I

shall only observe, that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and stately; it would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage: to fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us, by the fullest display of their personal charms---by being always in our eye at public places---by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another;---in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can.---But a little time and experience will shew the folly of this expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts, is even beyond what she conceives; they are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it.---but if *she* is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power: she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity, an ingenuous modesty to be preserved in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which you should feel, previous to the reflection that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to bless the happy man to whom you give your heart, but who, if he has the least delicacy, will despise them, if he knows they have been prostituted to fifty men before him. The sentiment, *that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure*, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention that elegance, which is not so much a quality itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter;---it gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners,---every virtue, and every excellence,---in their most graceful, amiable, and most engaging forms.

You may perhaps think I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and make you entirely artificial.---Far from it.---I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity

without pride,---affability without meanness,---and simple elegance without affectation. *Milton* had my idea, when he said of Eve,

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.

MEN the CAUSES of THEIR OWN UNEASINESS.

THE art of being miserable is a study by for more universal than may be at first imagined. You can scarcely mix with any company, without meeting with a regular professor. It is not confined to either sex; it is equally adopted by the Ladies as well as the Gentlemen.

A proficient in this art views every object and every circumstance that occurs in life, on the most disagreeable side, and fixes it as an invariable rule never to be pleased. The weather is an inexhaustible source of seasonable vexation. If it rains, there is no possibility of bearing it; this is such weather as Englishmen hang themselves in: if frosty, all the fruit will be destroyed, and we shall have no vegetables to eat; if it is warm, it is insupportable, it is worse than living under the line.---The measures of government afford ample scope for being eternally displeased, for as the minister cannot do any thing that can possibly be right, it necessarily follows that all he does must be wrong. We are ruined by the gold act; the axe is laid at the root of liberty, by the Bostonian Bill; and Popery and Slavery are established in Canada. Here is a glorious field for being happily out of temper all the session at least. An approaching general election regenerates all the animadversions that can possibly be devised against bribery and corruption; the venality of Parliaments, the sale of boroughs, and ministerial influence; and if a man cannot work himself up to a fine glow of vexation upon these subjects, he is no proficient in the art of being miserable.

But a regular professor does not confine himself to these topics of disgust: he enters into all the minutiae of uneasiness.---When alone, he upbraids Providence for

placing him in a state so much inferior to his merit; raves at the caprices of that blind jade Fortune; suspects every man's probity, and constantly imagines some scheme is laid for his destruction; in the world he gives credit to no intelligence till it is in the Gazette, as the papers are crammed with nothing but lies, and then frequently suggests it is violently exaggerated, or softened, as the case may require, to serve some party or political purpose. In company, no story, however pleasant, can aggravate a muscle; singing is fit for women and children, and he has no ear for music. His dinner is always spoilt; the wine is constantly adulterated, the punch bad, and the beer sour or muddy. Even a fine woman cannot please him, as her vanity is insupportable.

The same traits, with some allowance for the difference of sex, may be traced in the female world. If she is not so deep in politics, she is far more deep in scandal; and there is not a woman, whom she considers as a rival in beauty or attractions, but is to be suspected of a *faux pas*, or some vice that is a disgrace to the sex.---Her Milliner is blind, as she never makes a cap to suit her, and her Mantuamaker is out of her senses for making her cap so much out of fashion. Her maids are awkward sluts, and lazy hussies. The public places are crowded with nothing but low-life wretches; and the men (for this character generally falls to the lot of an old maid) are all villains, seducers, deceivers, whore-masters, gamblers, and drunkards.

Having thus taken a disgust to every being animate or inanimate, and every situation or circumstance that can possibly occur, we may venture to pronounce he or she an adept in the art of being miserable.

All Men RICH in ENGLAND.

THE inhabitants of England are sometimes said to be so very strange in their opinions, that scarcely any two think alike on any one subject; but I will venture to say there is one particular, wherein they are unanimous.

They are one and all agreed, that they are very poor,---that money is exceeding scarce, and that hardly any man can hold out another twelvemonth. This language have they held for near twenty years past, yet do they shew universally, by their way



of life, that there is no such thing as a poor man in the nation; ---that gold is as plentiful among them as on the coast of Guinea, ---and that there can be no end of their riches. ---A short examination will prove this paradox, though it cannot be properly accounted for.

To begin, then, with the lowest class: ---Every one talks of the hardness of the times; yet even the meanest mechanic complains, if he has not a lemon to his veal. He goes to his club full twice a week, or more, and finds it so difficult to spend on the sabbath, what remains of his last week's wages, that he is obliged to call in Saint Monday to his assistance. The tribe of quilters, journeywomen mantua-makers, char-women, and washer-women, are not contented with sending to India for their breakfast, or afternoon's regale, but they must have their tea-equipage from the same quarter of the world; not thinking delft, or even the manufacture of Bow or Chelsea, dear enough for them. Home-spun linen, and home-made stuffs, are not thought fit for the wear of servant-maids or milleners apprentices; not a single Abigail, or band-box carrier, deigns to visit her acquaintance out of place, in less than a silk gown, and would blush to be seen in any but the finest linen, and laces of the newest fashion. When I have paid a visit to a family, I have oftentimes madam'd and madam'd, and sometimes ladyship'd, the nursery-maid for the mistress of the house; not to mention the impossibility of ever distinguishing the lady's woman from the lady herself; nay, I have heard, that the husband himself sometimes mistakes the former for the latter, and is not convinced of his unfortunate error till he sees them both together in the morning.

To rise a little higher. ---The several apprentices and journeymen in this metropolis would find gold to be as troublesome to them, as to the ass-eared king of Phrygia, if they were not to keep a gelding standing idle in the stable six days in the week, to convey them to Windsor, Richmond, or Hampton-court, on the seventh: and if the charitable innkeepers, at these several places, do not ease them of their load, they are under the necessity of imploring the assistance of the humane tavern-keepers about Covent-Garden; and if they do not succeed here, they make their last attempt on some certain honest pimps, by whose friendly aid they would be sure to be relieved, if, like Midas himself they could turn every thing into gold.

The honest, industrious tradesman finds himself hard put to it, to keep himself

from growing too rich; though he complains much of trade being slack, and taxes grievously heavy. He keeps as good a table as he can, eats of the best, not only upon its first coming into season, but, where he can, before. Porter, though served in silver tankards, is left to those labouring men whose name it bears; and punch, made of malt spirits, under the name of brandy; or cyder, malt spirits, and Alicant, under the name of Port wine, is substituted in its room, merely on account of the price. His wife and children are not wanting to assist him in carrying his grand point. But if the additional aid of silk-mercers, lace-chambers, milleners, mantua-makers, and toy-shop-keepers, (who are never backward in their kind endeavours on these occasions) and also the expences at the opera, the play-houses, subscription-concerts, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Marybone, Sadler's-Wells, &c. cannot prevent this evil of being over rich; the prudent man, seeing no hopes of relief in town, turns his eyes towards the country, and, as his last effort, takes a decent box of four or six rooms on a floor, adds another horse to old Ball, turns his chaise into a chariot, and, by having two families instead of one, makes a shift to keep his wealth tolerably under.

The merchants complain of great losses of ships, insurance heavy, foreign commissions scarce, and almost a total stop put to trade, owing, in a great measure, to the misunderstanding that has for some time subsisted between this country and America. Still I find they are so immensely rich, that it requires greater parts, and more ingenuity, to spend their money, than to get it. A merchant's house is a palace, though built in a place fit for a dog-kennel; it is a jewel in a dunghill: his furniture is costly, his servants numerous, his table magnificent, his wines expensive: he has his villa; drives six bays; keeps a pack of dogs, a stud of brood mares; never misses Newmarket, keeps open house; and, once in seven years, a seat in Parliament eases him of ten thousand pounds: yet, with all his endeavours, the poor man has still more money than he can spend. Nor can it be supposed, that his lady wife and his dutiful children do not do their utmost to ease him of some of the load; and no doubt but my lady's pin-money, her rich jewels, her separate equipage, her visits abroad, and her visiting-days at home, together with his sons extravagance, while he is upon his travels through France and Italy, or through the more expensive city of London, must be

no small relief to him. Yet all will not do: for when every body thinks he is not worth a guinea, he is as rich as ever, and does not abate one jot of his industry to curtail his wealth. The desire of these merchants to keep down their wealth, which flows in so fast upon them, is so great, that he who has been so successful as to get rid of his own, thinks he cannot do a greater piece of service for a friend labouring to the same purpose, than to spend for him as fast as he can; and accordingly, when you find a man becomes a bankrupt, you hear that he has spent six times as much money of other peoples, as he had himself. In a word there is not one trader or merchant in a hundred, who does not take more pains to avoid being too rich, than to keep his name out of the Gazette.

Before I proceed to consider the superior class of people, I mean those of quality fashion, let us take a view of the three professions of divinity, law, and physic; and we shall find that the same dread of growing too rich has an equal influence over the actions of many of the members. With respect to the first profession, the instances, indeed, are not so frequent; as the greater part of our clergy, to the shame of this country be it said, are as poor as they pretend to be. But from what other principle can it arise, that some, who are well preferred in the church, are induced to keep pace with the luxurious laity in their elegancies of living, but that they are willing to run away from their abundance? Nay, on what other account can it happen, that the pastor of a tabernacle has his nag-tail bays and elegant post-chariot, but that he may reduce himself to the same indigence with that of his flock?

The young student of the law complains of his short allowance, and the curmudgeon temper of old Square-toes, his father. Yet would he be too rich, if it were not for the assistance of taylor, barbers, plays, taverns, pimps, bagnios, &c. and the young counsel, though he scarce gets half a guinea in a term for a single motion, must roll down to Westminster in a gilt chariot; he must never dine in the hall, but pay a guinea for his ordinary at the other end of the town; and though he says he cannot afford to marry, he is obliged to keep a mistress, for fear of being as miserably rich as his father.

The physician of practice, as well as he who can live without it, and drives only from the coffee-house to the bookseller's, and from the bookfeller's to the coffee-house, to keep up the appearance of busi-

ness, takes the same pains to prevent a superfluity of wealth. Else why must the one have two or three fellows behind a superb vehicle, as fine as my lord-mayor's coach, or a foreign ambassador's, and the other not be contented to let himself in and out of his chariot, like an apothecary? Why do they prescribe abstinence, or a spare diet, to their patients, yet indulge in all the delicacies of luxury themselves, if they did not hold it necessary, by a plentiful evacuation, to prevent a plethora, or too great a fullness, in their parties?

To come now to the nobility and superior gentry.—What shall we think, when I tell you, though few of them pretend they can give a real security for a thousand pounds; though they talk of their estates being mortgaged up to the hilts, their tenants breaking, repairs excessive; and even carry the farce of pretended poverty so far, as to drive up and down the city of London, to borrow one hundred pounds at any rate of interest or premium; yet no nobility in any country are so opulent: They live like princes, in their palaces; in the number and magnificence of their equipages, they vie with their monarch; their retinue equals his body guard; the routes of the ladies of fashion are not less crowded than a birth-day at court. The splendor of the nobility is not less in the country, where they have so many seats, in their own hands, that they scarce reside a month in one place; and it is not uncommon to hear of a single entertainment costing 1000*l.* and that 20,000*l.* depends on a single match at Newmarket. Yet all this is so far from keeping their overgrown fortunes within any bounds, that we find, when the heir-apparent assists his noble father, by doubling the expence, all will not do, unless he calls in the aid of Arthur's; and then, if the noble lord has an opportunity of discharging, before breakfast, an immense debt of honour, contracted by his son, the last night, after supper; and if her ladyship, at her own route, plays as ill as her son; the family estate becomes less burthensome, and no uneasiness is felt on that account for some time.

To conclude—The paradox which I have laid down is not confined to individuals, but it prevails in the whole collective body. A national bankruptcy has been the language even of the senate for these many years. You hear every day, that the public funds cannot bear any additional load without breaking; and it is universally believed impossible for the ministry to raise the next supplies; yet the national

national money is squandered away with as much profusion as if it flowed from an inexhaustible source.

Thus you see, that notwithstanding the universal complaint of poverty among us, every one seems to be so encumbered with

an excess of wealth, as to employ all imaginable means to ease himself of the load. I shall not attempt to account why our actions differ so much from our words, but leave it to be resolved by some future estimator of the manners of the times.

### A remarkable Instance of FORTITUDE and AFFECTION.

*From Monsr. BOSSU's New Voyages to the EAST-INDIES,*

THE world has ever considered with the highest veneration, those who have devoted themselves to death for the glory, or safety, of their country and friends:

Regulus, Leonidas, the six famous burghers of Calais, with other great examples which occur in history, have in all ages been justly admired, as displaying the greatest nobleness of soul; whilst many particulars of their history have been esteemed fabulous by critics, as beyond the powers of human resolution; and yet, in the history of those people, whom we call savages, and whom we are too apt indiscriminately to treat with contempt, and consider as incapable of any sentiment above the level of the animal creation; in these we often find instances of greatness of mind which would do honour to the heroism and patriotism of the greatest and most polished nations. Perhaps the following interesting anecdote cannot be paralleled in ancient or modern history: it happened about twelve years ago in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, and may be considered as authentic, being communicated by M. Bossu, an officer of distinction, who then enjoyed a considerable command in that country.

"The tragical death of an Indian of the Collapissa nation, (says this gentleman) who sacrificed himself for his country and son, I have often admired as displaying the greatest heroism, and placing human nature in the noblest point of view. A Chactaw Indian having one day expressed himself in the most reproachful terms of the French, and called the Collapissas their dogs and their slaves, one of this nation, exasperated at his injurious expressions, laid him dead on the spot. The Chactaws, the most numerous and the most warlike tribe on that continent, immediately flew to arms; they sent deputies to New Orleans to demand from the French governor the head of the savage, who had fled to him for protection: the governor offered presents as an atonement,

but they were rejected with disdain; they threatened to exterminate the whole tribe of the Collapissas. To pacify this fierce nation, and prevent the effusion of blood, it was at length found necessary to deliver up the unhappy Indian. The Sieur Fermand, commander of the German posts, on the right of the Mississippi, was charged with this melancholy commission; a rendezvous was in consequence appointed between the settlement of the Collapissas and the German posts, where the mournful ceremony was conducted in the following manner:

"The Indian victim, whose name was Tichou Mingo (i. e. servant to the Cacique or prince) was produced. He rose up, and agreeable to the custom of these people, harangued the assembly to the following purpose: 'I am a true man; that is to say, I fear not death: but I lament the fate of my wife, and four infant children, whom I leave behind in a very tender age; I lament too my father and mother, whom I have long maintained by hunting: them, however, I recommend to the French; since, on their account, I now fall a sacrifice.'

"Scarce had he finished this short and pathetic harangue, when the old father, struck with the filial affection of the son, arose, and thus addressed himself to the audience: 'My son is doomed to death; but he is young and vigorous, and more capable than me to support his mother, his wife, and four infant children: it is necessary then that he remain upon earth to protect and provide for them: as for me, who draw towards the end of my career, I have lived long enough; may my son attain to my age, that he may bring up my tender infants: I am no longer good for any thing: a few years more or less, are to me of small moment: I have lived as a man; I will die as a man: I therefore take the place of my son.'

"At these words, which expressed his paternal love and greatness of soul in the most touching manner, his wife, his son,

his

his daughter-in-law, and the little infants, melted into tears around this brave, this generous old man : he embraced them for the last time, exhorted them to be ever faithful to the French, and to die rather than betray them by any mean treachery unworthy of his blood. 'My death (concluded he) I consider as necessary for the safety of my nation, and I glory in the sacrifice.' Having thus delivered himself, he presented his head to the kinsman of the deceased Chactaw ; they accepted it ; (for the Indian nations follow the law of retaliation : death they consider as an atonement for death ; and it is sufficient that it be of the same nation, although even he should not be a kinsman : they except none but slaves) : he then extended himself over the trunk of a tree, when, with a hatchet, they severed his head from his body.

" By this sacrifice, all animosities were forgotten ; but one part of the ceremony remained still to be performed : the young

Indian was obliged to deliver to the Chactaws the head of his father : in taking it up, he addressed to it these few words : ' Pardon me your death, and remember me in the world of spirits.'

" The French who assisted at this tragedy, could not contain their tears, whilst they admired the heroic constancy of this venerable old man, whose resolution bore a resemblance to that of the celebrated Roman orator, who, in the time of the triumvirate, was concealed by his son : the young man was most cruelly tortured, in order to force him to discover his father, who, not being able to endure the idea, that a son so virtuous and so generous should thus suffer on his account, went and presented himself to the murderers, and begged them to kill him, and save his son ; the son conjured them to take his life, and spare the age of his father ; but the soldiers, more barbarous than the savages, butchered them both on the spot."

## A N E C D O T E S.

### *The CONNOISSEUR and COXCOMB.*

A Certain Painter of Athens, who exercised his art, with a view to gain reputation, rather than from the love of gain, addressed himself to a Connoisseur for his opinion of one of his pictures, which represented the god Mars. The Connoisseur could not dissemble : he found the piece defective ; he objected particularly to the too great appearance of art that reigned through the whole. The Painter defended himself with all the warmth of an inordinate self-love ; the Critic answered his arguments, but without producing conviction.

In the mean time arrives the Coxcomb, who casts his eye upon the picture, and, without giving himself a moment's time to reflect, cries out, " Gods ! what a master-piece ! Mars lives, breathes, terrifies in this admirable production ! Observe those feet, those nails : what a taste, what air of grandeur in the helmet, the shield, and in the whole armour of the terrible Deity ! " The Painter blushed, and beheld the true Connoisseur with a look of confusion and conviction ; and said to him, " I am now persuaded that your judgement is well founded." The Coxcomb retired, and the consequence was, that the picture was effaced.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

### *HONOUR and WEALTH compared.*

LORD B—— is not the first man in the world that ever wished to possess a fine woman with a sweetener of fifty thousand. He had cultivated an acquaintance with Miss H—y—w—d, daughter to the banker of that name, and on waiting on the father to request his permission to pay his addresses to her, had the pleasure to find his proposals highly approved of by the old gentleman ; who, in the course of the conversation, hinted that he conceived his Lordship's fortune was at least equivalent to his daughter's. " Why no, Mr. H—, (replies my Lord) I cannot say it is altogether so considerable, but then you know, Sir, there is my blood." " O d——n your blood, (returns old Frazer, without any hesitation) if you squander my daughter's fortune away, she must not depend on your blood for a subsistence."

[*Sent. Mag.*]

### *The POWER of CUSTOM.*

THERE is nothing absurd, of which a man may not be guilty, when he has resigned himself to the power of Prejudice, or of Custom. When a sovereign of Japan dies, there are generally fifteen or twenty of his subjects, who, in order to evince their loyalty, rip up their bellies, and

and follow him into the other world. On such occasions, he who gives himself the deepest wound, acquires the highest glory. In the valuable compilation of Thevenot, we find the following singular Anecdote: Two officers belonging to the emperor of Japan, having met upon the imperial stair-case, their swords happened to entangle. Words arose of course. One of them, however, would have excused himself, by imputing the affair to accident; adding, that the quarrel was between the two swords, and that the one was as good as the other. We shall see that presently, returned his adversary; and with these words he drew his weapon, and plunged it into his heart. The other, impatient to obtain the same advantage, hurried away, in order to serve up to the Emperor, who was at table, a plate he happened to have in his hands, and instantly returned to his antagonist, who was already at the point of death. On enquiring if he was yet alive, he also plunged his sword into his heart. "You should not have had the start of me (said he) if you had not found me engaged in the service of the Prince. I die, however, contented, since I have had the glory to convince you, that my sword is as good as yours."

An Englishman, in reading this Anecdote, will shrug up his shoulders at the folly of these two Orientals, and, perhaps, the next hour will expose his life to the sword of a bravo, in order to revenge an imaginary insult.

[West. Mag.]

### The FORCE of PREJUDICE.

WHEN Prejudice is once established, in vain does Reason re-assert her rights. Few people can judge for themselves; no wonder that *names* have, in all ages, made more impression than *things*.

When the Fables of La Motte appeared, it was fashionable in France to despise them. One evening, at an entertainment given by the Prince de Vendome, several of the first citizens of the kingdom made themselves exceedingly merry at the expence of the author. Voltaire happened to be present: "Gentlemen (said he) I perfectly agree with you." What a difference is there between the stile of La Motte, and the stile of La Fontaine! Have you seen the new edition of the latter?—The company answered in the negative. "Then you have not read that beautiful fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Duchess of Bouillon." He accordingly repeated it to them. Every

one present was charmed, transported with it. "Here (said they) is the true spirit of La Fontaine. Here is Nature in her simplicity. What *naïveté*, what grace!"—"Gentlemen, (resumed Voltaire) you will find this Fable among those of La Motte." Confusion took possession of all but Voltaire, who was happy in exposing the folly of these pretended judges.

[West. Mag.]

### AVARICE in the EXTREME.

MONS. Vadille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits, and maintained one poor old woman, to attend him in his garret, allowing her only seven sous per week, or a penny per day. His usual diet was bread and milk, and for indulgence, some poor four wine on a Sunday, on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being 1s. 1d. a year, which he cast up; and after his death his extensive charity amounted to 4s. 4d. This prudent economist had been a magistrate at Boulogne, where he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster general of the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread, at the same time that he regulated the goodness of milk. When he had a call to Paris, he travelled on foot, and to prevent being robbed, took no more than three-pence to carry him 130 miles.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands, and ten thousands; which made this connoisseur say, Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves.

In the summer of 1765, (when he was worth 7 or 800,000l.) he stole several logs of wood, and loaded himself with them to his hiding-hole, by which he contracted a fever; he then sent for a poor barber to bleed him, who undertook to open a vein for 3d. a time. He asked the barber how many times he should be bled, and what quantity of blood he should take; and being told three times, and eight ounces each;—"then take (said he) the whole quantity at once, which will save me six-pence." The barber expostulated in vain; he lost 24 ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving his vast treasures to the king.

## The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. I. *Lord Chesterfield's Letters, continued from our last month's review.*

THE second volume of these elegant and entertaining letters, like the first, abounds with such a variety of tempting flowers, that we are bewildered in the multiplicity, and at a loss which to select for the nosegay of the present month.

This literary collection is not, however, in all respects, to be compared to those beautiful gardens, in which we meet only with the most valuable flowers, and the choicest fruits. On a closer inspection, we are sorry to observe among them, some of the rankest weeds, and most noxious plants\*, which we cannot but view with disgust and surprize: for how shall we account for their appearance among those admirable productions to which they are in their nature so heterogeneous, and so disgraceful? That Lord Chesterfield should happen to disseminate the seeds of this baleful crop, may not seem altogether strange to those who knew him to have been, what a witty lady once sarcastically stiled him, "a gentleman of easy virtue," but that the Fair Gardener,† who undertook the care and culture of the soil, should suffer them to grow in it, is matter of amazement to us.

The exceptionable passages here chiefly alluded to, are those in which Lord C. in the excess of his solicitude lest his son should be unnaturally insensible to the calls of pleasure, and too much addicted to books or to business, advises, nay presses him to female attachments. We have not the least objection to any of those agreeable attentions to the fair, which perhaps equally contribute to the polishing and refinement of both sexes; nor are we at all inclined to controvert his Lordship's maxim,—that "the concurrence of the two sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the formation of it." But when this noble, modern Aristippus comes to recommend to his young disciple so unrestrained an indulgence of his inclinations as the invasion of another man's bed, we start with astonishment, and view the seductive, licentious counsellor with horror. The reader shall see that we have but too much ground for this severity of stricture.

"—*A propos*, I am assured that Madam de Blot—is excessively pretty,—and yet has been scrupulously constant to her husband,

\* *The richer the soil, the more fruitful of weeds, is a true but true observation.*

† *Mrs. Stanhope, who committed these letters to the press.*

though she has now been married above a year. Surely she does not reflect, that woman wants polishing. I would have you polish one another reciprocally. Force, assiduity, attentions, tender looks, and passionate declarations, on your side, will produce some irresolute wishes, at least, on hers; and when even the slightest wishes arise, the rest will soon follow. Lett. xxx. addressed to Mr. Stanhope at Paris, 1751.

Let not the prevailing modes of gallantry in France be urged in excuse for this fatherly piece of advice to a young man of fashion, sent thither to complete his education, and acquire *les manières, les agréments, les graces*, to perfection.—Are CHASTITY, HONOUR, and VIRTUE to be sacrificed to such refinements? rather perish, for ever, the *agréments* and the *graces* of Lord Chesterfield, and his Lordship's fame and memory with them!

Chiefly for the sake of a parliamentary anecdote, which will be acceptable to our more scientific readers, we shall present them with the following part of a letter:

"I acquainted you in a former letter, that I had brought a bill into the House of Lords for correcting and reforming our present calendar, which is the Julian; and for adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you a more particular account of that affair; from which reflexions will naturally occur to you that I hope may be useful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious, that the Julian calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the solar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory the 13th corrected this error; his reformed calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic Powers of Europe, and afterwards adopted by all the Protestant ones, except Russia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honourable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company; the inconvenience of it was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation; I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skillful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began; I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter; and also, to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon

have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them, as astronomy; and they would have understood me full as well: so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please, instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little epistles; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them said, that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards, with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, tho' most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob; their passions, their sentiments, their senses, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively none; but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattered and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the various parts of oratory.

"When you come into the House of Commons, if you imagine that speaking plain and unadorned sense and reason will do your business, you will find yourself most grossly mistaken. As a speaker, you will be ranked only according to your eloquence, and by no means according to your matter; every body knows the matter almost alike, but few can adorn it. I was early convinced of the importance and powers of eloquence; and from that moment I applied myself to it. I resolved not to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive, and the most elegant, that the language could supply me with for that purpose; by which means, I have acquired such a certain degree of habitual eloquence, that I must now really take some pains, if I would express myself very inelegantly. I want to inculcate this known truth into you, which you seem by no means to be convinced of yet, that ornaments are at present your only objects. Your sole business now is to shine, not to weigh. Weight without lustre is lead. You had better talk trifles elegantly, to the most trifling woman, than coarse inelegant sense, to the most solid man. You had better return a dropped far gently, than give a thousand pound awkwardly: and you had better refuse a favour gracefully, than grant it clumsily. Manner

is all, in every thing; it is by manner only that you can please, and consequently rise. All your Greek will never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your manner, your air, if good, very probably may. Marcell can be of much more use to you than Aristotle. I would, upon my word, much rather that you had Lord Bolingbroke's stile and eloquence, in speaking and writing, than all the learning of the Academy of Sciences, the Royal Society, and the two universities united."

Our readers will, by this time, be ready to conclude, that Lord C's passion for pleasing had entirely taken possession of the whole man, and they will not be mistaken. He did not, indeed, make any secret of his extreme devotion to *les bienséances*. In his forty-first letter he has, himself, curiously and frankly developed this principal part of his character.

"As I open myself, without the least reserve, whenever I think that my doing so can be of any use to you, I will give you a short account of myself. When I first came into the world, (which was at the age you are of now, so that (by the way) you have got the start of me in that important article by two or three years at least) at nineteen, I left the university of Cambridge, where I was an absolute pedant; when I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense; that the classics contained every thing that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans, instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns. With these excellent notions, I went first to the Hague, where, by the help of several letters of recommendation, I was soon introduced into all the best company, and where I very soon discovered, that I was totally mistaken in almost every one notion I had entertained. Fortunately, I had a strong desire to please, (the mixed result of good-nature, and a vanity by no means blameable) and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address, and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions, and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another, whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, *de très-mauvaise grace*, to all the most fashionable fine ladies; confessed, and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them

them to try their skill in forming. By these means, and with a passionate desire of pleasing every body, I came by degrees to please some; and I can assure you, that what little figure I have made in the world, has been much more owing to that passionate desire I had of pleasing universally, than to any intrinsic merit or sound knowledge I might ever have been master of. My passion for pleasing was so strong, (and I am very glad it was so) that I own to you fairly, I wished to make every woman I saw in love with me, and every man I met with, admire me. Without this passion for the object, I should never have been so attentive to the means; and I own I cannot conceive how it is possible for any man of good nature and good sense to be without this passion. Does not good nature incline us to please all those we converse with, of whatever rank or station they may be? And does not good sense, and common observation, shew of what infinite use it is to please? Oh! but one may please by the good qualities of the heart, and the knowledge of the head, without that fashionable air, address, and manner, which is mere trinket. I deny it. A man may be esteemed and respected, but I defy him to please without them. Moreover, at your age, I would not have contented myself with barely pleasing; I wanted to shine and to distinguish myself in the world as a man of fashion and gallantry, as well as business. And that ambition or vanity (call it what you please) was a right one; it hurt nobody, and made me exert whatever talents I had. It is the spring of a thousand right and good things."

The following letter on the knowledge of men and books, is dated Batli, Oct. 4, 1746.

"Dear boy,  
"Though I employ so much of my time in writing to you, I confess, I have often my doubts, whether it is to any purpose. I know how unwelcome advice generally is; I know that those who want it most, like it and follow it least; and I know too, that the advice of parents, more particularly, is ascribed to the moroseness, the imperiousness, or the garrulity of old age. But then, on the other hand, I flatter myself, that as your own reason (though too young as yet to suggest much to you of it) is, however, strong enough to enable you, both to judge of, and receive plain truths; I flatter myself, I say, that your own reason, young as it is, must tell you, that I can have no interest but yours in the advice I give you; and that, consequently, you will at least weigh and consider it well; in which case some of it will, I hope, have its effect. Do not think that I mean to dictate as a parent; I only mean to advise as a friend, and an indulgent one too: And do not apprehend, that I mean to check your pleasures; of which, on the contrary, I only desire to be the guide, not the censor. Let my experience supply your want of it, and clear your way in the progress of your youth;

of those thorns and briars, which scratched and disfigured me in the course of mine. I do not, therefore, so much as hint to you, how absolutely dependant you are upon me; that you neither have, nor can have, a shilling in the world but from me; and that, as I have no womanish weakness for your person, your merit must, and will, be the only measure of my kindness. I say, I do not hint these things to you, because I am convinced that you will set right upon more noble and generous principles: I mean for the sake of doing right, and out of affection and gratitude to me.

"I have so often recommended to you attention and application to whatever you learn, that I do not mention them now as duties; but I point them out to you, as conducive, nay absolutely necessary to your pleasures; for can there be a greater pleasure than to be universally allowed to excel those of one's own age and manner of life? And consequently, can there be any thing more mortifying than to be excelled by them. In this latter case, your shame and regret must be greater, than any body's, because every body knows the uncommon care which has been taken of your education, and the opportunities you have had of knowing more than others of your age. I do not confine the application which I recommend, singly to the view and emulation of excelling others, (though that is a very sensible pleasure, and a very warrantable pride) but I mean likewise to excel in the thing itself: For, in my mind, one may as well not know a thing at all, as know it but imperfectly. To know a little of any thing gives neither satisfaction nor credit, but often brings disgrace or ridicule.

Mr. Pope says, very truly,  
"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,  
"Drink deep, or taste not the Castalian Spring."

And what is called a "smattering" of every thing infallibly constitutes a coxcomb. I have often, of late, reflected what an unhappy man I must now have been, if I had not acquired in my youth some fund and taste of learning. What could I have done with myself at this age without them? I must, as many ignorant people do, have destroyed my health and faculties by sitting away the evenings; or, by wasting them frivolously in the tattle of women's company, must have exposed myself to the ridicule and contempt of those very women; or lastly, I must have hanged myself, as a man once did, for wearying of putting on and pulling off his shoes, and stockings, every day. My books, and only my books are now left me; and I daily find what Cicero says of learning to be true: *Hæc studia, (says he) adolescentiam alunt, juvenitiam delectant, senectas res ornant, adversis persequium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, percrepusculum, resistuntur.*



"I do not mean by this, to exclude conversation out of the pleasures of an advanced age; on the contrary, it is a very great and a very rational pleasure at all ages; but the conversation of the ignorant is no conversation, and gives even them no pleasure: They tire of their own sterility, and have not matter enough to furnish them with words to keep up a conversation.

"Let me, therefore, most earnestly recommend to you, to hoard up, while you can, a great stock of knowledge; for though, during the dissipation of your youth, you may not have occasion to spend much of it: yet, you may depend upon it, that a time will come, when you will want it to maintain you. Public granaries are filled in plentiful years; not that it is known that the next, or the second, or third year will prove a scarce one; but because it is known, that, sooner or later such a year will come, in which the grain will be wanted.

"I will say no more to you upon this subject; you have Mr. Harte with you to enforce it; you have reason to assent to the truth of it; so that, in short, 'you have Moses and the prophets; if you will not believe them, neither will you believe, tho' one rose from the dead.'—Do not imagine that the knowledge, which I so much recommend to you, is confined to books, pleasing, useful, and necessary as that knowledge is. But I comprehend in it the great knowledge of the world, still more necessary than that of books. In truth, they assist one another reciprocally; and no man will have either perfectly, who hath not both. The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a closet. Books alone will never teach it to you; but they will suggest many things to your observation, which might otherwise escape you; and your own observations upon mankind, when compared with that which you will find in books, will help you to fix the true point.

"To know mankind well requires full as much attention and application as to know books, and, it may be, more sagacity and discernment. I am, at this time, acquainted with many elderly people, who have all passed their whole lives in the great world, but with such levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now, than they did at fifteen. Do not flatter yourself, therefore, with the thoughts that you can acquire this knowledge in the frivolous chit-chat of idle companies: No, you must go much deeper than that. You must look into people, as well as at them. Almost all people are born with all the passions, to a certain degree; but almost every man has one prevailing one, to which the others are subordinate. Search every one for that ruling passion; pry into the recesses of his heart, and observe the different workings of the same passion in different people. And, when you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember never to trust

him, where that passion is concerned. Work upon him by it, if you please; but be upon your guard yourself against it, whatever professions he may make you."

2. *Sketches of the History of Man.* 2 Vols. 4to. 1l. 16s. Boards. Cadell.

WITHOUT possessing the acute discernment of Protagoras, every reader of taste will immediately discover that the *Sketches* before us flow from the pencil of an Apelles. Deeply skilled in human nature, this writer passes mankind in review before him, discriminating whole nations and individuals from their most savage condition, to the highest stages of culture, civilization, and luxury, by nice characteristic touches which had escaped preceding moralists. Lord Kaymes, of the Court of Session in Scotland, in his ingenious *Elements of Criticism*, had so clearly exposed to view all the human passions and faculties, as could not fail to excite an appetite in the public for every thing proceeding from the hands of so great a master in philosophy. Nor has he in these volumes altogether disappointed expectation.

"The following work, (says he, in his preface) is the substance of various speculations, that occasionally amused the author, and enlivened his leisure hours. It is not intended for the learned, they are above it, nor for the vulgar, they are below it; it is intended for men, who, equally removed from the corruption of opulence, and from the depression of bodily labour, are bent on useful knowledge; who, even in the delirium of youth, feel the dawn of patriotism, and who in ripen years enjoy its meridian warmth. To such men this work is dedicated; and that they may profit by it, is the author's ardent wish, and probably will be while any spirit remains in him to form a wish.

"May not he hope, that this work, child of his grey hairs, will survive, and bear testimony for him to good men, that even a laborious calling, which left him not many leisure-hours, never banished from his mind, that he would little deserve to be of the human species, were he indifferent about his fellow-creatures:

*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

"Most of the subjects handled in the following sheets, admit but of probable reasoning; which is not a little slippery, as with respect to many reasonings of that kind, it is difficult to pronounce, what degree of conviction they ought to produce. It is easy to form plausible arguments; but to form such as will stand the test of time, is not always easy. I could amuse the reader with numerous examples of conjectural arguments, which, fair at a distant view, vanish like a cloud on a near approach. In the first sketch of this book, not to go farther, he will find recorded more than one example. The

dread

dread of being misled by such arguments, filled the Author with anxiety; and after his utmost attention, he can but faintly hope, that he has not often wandered far from truth.

"Above thirty years ago, he began to collect materials for a natural history of man; and in the vigour of youth, did not think the undertaking too bold, even for a single hand. He has discovered of late that his utmost abilities are scarce sufficient for executing a few imperfect sketches."

Our Author divides his work into three books, the first of which is introduced with the curious enquiry, "whether there be different races of men, or whether all men be of one race, without any difference but what proceeds from climate or other accidental causes;" his lordship concluding, in opposition to Ray, Montesquieu, Buffon, and even the sacred writings themselves, that men are of different races, fitted by nature for the different climates, situations, and circumstances in which they are placed. He refutes with humour and sharpness that artificial rule proposed by Mr. Ray, and adopted by Mons. Buffon, for distinguishing the different species of animals, viz. "That animals which procreate together, and whose issue can also procreate, are of the same species." He treats with ridicule the division of animals given by Linnæus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist. Montesquieu himself, that illustrious and profound writer and philosopher, escapes not with impunity, because he too had adopted the vulgar opinion, that all men are sprung from one original stock, deriving from climate, food, and other accidents, all those varieties which discriminate nations.

After combating with keen weapons the above theory, our learned author ventures to propose a theory of his own, which he explains in the following manner:

"Plants, says he, were created of different kinds to fit them for different climates, and so were brute animals. Certain it is, that all men are not fitted equally for every climate. There is scarce a climate but what is natural to some men, where they prosper and flourish; and there is not a climate but where some men degenerate. Doth not then analogy lead us to conclude, that as there are different climates on the face of this globe, so there are different races of men fitted for these different climates?"

"But the argument I chiefly rely on is, That were all men of one species, there never could have existed, without a miracle, different kinds, such as exist at present."

"There is another argument that appears also to have weight: Horses, with respect to size, shape, and spirit, differ widely in different climates. But let a male and a female of whatever climate be carried to a country where horses are in perfection, their progeny will improve gradually, and will acquire in time the perfection of their kind. Is not this a proof, that all horses are of one kind? If

so, men are not all of one kind; for if a White mix with a Black in whatever climate, or a Hottentot with a Samoeide, the result will not be either an improvement of the kind, or the contrary; but a mongrel breed differing from both parents. It is thus ascertained beyond any rational doubt, that there are different races or kinds of men, and that these races or kinds are naturally fitted for different climates: whence we have reason to conclude, that originally each kind was placed in its proper climate, whatever change may have happened in later times by war or commerce.

"There is a remarkable fact that confirms the foregoing conjectures. As far back as history goes, or tradition is kept alive by history, the earth was inhabited by savages divided into many small tribes, each tribe having a language peculiar to itself. Is it not natural to suppose, that these original tribes were different races of men, placed in proper climates, and left to form their own language?"

"Upon summing up the whole particulars mentioned above, would one hesitate a moment to adopt the following opinion, were there no counterbalancing evidence, viz. 'That God created many pairs of the human race, differing from each other both externally and internally: that he fitted these pairs for different climates, and placed each pair in its proper climate; that the peculiarities of the original pairs were preserved entire in their descendants; who, having no assistance but their natural talents, were left to gather knowledge from experience, and in particular were left (each tribe) to form a language for itself; that signs were sufficient for the original pairs, without any language but what nature suggests; and that a language was formed gradually, as a tribe increased in numbers and in different occupations to make speech necessary?' But this opinion, however plausible, we are not permitted to adopt, being taught a different lesson by revelation, viz. That God created but a single pair of the human species. Though we cannot doubt of the authority of Moses, yet his account of the creation of man is not a little puzzling, as it seems to contradict every one of the facts mentioned above. According to that account, different races of men were not formed, nor were men formed originally for different climates. All men must have spoken the same language, viz. that of our first parents. And what of all seems the most contradictory to that account is the savage state: Adam, as Moses informs us, was endued by his Maker with an eminent degree of knowledge; and he certainly was an excellent preceptor to his children and their progeny, among whom he lived many generations. Whence then the degeneracy of all men unto the savage state? To account for that dismal catastrophe, mankind must have suffered some terrible convulsion.

"That terrible confusion is revealed to us in the history of the tower of Babel, contained in the first chapter of Genesis, which is, 'That for many countries, after the deluge, the earth was of one language and one speech; that they united to build a city on a plain in the land of Shinar, with a tower whose top might reach unto heaven; that the Lord beholding the people, he, one, and to have all one language, and that nothing would be restrained from them which they imagined to do, confounded their language that they might not understand one another; and scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth.' Here light breaks forth in the midst of darkness. By confounding the language of men, and scattering them abroad upon the face of all the earth, they were rendered savages. And to harden them for their new habitations, it was necessary to divide them into different kinds, fitted for different climates. Without an immediate change of constitution, the builders of Babel could not possibly have subsisted in the burning region of Guineæ, nor in the frozen region of Lapland, houses not being prepared, nor any other convenience to protect them against a destructive climate. Against this history it has indeed been urged, "that the circumstances mentioned evince it to be purely an allegory; that men never were so frantic as to think of building a tower whose top might reach to heaven; and that it is grossly absurd, taking the matter literally, that the Almighty was afraid of men, and reduced to the necessity of saving himself by a miracle." But that this is a real history, must necessarily be admitted, as the confusion of Babel is the only known fact that can reconcile sacred and profane history."

"And this leads us to consider the diversity of languages. If the common language of men had not been confounded upon their attempt to build the tower of Babel, I affirm, that there never could have been but one language. Antiquaries constantly suppose a migrating spirit in the original inhabitants of this earth; not only without evidence, but contrary to all probability. Men never desert their connections nor their country without necessity: fear of enemies and wild beasts, as well as the attraction of society, are more than sufficient to restrain them from wandering, not to mention that savages are peculiarly fond of their natal soil. The first migrations were probably occasioned by factions and civil wars; the next by commerce. Greece affords instances of the former, Phœnicia of the latter. Unless upon such occasions, members of a family or of a tribe will never retire farther from their fellows than is necessary for food; and by retiring gradually, they lose neither their connections nor their manners, far less their language, which is in constant exercise. As far back as history carries us, tribes without number are discovered, each having a language peculiar to itself. Strabo reports, that the Albanians were di-

vided into several tribes, differing in external appearance, and in language. Caesar found in Gaul several such tribes; and Tacitus records the names of many tribes in Germany. There are a multitude of American tribes that to this day, continue distinct from each other, and have each a different language. The mother-tongues at present, though numerous, bear no proportion to what formerly existed. We find original tribes gradually enlarging; by conquest frequently, and more frequently by the union of weak tribes, for mutual defence. Such events promote one language instead of many. The Celtic tongue pre-eminently at present confined to the Highlands of Scotland, to Wales, to Britany, and to a part of Ireland. In a few centuries, it will share the fate of many other original tongues: it will be totally forgotten.

"If men had not been scattered every where upon the confusion of Babel another particular must have occurred, differing not less from what has really happened than that now mentioned. As paradise is conjectured to have been situated in the heart of Aſia, the surrounding regions; for the reason above given, must have been first peopled; and the civilization and improvements of the mother-country were undoubtedly carried along to every new settlement. In particular, the colonies planted in America, the South-Sea islands, and the *Terra Australis incognita*, must have been highly polished; because, being at the greatest distance, they were probably the latest. And yet these and other remote people, the Mexicans and Peruvians excepted, remain to this day in the original savage state of hunting and fishing.

"Thus, had not men wildly attempted to build a tower whose top might reach unto heaven, all men would not only have spoken the same language, but would have made the same progress toward maturity of knowledge and civilization. That deplorable event reversed all nature: by scattering men over the face of all the earth, it deprived them of society, and rendered them savages. From that state of degeneracy, they have been emerging gradually. Some nations, stimulated by their own nature, or by their climate, have made a rapid progress; some have proceeded more slowly; and some continue savages. To trace out that progress toward maturity in different nations, is the subject of the present undertaking."

Lord Kaymes proceeds in his second *Sketch* to treat of the progress of men with respect to food and population, from the first savage state of hunters, through the progressive stages of herdsmen, husbandmen, artificers, to the greatest refinements of political society; and the most striking observation we meet with on this subject is, that "*Cookery depopulates like a pestilence*; because, when it becomes an art, it brings within the compass of one stomach what is sufficient for ten in days of tem-

temperance; and is so far worse than a pestilence, that the people never recruit again."

The subject of the third *Sketch*, which is a very short one, is the progress of man with respect to property. And here our Author observes, that among the senses inherent in the nature of man, the sense of property is eminent. By this sense wild animals, caught by labour or art, are perceived to belong to the hunter or fisher; they become his property; it is the foundation of *meum et tuum*, a distinction of which no human being is ignorant.

"The gradual progress, continues he, of this sense, from its infancy among savages to its maturity among polished nations, is one of the most entertaining articles that belong to the present undertaking. But as that article makes a part of Historical Law-Tracts, nothing remains for me but a few gleanings."

In the fourth *Sketch* he treats of the origin and progress of commerce, and his chief view in it is, to examine how far industry and commerce are affected by the quantity of circulating coin. In the course of what he advances upon this subject, he gives us his sentiments upon the following question, —Whether a Bank be upon the whole beneficial or hurtful to commerce?

"It is undoubtedly, says he, a spur to industry, like a new influx of money: but then, like such influx, it raises the price of labour and of manufactures. Weighing these two facts in a just balance, the result seems to be, that in a country where money is scarce, a bank properly constituted is a great blessing, as it in effect multiplies the specie, and promotes industry and manufactures; but that in a country which possesses money sufficient for an extensive trade, the only bank that will not hurt foreign commerce, is what is erected for supplying the merchant with ready money by discounting bills. At the same time, much caution and circumspection is necessary with respect to banks of both kinds. A bank erected for discounting bills, ought to be confined to bills really granted in the course of commerce; and ought to avoid, as much as possible, the being imposed on by fictitious bills drawn merely in order to procure a loan of money. And with respect to a bank purposely erected for lending money, there is great danger of extending credit too far, not only with respect to the bank itself and to its numerous debtors, but with respect to the country in general, by raising the price of labour and of manufactures, which is the never-failing result of too great plenty of money, whether coin or paper."

The fifth *Sketch* is divided into two sections, the first of which is a very entertaining one; the subject of it is—the origin and progress of useful arts. The following extract from it cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers.

"When *Cæsar* invaded Britain, agriculture was unknown in the inner parts: the inha-

bitants fed upon milk and flesh; and were clothed with skins. *Hollinshed*, contemporary with Elizabeth of England, ascribes the rudeness of the people of his generation, in the arts of life; "There were very few chimneys even in capital towns: the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled and plastered over with clay; and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw-pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow." Henry II. of France, at the marriage of the Dukes of Savoy, wore the first silk stockings that were made in France. Queen Elizabeth, the third year of her reign, received in a present a pair of black silk knit stockings; and Dr. Howel reports, that she never wore cloth hose any more. Before the conquest there was a timber bridge upon the Thames between London and Southwark, which was repaired by King William Rufus, and was burnt by accident in the reign of Henry II. anno 1176. At that time a stone bridge in place of it was projected, but it was not finished till the year 1212. The bridge Notre-Dame over the Seine in Paris was first of wood. It fell down anno 1399; and as there was not in France a man who would undertake to rebuild it of stone, an Italian cordelier was employed, whose name was *Seconde*, the same upon whom Sanzarius made the following pun:

*Secundus geminum posuit illi, Sequens, pontem; Hinc tu jure, joci, et ære penesicem.*

The art of making glass was imported from France into England ann. 645, for the use of monasteries. Glass windows, in private houses were rare even in the twelfth century, and held to be great luxury. King Edward III. invited three clockmakers, of Lütt in Holland to settle in England. In the former part of the reign of Henry VIII. there did not grow in England cabbage, carnot, turnip, or other edible root; and it has been noted, that even Queen Catharine herself could not command a salad for dinner, till the King brought over a gardener from the Netherlands. About the same time, the artichoke, the apricot, the damask rose, made their first appearance in England. Turkeys, carps, and hops, were first known there in the year 1524. The currant-shrub was brought from the island of Zant, ann. 1533; and in the year 1540, cherry-trees from Flanders were first planted in Kent. It was in the year 1563, that knives were first made in England. Pocket-watches were brought there from Germany ann. 1577. About the year 1580, coaches were introduced: before which time Queen Elizabeth on public occasions rode behind her chamberlain. A saw-mill was erected near London ann. 1623, but afterward denickled, that it might not deprive the labouring poor of employment. How crude was the science of politics even in that late age?

People

"People who are ignorant of weights and measures fall upon odd shifts to supply the defect. Howel Dha, Prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, was their capital lawgiver. One of his laws is, "If any one kill or steal the cat that guards the Prince's granary, he forfeits a milch ewe with her lamb; or as much wheat as will cover the cat when suspended by the tail, the head touching the ground." By the same lawgiver a fine of twelve cows is enacted for a rape committed upon a maid, and eighteen for a rape upon a matron. If the fact be proved after being denied, the criminal for his falsity pays as many shillings as will cover the woman's posteriors."—*Crit. and M. Rev.*

[To be continued.]

3. *An Address to Protestant Dissenters, on the subject of giving the Lord's Supper to Children. By Joseph Priestly, LL. D. F. R. S.* 1s.

Dr. Priestly tells us, that the subject of his address was almost as new to himself, as it can be to any persons who meet with his publication. But having been more conversant with the ancient Christian writers, and also having met with Dr. Peirce's Essay on the subject, he says, he is now "on mature consideration, fully satisfied, that *infant communion*, as well as *infant baptism*, was the most ancient custom in the christian church, and therefore that the practice is of apostolical and consequently of divine authority."

After endeavouring to shew that this was the ancient and early practice of the church, he enquires how it came to be laid aside; and he concludes, that the denial of the cup to the laity, and refusing the Lord's Supper to infants, "had their rise from the same cause; and took place about the same time, and not till the doctrine of transubstantiation was fully established, which was about the twelfth century."

As children are early brought by confidence and serious parents or governors to attend public worship, by which means their minds are betimes impressed with a notion of its obligation and importance, their future attendance is secured, and their *rational and voluntary* attachment to it accelerated; the same advantages the Doctor apprehends, must arise, if they were early brought to the Lord's Supper: Children, he supposes, would by this means become more the objects of attention both to their parents and the governors of churches; and young persons would probably be more established in the belief of christianity: "Having been from their infancy constantly accustomed to bear their part in all the rights of it, they would be more firmly attached to it, and less easily desert it.—When the practice of every thing *external* belonging to christianity is become habitual, the obligation, says he, to what is *internal*, will be more constantly and more sensibly felt."—*Monthly Review.*

4. *The Cave of Morar, the Man of Sorrows. A Legendary Tale. In two Parts.* 4to. 2s.

THERE is no small share of fancy and poetry in this tale, as the reader will perceive by the following analysis of it.—Edgar having married Emma, leaves her at the Cave of Morar, while he goes to fight against the Scots. Morar, who was then absent, finding Emma at his return in his cell, she relates to him at his request the story of her love to Edgar, as follows:

One day, she said, I stray'd along  
The flow'ry banks of Rona's flood,  
Charm'd by sweet Philomela's song,  
That echo'd from a neighb'ring wood.

The cheerful shepherd tun'd his reed,  
The sportive flocks rejoic'd arround,  
And from the flow'r-bespangled mead  
Issu'd at once the pleasing sound.

Each rural object sweetly smil'd,  
All nature wore the face of joy;  
And long I roam'd thro' prospects wild,  
Where strangers us'd not to annoy.

But Ratcliffe's son, who long had tried  
To gain my youthful heart in vain,  
Swift from the mountain's summit hied,  
And met me on the lonely plain.

He warmly press'd me to be kind,  
He strove to clasp me in his arms,  
But keen resentment fill'd my mind,  
I told him I despis'd his charms.

Yet still he breath'd his lawless flame,  
And still I heard his vows with scorn;  
When Edgar from the mountain came,  
Edgar, whom Nature's charms adorn.

To him I freely told my tale,  
I told the arts which Ratcliffe us'd,  
How he attack'd me on the dale,  
And modest Virtue's laws abus'd.

Brave Edgar heard, he curs'd the swain,  
In my defence his spear he drew;  
But ah! he drew his spear in vain,  
For thro' the plain base Ratcliffe flew.

Yet Edgar swore he'd check his pride,  
He swore he'd have a just revenge,  
And oft would watch on Woreham's side,  
Where worthless Ratcliffe us'd to range.

And if he met the dastard youth,  
He swore his treacherous heart should feel  
The safeguard of the hero's truth,  
The point of his avenging steel.

I thank'd him for his friendly aid,  
I lov'd him for his dauntless soul,  
And while we wander'd thro' the shade,  
The sigh oft from my bosom stole.

To Maresham's hall we bent our way,  
Where oft my honour'd Sire resorts,  
In calm content to pass the day,  
Or share the huntsman's manly sports.

Edgar at his request remain'd  
Three summer days in Maresham's vales,  
By feats of arms my Sire he gain'd,  
He won me by his ardent tales.

My father blest'd the rising flame,  
At Hymen's shrine he join'd our hands;  
And told the youth he then might claim  
His wealth, his far-extended lands,  
But Edgar, with expressive smile,  
Refus'd the gift my Sire design'd;  
Be mine, he said, the Warrior's spoil,  
Be mine the joy thy foes to bind;

When the rough Scots, with lawless might,  
Often victorious, threat the brave,  
In thy defence let Edgar fight,  
A higher boon he ne'er shall crave.

My father granted his request;  
He prais'd him for his matchless zeal,  
And warmly press'd him to his breast,  
When he remov'd from Maresham's vale.

A Pilgrim appears at the Cave, who informs Emma, that Edgar, deserted by his friends, had fallen in the field of battle, and had left him this command:

Go, Pilgrim, go, to Morar's cell,  
And give this sword to Emma's hand:  
Tell her when pale distress shall seize,  
When she demands relief in vain,  
This trusty blade will give her ease,  
And banish sorrow, grief and pain.—

Emma then seizes the sword, and is going to stab herself, but Edgar himself rushing in prevents her; and convincing her that the pretended pilgrim's tale was false, he pursues the offender and kills him, who with his dying breath confesses himself to be Ratcliffe's son.

In the second part, old Morar relates to his guests his mournful story, which he concludes with acquainting them, that he had long lost his only son Edwin, whom he had entrusted to the care of his friend Alford, from whom he suddenly disappeared; upon which Edgar suddenly exclaims:

You see him now, brave Edgar cried,  
I am that son so much belov'd,  
For Alford's care my wants supplied,  
When youthful joys my bosom mov'd.  
From him I learn'd the arts of peace,  
He shew'd me nature's rural charms,  
But I despis'd a life of ease,  
And sought the fame acquir'd by arms.  
I left his cot, I chang'd my name,  
I fought to save my native land,  
At last fair Emma blest'd my flame,  
And crown'd my wishes with her hand.—

The poem concludes with the following ejaculation of Morar:

With wild surprise the Hermit heard,  
And thus to heaven address'd a pray'r:  
'Yes, yes, ye pow'rs, ye will reward  
'The man who triumphs over care!

'I thank you for my sorrows past,  
'I thank you for my present joy;  
'And while my days of trial last,  
'Let me my voice in praise employ.'

Then in his arms he fondly press'd  
The happy pair he lov'd so well,  
While many a tender look express'd  
The heart-felt joy which none can tell.

MISCELL. VOL. II.

5. *The Works of George Lord Lyttelton; formerly printed separately, and now first collected together: with some other pieces never before printed. Published by George Edward Ayscough, Esq. 1 vol. 4to.*

THIS volume contains his Lordship's observations on the Life of Cicero. Observations on the state of our affairs at home and abroad. Letters from a Persian in England to his friend at Ispahan. Observations on the conversion and apostleship of St. Paul. Dialogues of the Dead. Four Speeches in Parliament. Poems. Letters to Sir Tho. Lyttelton. And an account of a Journey into Wales.

Among the pieces never before printed are his Letters to his Father Sir Tho. Lyttelton, from which the following are selected.

#### LETTER IV.

"Dear Sir, Luneville, June 8, 1728.

"I heartily congratulate you upon my sister's marriage, and wish you may dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P—— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M——! but unhappily they have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. — upon the abrupt departure of her intended husband: to be sure she takes it much to heart; for the loss of an only lover, when a Lady is past three and twenty, is as afflicting as the loss of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother desires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the sage Mr. Bromley. Alas! I am utterly unfit for so great a work; my genius is light and superficial; and lets slip a thousand observations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much industry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houses there are in Paris; how many vestments in a procession; how many saints in the Romish calendar, and how many miracles to each Saint: and yet to such a pitch of exactness the curious Travellers must arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he must be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully transcribing the inscriptions, though they had no better author than the sexton or curate of the parish. For my part, I was so shamefully negligent as not to set down how many crosses are in the road from Calais to Luneville; nay I did not so much as take an inventory of the relics in the churches I went to see. You may judge by this what a poor account I shall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is bestowed that you spend upon them. But, however, if my dear mother insists upon it, I shall have so much complaisance for the curiosity natural to her sex, as to write her  
a short,

a short particular of what rareties I have seen; but of all ordinary spectacles, such as miracles, raree-shows; and the like, I beg her permission to be silent. I am, dear Sir, your dutiful son, &c. G. L."

## LETTER V.

"Dear Sir, Luneville, July 27.

"I thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs; but, I assure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D—— tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain, that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorraine. The spirit of quadrille has possessed the land; from morning till midnight there is nothing else in every house in town.

The Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the Maids of Honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, shew judgment at quadrille: however, in summer, one may contrive to pass a day without quadrille; because there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep like a fly 'till the return of spring. Indeed in the morning the Duke hunts; but my malicious stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me the other day reading a Latin author, and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord—— is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles, as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason.

My only improvement here is in the company of the Duke and Prince Craon, and in the exercise of the academy. I have been absent from the last near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, Sir, your dutiful son, G. L."

## LETTER VIII.

Soissons, Oct. 28.

"I thank you, my dear Sir, for complying so much with my inclinations, as to let me stay some time at Soissons; but, as you have not fixed how long, I wait for further orders. One of my chief reasons for disliking

Luneville, was the multitude of English there, who most of them were such worthless fellows, that they were a dishonour to the name and nation. With these I was obliged to dine and sup, and pass a great part of my time.

"You may be sure I avoided it as much as possible; but *malgré moi*, I suffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law among themselves not to admit any foreigner into their company; so that there was nothing but English talked from June to January. On the contrary, my countrymen at Soissons are men of virtue and good sense; they mix perpetually with the French, and converse for the most part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this subject; but give me leave to say, that, however capricious I may have been in other things, my sentiments in this particular are the surest proofs I ever gave you of my strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly. Mr. Stanhope is always at Fontainebleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz to Paris for four days, when the Colonel was there to meet him: he received me with great civility and kindness. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole, who is obliged to keep strict guard over the Cardinal, for fear the German ministers should take him from us: they pull and haul the poor old gentleman so many ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whose arms to throw himself.

Ripperda's escape to England will very much embroil affairs, which did not seem to want another obstacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the devil is not very much wanting to his own interests in this business, it is impossible that the good work of peace should go on much longer. After all, most young fellows are of his party, and wish he may bring matters to a war; for they make but ill ministers at a congress, but would make good soldiers in a campaign.

No news from —— and her beloved husband: their unreasonable fondness for each other can never last; they will soon grow as cold to one another as the town to the Beggar's Opera. Pray heaven I may prove a false prophet! but married love, and English music, are too domestic to continue long in favour.

My duty to my dear mother; I am glad she has no complaint. You say nothing relating to your own health, which makes me hope you are well. I as fondly love my brothers and sisters as if I was their parent.

There is no need of my concluding with a handsome period; you are above forced efforts of the head. I shall therefore end this letter with a plain truth of the heart, that I am,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

G. L."

6. Dr.

6. *Dr. Andrews's History of the Revolutions of Denmark.* 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.

IN the appendix to this history, many interesting particulars are related of the Danish code of jurisprudence. The laws, we are informed, are remarkable for their plainness and brevity, and expressed with so much precision as to be easily understood. It is so common for individuals to transact their own private affairs, that for fifteen years there was only one notary public in all Copenhagen. One of the most remarkable Danish laws is that which respects the framing of testaments.

"The benevolent principles of the Danish laws, (says our author) have put it out of the power of men to injure each other by injudicious and arbitrary legacies. Whatever a man acquires or inherits, he has full power to enjoy personally, in the manner he pleases; but he is obliged, on his demise, to leave the distribution of it to the wisdom of his country.

"Numerous are the benefits resulting from this method of proceeding. It cannot certainly be supposed, that every individual should be endowed with a share of sagacity, sufficient to enable him to act an irreprehensible part in so nice and delicate an affair, as the making of a just and proper will. To prevent, therefore, those many errors, which persons of the best intentions, and even of the best understandings, are liable to commit, the judgment and experience of the public are, in a manner, brought to their assistance; and direct them how to avoid mistakes, and overcome difficulties. Thus an individual has the satisfaction of knowing, that should his decease happen before his affairs have been settled, still his possessions will fall into proper hands. This is not always the case, when the estates of such as die intestate, are given to what is denominated an heir at law. The spirit of the Danish laws approves not of this cruel monopoly; and industriously searches out for as many inheritors as nature has appointed.

"In the mean time, to remove any complaint of the rigour and arbitrariness of the law, in such cases, the testator is indulged with a gratification of his particular wishes and inclinations, and even of his foibles, within certain limits. Thus every end is answered; justice is strictly done to all to whom it is due; peculiar connections are considered; even partiality is not wholly disappointed; and in this manner all parties are pleased.

"It may not be amiss to elucidate these general reflexions by some particular instances:

"In Denmark the possessions of married people compose one common fund between them; of which it is not in their power to make any other partition, either among themselves, or their children, than that ordained by the law. Conjugal affection is indeed so encouraged and respected, as to allow a

husband to behave with generosity to his wife, either by presenting her with a genteel sum of money, by way of nuptial gift, or by subsequent donations. But his generosity is bounded by the law, and cannot exceed a stated proportion; and even this is not allowable, till all debts and incumbrances on his estate are entirely cleared.

"In conformity to this principle of the community of possessions in the married state, whoever survives inherits the half during life. The other goes to their children. Out of their share, nevertheless, a certain proportion is deducted, which devolves to the surviving parent. The intent of this diminution of their inheritance, is very wise and considerate; it becomes a security to the children for the attachment of their parent, who forfeits it to them, on contracting another marriage.

"Married persons without issue, having no ties to restrain their reciprocal partiality, are allowed to indulge it in a very extensive degree. They may settle the whole of their estate on each other, during the survivorship of either; and are even permitted to bequeath the one half of it to each other, and their respective heirs for ever.

"In case of no issue, widowers and widows are also allowed to give away the half of their inheritance according to their own discretion; and the whole of it, if they please, in pious and charitable legacies; so favourable is the Danish law to a spirit of piety and munificence.

"When there is a considerable disproportion in the separate fortunes of individuals, on their engaging in wedlock, the legislature permits, on their having no children, that, besides the usual portion decreed by the law, a fourth part of the original estate of the richest devolve to the other party, on the demise of the former. This practice never fails to take place, where people have lived in love and union; and is indeed looked upon as an honourable testimony of the departed in favour of the survivor.

"The sentence of the law is decisive in the distribution of estates among children; and no deviations of any sort are connived at; they inherit the fortune of both parents. The only advantage enjoyed by the males, is, that the share of a son is double to that of a daughter, and that such manors as have any peculiar privileges annexed to them, are assigned to the former. A preference which carries with it no injustice; as the maxim, that "uxor fulgit radiis mariti," a wife receives dignity from her husband," prevails in Denmark, as in all other countries.

"The death of a child, previous to that of a parent, makes no alteration in the manner of succession to the fortune of the latter; the grand-children claim the share of their parents, as being his representatives; and in case of their own decease, the same right devolves to their posterity.



"On the other hand, children who die without issue, are succeeded by their father, who enters alone into the possession of what they leave. The reason of paying this compliment to the male sex, is, that it should always be supposed the education and qualifications of children are owing to the care and solicitude of the father; whose knowledge of the world enables him to train them up to business and industry; and who is, at the same time, considered as the fittest administrator of a fortune, which, in fact, reverts to his other children.

"But if the father be dead, the mother, together with the brothers and sisters of the deceased, inherit in equal proportions; not forgetting the representatives of the latter, in case of death, and their descendants.

"Such is the general spirit of succession to estates in Denmark. The only exceptions are in favour of such families as possess great property in lands, and immovable estates. All owners of land are permitted to leave a double share to one of their children; and they whose possessions amount to a certain fixed value, have the privilege, provided all debts, incumbrances, demands, and pretensions on them are discharged, to make such a settlement of them as they think proper. This, no doubt, is a wide deviation from the general tenor of the law; but then we should reflect, that Denmark contains even now a pretty numerous body of nobility and gentry, who have enjoyed this right from time immemorial; whom the court is not willing to offend, by stripping them of all their immunities; and whom, indeed, according to the ideas prevalent in all European monarchies, it may well be understood to view in the light of necessary intermediators between the crown and the people; and as the surest supporters of royalty, while they are allowed to partake of those honorary distinctions and benefits that remove them from the vulgar, and approach them nearer to the Sovereign."

Another instance of the benignity of the Danish laws, is the tenderness shewn to the innocent offspring of illicit connections.

"The cries of nature are heard in Denmark; and the voice of compassion has pleaded so loudly and so successfully in favour of these tender objects, that the guilt of their parents only is remembered; and the unnatural prejudices which consign them, as it were, to neglect, and consider them as outcasts of the community, give way to milder sentiments.

"Natural children, when publicly acknowledged, according to the forms prescribed in such cases, are, by the Danish law, received and reputed as legal members of a family, and claim a share in the fortunes of their father, in conjunction with his other children born in lawful wedlock.

"But in the mean time, that no encouragement may be given to debauchery and licentiousness of living, and in order to lay as

much restraint on the disorderly inclinations and passions of men, as is consistent with humanity, illegitimacy of birth deprives individuals of a portion equal to that of a lawful child. They are entitled to half only. Thus mercy is tempered with justice, and a due reverence is preserved for the majesty of the laws.

"But this penalty is dispensed with if the father has no lawful issue. They are then entitled to inherit in the same manner, as if they were legitimate.

"The benignity of the law is still greater in respect of the natural ties that subsist between a mother and her child. The unlawfulness of the connection she has indulged, cannot be supposed to make any difference in the affection she feels for a progeny she blushes to own; and ought, indeed, to render it the dearer on that very account; as she less dares claim the public assistance and countenance of her friends, in its favour, the more it is incumbent on her to exert herself in its behalf. Swayed by this consideration, and by the certainty, that, whatever doubts her character may occasion concerning the reality of the father, still she is the indubitable mother; convinced, at the same time, that the welfare of illegitimate issue is, in general, chiefly to be derived from the care and solicitude of those who bore them, the Danish law allows maternal tenderness its full scope, and places them on the same level as their mother's legitimate offspring, with whom they claim an equal right of full inheritance.

"This regulation, strange as it may seem to nations that may pretend to a far superior degree of politeness and refinement than what is found in Denmark, is undoubtedly attended with the happiest consequences to society."

7. *Infancy; a poem. Book the First. By Hugh Downman, M. D. 15.*

THIS little poem relates to the management of Children; and the author writes as a judicious physician, a good poet, and an excellent moralist; for his medical directions, and poetical talents, seem to be all devoted to the service of humanity and virtue: We therefore recommend the following to the serious perusal of the ladies:

HEALTH is the greatest blessing man receives  
From bounteous Heaven, by her the smiling hours  
Are wing'd with transport; she too gives the foul  
Of firmness; without her the hand of toil  
Would languid sink; the eye of reason fade.

To this then bend thy care, O parent Mind;  
Array thy child in health; a nobler dress  
Not gorgeous majesty can boast; the thanks  
Of future gratitude thou wilt receive,  
More than if in his lap thou then should'st  
pour, Profusely

Profusely pour thy gold ; or give him all  
Thy herds, and bleating flocks, tho' thou-  
sands range [hills.

Thy spacious meads, or cloath thy ample  
Would'st thou thy children blefs ? Attend  
the call

Of beckoning Nature, follow where she leads,  
Unerring guide ! No labyrinth is here ;  
No clue of Ariadne wilt thou need,  
To Thefeus given : Fair is her open path,  
And strong the steady light she throws a-  
round,  
Instinctive light, the surest safest guide.

Thy child is born. See where the trea-  
cherous nurse,

Or she who o'er Lucina's rights presides,  
Prepares the poisonous drench : Forewarn'd,  
beware :

Within the fatal drug lurks death ; by this  
Thousands from yet untasted life retire,  
Thousands of infant souls ; yet, sanctified  
By custom, other causes are assign'd,  
And nature is accus'd of impious deeds  
She ne'er committed, Nature will preserve  
Whate'er she frames : Is phyfic needful then ?  
She has remark'd it well, and taught the  
child

To seek its remedy : e'er yet the sun  
Hath from its birth encircled half the sphere,  
It asks, plain as expressive signs can ask,  
The mother's breast : Without a moment's  
pause

Hear the mute voice of instinct, and obey.  
Know the first efflux from each milky fount  
Is nature's chymic mixture, which the at-  
tempts

Of bungling art cannot supply, this flows  
Gently derivative, purifying, bland ;  
This each internal obstacle removes,  
And sets in motion the young springs of life.  
Hence too the mother is secure : The streams,  
Health giving to her infant, flow to her  
Salubrious ; otherwise confin'd, or driven  
Back on the blood, what hath she not to fear ?  
The raging fever, from the fatal cause  
Holding its name, obstructions fierce, dire  
pangs

Of torture, future cancers by the juice  
Of boasted hemlock not to be remov'd.

O Mother, (let me by that tenderest name  
Conjure thee) still pursue the task begun ;  
Nor unless urg'd by strong necessity,  
Some fated, some peculiar circumstance,  
By which thy health may suffer, or thy child  
Suck in disease, or that the genial food  
Too scanty flows, give to an Alien's care  
Thy orphan babe. O, if by choice thou dost—  
What shall I call thee ? Woman ? No,—  
though fair

Thy face as one of the angelic choir, [line,  
Though sweetness seem pourtray'd in every  
And smiles which might become a Hebe, rise  
At will, crisping thy rosy cheeks, tho' all  
That's lovely, kind, attractive, elegant,  
Dwell in thy outward shape, and catch the  
Of gazing rapture, all is but deceit ; [eye

The form of woman's thine ; but not the  
heart ;

Drest in hypocrisy, and studied guile,  
This art detects thee, shews thee to have lost  
Each tender feeling, every gentler grace,  
And virtue more humane, more finely drawn,  
And set by yielding Nature in the breast  
Of female softness, to have driven forth these  
By force, to have unsex'd thy mind, become  
The seat of torpid dull stupidity,  
Cold, and insensible to the warm touch  
Of generous emotions, lock'd up close  
To shut out pity's entrance, who retreats  
Repining from her heaven-destin'd seat,  
Usurp'd by cruelty, the worst of fiends.

Hadst thou been treated thus, thou ne'er  
perhaps

Hadst liv'd, so barbarously from thy sight  
To send a child of thine. O unblown flower !  
Soft bud of Spring ! Planted in foreign soil  
How wilt thou prosper ! Bruis'd by other  
winds

In a new clime ; and fed by other dews  
Than suit thy nature ! From a stranger hand  
Ah, what can infancy expect, when she  
Who bore thee in her womb so long, whose  
life,

Whose soul thou didst participate, neglects  
Herself in thee, and breaks the strongest seal  
Which Nature stamp'd in vain upon her heart.

O luckless babe, born in an evil hour,  
Who shall with watchful eye thy thousand  
wants

Attend ? Explore with care the latent cause  
Giving uneasiness ? Thy slumbers guard ?  
And when awake, with nice sedulity  
Observe thy every turn ? A parent might.  
A venal hireling cannot if she would :  
Though willing to perform her duty well,  
She feels not in her soul th' impulsive goad  
Of instinct, all the fond the fearful thoughts  
Awakening : Say at length that habit's power  
Can something like maternal kindness give,  
Yet e'er that time may the poor nursing die.

### *A Catalogue of New Publications, not noticed in our Review.*

**R**EMARKS on the history of Scotland.  
By Sir David Dalrymple. 3s. 6d.

A Treatise on Child-bed Fevers, and the  
method of preventing them. To which are  
prefixed, Two Dissertations, the one on the  
brain and nerves ; the other on the sympathy  
of the nerves, and of different kinds of irri-  
tability. By Tho. Kirkland, M. D. 3s.

Experiments and observations on different  
kinds of air. By Joseph Priestly, LL. D.  
F. R. S. 5s.

A Speech intended to have been spoken on  
the bill for altering the charters of the colony  
of Massachusetts Bay. 1s.

A review of the present administration. 1s.  
The Liberty of the Press considered. 1s.

An Elogy on the approaching dissolution of  
parliament. 1s.

The

A pastoral ballad, in four parts: Admiration, Hope, Disappointment, Success. 1s.

The Depopulated Vale; a poem. 2s.

The Ides of June. A poem to the fair sex. 6d.

Perjury; a satire. By Geo. Wallis. 2s.

The Naval Review. A poem. Inscribed to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Saunders. By the Rev. Robert English. 2d edit. 1s. 6d.

Resignation; or, majesty in the dumps.

An ode. Addressed to G. Colman, Esq. 1s.

The Druid's monument. A tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith. By the author of the Cave of Morar. 6d.

Poems on several occasions. By John Bennett, a journeyman shoemaker. 2s. 6d.

Peace. A poem. 1s.

The common English translation of the 45th psalm, carefully corrected according to the true meaning of the Hebrew original; with a paraphrase and notes. By Thomas Crane, 2d grammar master at Chester. 1s.

Observations on Dr. Williams's treatise on the gout. By Mr. Daniel Smith. 1s.

An excursion to the lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland. 3s. 6d.

The French teacher's assistant; or, a new and easy method to learn children to spell, read, and speak French with propriety and elegance. By Nicholas Salomon. 1s. 6d.

The evidence in the trial between the Earl of Sandwich, and John Miller, before Lord Mansfield, and a special jury, in the court of King's-Bench, July 8, 1773. 1s.

The Man of Sorrows. 2s.

Catulli, Tibulli, Propertii Opera. 3s.

The martyrdom of Ignatius; a tragedy. Written in the year 1740. By the late John Gambold, minister of Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire. To which is prefixed, the life of Ignatius. 2s.

The two English gentlemen; or, the sham funeral. A comedy. By Js. Stewart. 1s. 6d.

A short view of the history of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, with respect to their charters and constitution. By Israel Mauduit. The second edition. With the original charter granted to that province. 1s. 6d.

Answer to considerations on certain political transactions of South Carolina. 2s.

A Plan to reconcile Great-Britain and her Colonies. 1s.

Additional Preface to a pamphlet, entitled, An appeal to the public, on the subject of the national debt; containing observations on the present state of the kingdom, with respect to its trade, debts, taxes, and paper credit. 6d.

A Discussion of some important and uncertain points in Chronology, in a series of letters addressed to the Rev. Dr. Blair, prebendary of Westminster. By J. Kennedy. 1s.

Four introductory lectures in Natural Philosophy. 2s.

A Treatise of Maritime Surveying, in two parts. By Murdoch Mackenzie, sen. 6s.

A collection of Letters and Essays in favour of public liberty, first published in the news-papers, in the years 1764, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, and 1770. 3 vols. 9s.

Two chapters of the last book of Chronicles; six letters to the good people of England; and several other pieces, relative to the dispute between Englishmen in Europe and in America. By an Old English Merchant. 1s.

The report of the Lords Committees, appointed by the House of Lords to enquire into the several proceedings in the colony of Massachusetts Bay; and also what passed in this House relative thereto, from the 1st day of January, 1764. 2s.

The substance of the evidence delivered to a Committee of the Hon. House of Commons by the merchants and traders of London, concerned in the trade to Germany and Holland, and of the dealers in foreign linens, as summed up by Mr. Glover. 1s. 6d.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Frederick Ld. North. 1s.

Religious Intolerance no part of the general plan either of the Mosaic or Christian dispensation. Proved by scriptural inferences and deductions. On a plan entirely new. By Jos. Tucker, D. D. Dean of Gloucester. 1s.

A brief and dispassionate view of the difficulties attending the Trinitarian, Arian, and Socinian systems. By Jos. Tucker, D. D. 3d.

Reflections on the law of arrests in civil actions; wherein is particularly considered the case of Lieut. Gen. Canfel. 1s.

#### For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The fashionable DRESS for JULY, as established at *St. James's* and *Bath*.

**THE LADIES** have made little Variation in their Drefs from that given in our Miscellany for June.—in FULL DRESS, they wear Chintz or Irish work'd Muslin Negligees, linn'd with colour'd Silk, trimm'd with Mirlitonette or Gauze, ornamented with Tassels and Flowers to match the Linings.—Silks, as given in the Dref for June.—The Hair dressed far back at the Top, with drop Curls at the Sides, and not so low behind as for some Time past.—Lappets in Fancy, with Pearl Pins and Flowers;—small drop Ear-rings;—Ruffs for the Neck;—colour'd Shoes, with white Heels and Straps, and small Rose Buckles.

The CAMEL DRESS.—Slight Lutestring French Jackets, with Hoops, and tight Sleeves, four Flaps at the Bottom of the Waist, close Back, and no Plaits; the Coat and Jacket trimm'd with Gauze and Ribben;—Chip Hats or Calashes.



*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*



*Truth and Falshood.*

## FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

TRUTH and FALSHOOD. A Fable.

[With an elegant ENGRAVING.]

SOON as the iron age on earth began,  
And vice found easy entrance into man,  
Forth from her cave infernal Falshood came,  
Falshood, the hate of gods, of men the shame:  
A filken robe the wore of various hue,  
Its colour changing with each different view:  
Studious to cheat, and eager to beguile,  
She mimick'd Truth, and ap'd her heav'nly smile;

But mimick'd Truth in vain; the varying vest,  
To ev'ry searching eye the fiend conceit.  
At length the saw celestial Truth appear;  
Serene her brow, and chearful was her air;  
Her silver locks with shining fillets bound,  
With laurel wreaths her peaceful temples crown'd;

A lily robe was girded round her waist,  
And o'er her arms a radiant mantle cast;  
With decent negligence it hung behind,  
And loosely flowing wanton'd in the wind.  
Thus Truth advanc'd, unknowing of deceit,  
And Falshood, bowing low, began the cheat:

"Hail, charming maid, bright as the morning star,  
Daughter of Jove, and heav'n's peculiar care!  
'Tis thine to weigh the world in equal scales,  
And chide the conscious soul when vice prevails;

Dispensing justice with impartial hand,  
The mightiest powers submit to thy command:

E'en gods themselves, tho' in their actions  
Consult, resolve, and act as you decree.  
Great sov'reign Jove, the first ethereal name,  
Advis'd with thee to form the heav'nly frame:  
As Truth approv'd he bade the fabric rise,  
And spread the azure mantle of the skies;  
Plac'd every planet in its proper sphere,  
Nor rolls this orb too wide, nor that too near.  
But why thus walk we, mindless of our ease,  
Expos'd beneath the sun's meridian blaze?  
Better retire, and shun the scorching ray,  
'Till fanning zephyrs cool our ev'ning way.  
Hear how yon limpid brook runs murmur'ing by,

And tuneful birds their sylvan notes apply;  
See fragrant shrubs along the borders grow,  
And waving shades beneath the poplar bough:  
All these invite us to the river's side,  
To bathe our limbs, and sport within the tide;  
So cool the stream, the flow'ry bank so sweet,  
Diana's self might covet the retreat:  
Nor can a short diversion check your haste;  
Fresh strength will soon succeed such welcome rest:

As rapid currents held awhile at bay,  
With swifter force pursue their liquid way."

So spake the Phantom, and, with friendly look, [brook:  
Supporting what she said, approach'd the Truth follow'd, artless, unsuspecting maid!  
And in an evil hour the voice obey'd.  
Both at the chrysal stream arriv'd, unbound  
Their different robes, both cast them to the ground;

The Fiend upon the margin ling'ring stood;  
The naked Goddess leap'd into the flood:  
Sporting, she swims the liquid surface o'er,  
Unmindful of the matchless robe she wore.  
Not Falshood so—the hasty seiz'd the vest,  
And with the beauteous spoils herself she dreit;

Then, wing'd with joy, out-flew the swiftest  
Her own infernal robe she left behind.  
Strait she aspires above her former state,  
And gains admittance to the rich and great:  
Nay, such her daring pride, that some report,  
When thus equip'd she boldly went to court;  
There spake and look'd with such a graceful air,

Mistaken Fame pronounc'd her wise and fair.  
She fill'd the wanton's tongue with specious names,

To deal in wounds, and deaths, in darts and  
She prefac'd all her lewd attempts with love,  
And Fraud prevail'd where Reason could not move.

At length she mingled with a learned throng,  
And tun'd the Muse's mercenary song.  
In all the labyrinths of logic skill'd,  
She taught the subtle reas'ner not to yield;  
Instructed how to puzzle each dispute,  
And boldly baffle men, tho' not confute.  
Now, at a bar, she play'd the lawyer's part,  
And shap'd out right and wrong by rules of art.

Now, in the senate, rais'd her pompous tone,  
Talk'd much of public good, but meant her own.

Oft to the Olympian field she turn'd her eyes,  
And taught the racers how to gain the prize.  
In schools and temples too she claim'd a share,

While Falshood's self admir'd her influence [there.

Deluded Truth observ'd the fraud too late,  
Nor knew she to repair a loss so great:  
In vain her heav'nly robes she fighting seeks;  
In vain the humid pearls bedew her cheeks;  
In vain the tears the laurel from her hair,  
While Nature seems to sympathize her care:  
The glowing flow'rs that crown th' enamel'd meads [ing heads.

Weep fragrant dews, and hang their drooping The

The sylvan choirs, as conscious of her pains,  
Deplore her loss in melancholy strains.

Thus, pensive, and uncloth'd, upon the shore,

She stands, and sees the robe which Falshood  
Detested sight ! Nor longer now she mourns,  
But grief to rage transform'd, with anger  
burns ;

Into the stream the hellish robe she tost,  
And scorn'd a habit so unlike the lost.

Hence Truth now naked roves, as in disgrace,

None but the wife and virtuous see her face :  
From cities far she modestly retreats,  
From busy scenes of life to peaceful seats ;  
Is chiefly found in lonely fields and cells,  
Where silence reigns, and contemplation  
dwells.

Hence Falshood cheats us in the fair disguise,  
And seems Truth's self to all unwary eyes ;  
Triumphs and thrives in pow'r, and wealth,  
and fame,

And builds her glory on her rival's name :  
With safety dares to flatter, fawn, and sooth,  
For who knows Falshood when array'd like  
Truth ?

\*\*\*\*\*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

To an OLD LADY,

*Very much afraid of the SMALL-POX.*

**W**ORN down with age, oppress'd with years,

Dame C\*\*\*\*\* the Small-pox fears,  
Such groundless fears why cherish ?  
Avails it aught, I prithee say,  
By what mischance we're swept away,  
By what disease we perish !

Hence then with all this childish dread,  
By Folly nurs'd, by Fancy bred ;—  
To all the time's allotted :

E'en wisely place in heav'n your trust,  
Nor heed, when mixing with the dust,  
Whether your Face be SPOTTED.

\*\*\*\*\*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The following STANZAS were made  
in the Praise of Miss — — —.

**A** DIEU, ye streams that smoothly flow,  
Ye vernal airs that softly blow,  
Ye plains by blooming spring array'd,  
Ye birds that warble thro' the shade.

Unhurt from you my soul could fly,  
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh ;  
But forc'd from Celia's charms to part,  
All joy deserts my drooping heart.

O ! fairer than the rosy morn,  
When flowers the dewy fields adorn ;  
Unfurl'd as the genial ray,  
That warms the balmy breeze of May ;

Thy charms divinely bright appear,  
And add new splendor to the year ;  
Improve the day with fresh delight,  
And gild with joy the dreary night.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

To MIRA, on her desiring me to try the Influence  
of BRIDE-CAKE.

**A**H Mira ! would you then revive  
Within my bosom anxious care ;  
Bid hope awhile in fancy live,  
To plunge me deeper in despair ?

Fondly I once within your eye  
Saw love in every motion play ;  
Resign'd my heart without a sigh,  
And thought your flame could ne'er decay.

Too soon, alas ! the vision's lost,  
The airy phantom mocks my sight ;  
On love's tumultuous ocean tost,  
I long to sink in shades of night.

Yet e'er I go, this wish receive,  
This, all an hopeless lover can ;  
O may you never know to grieve,  
But long enjoy the happy man.

May ye thro' life together go,  
In mutual love, in mutual joy ;  
Then drop the curtain here below,  
And rise to bliss which ne'er can cloy.

STREPHON.

\*\*\*\*\*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

A NEW SONG ;

*Written by a LADY, on leaving the Town for the  
Summer Season.*

**W**ELCOME sun, and southern show'rs,  
Harbingers of buds and flow'rs ;

Welcome grots and cooling shades,  
Farewell balls and masquerades.

Blooming May approaches near,  
Low'ing of the herds we hear ;  
Fattling lambs around us bleat,  
Daïsies spring beneath their feet ;

Birds are pich'd on every spray,  
Warbling notes to praise the day ;  
Thousand herbs their fragrance yield,  
Cowslips cover all the field.

Sure 'tis time that now we flee,  
London ! from thy smoke and thee ;  
Welcome joys more pure and true,  
Drums, and routs, adieu ! adieu !

\*\*\*\*\*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

**T**HOU' Nancy, unfortunate fair,  
Affects to be calm by degrees ;  
Yet, O ! do her actions declare,  
That her bosom's one moment at ease ?

To the winds will the mourner complain,  
Or seek out some sorrowful shade ;  
And eternally talk of the swain,  
By whom she was basely betray'd.

From a night lost to sleep does she rise,  
With a breast only fraught with her fears ;  
And the sun never breaks on her eyes,  
But to see them dissolved in tears.

What

What comfort, alas! can she find,  
For the wound she is doom'd to endure;  
When her grief's the disease of the mind,  
Which no arguments ever can cure.  
Her woes the fond wretch may relate,  
Whom so fatal a flame can enslave;  
Yet find no physician but Fate,  
And no other relief but the Grave.

\*\*\*\*\*  
VERSES on the Nuptials of the Duke of DEVON-  
SHIRE, with Lady GEORGINA SPENCER.

WHERE now are all your numbers  
pour'd along, [song?  
Ye sacred Nine! where rais'd your joyous  
Where now do all your vot'ries swell the lay,  
To immortalise this welcome, glorious day?  
This day, that gives to noble William's breast  
His dear Georgina; this that makes her blest.  
No matter where, the tidings all peruse,  
(Fame holds them high) and ev'ry heart's  
a Muse.

Each heart rejoic'd, its tribute onward brings;  
Each heart rejoic'd, congratulating sings.  
Bless'd pair! for whom propitious Hymen  
wove

His softest band with tenderness and love:  
Bless'd pair! on whom consenting Graces pour  
Their loveliest attributes, their fairest store.  
Whom all the Loves and all the Virtues fire,  
Whom mutual honour, mutual flame inspire.  
O! may the soul-drawn union lasting prove,  
And time increase (if more it can) thy love.  
May days revolving bring thee new delights,  
And crowding joys fill all thy circling nights.  
Soon may a smiling offspring grace thy side,  
Thy mutual comfort, and thy country's pride.  
In blooming sweetness may they rise, and shew  
The mother's soft, the father's patriot glow:  
May still, O Cavendish, the loudest fame  
And latest time bear high thy honour'd name.

\*\*\*\*\*  
To Lady BETTY HAMILTON, on her Mar-  
riage with Lord STANLEY.

SWEET Lady Betty, pride of Scotia's land,  
Fortune and love go rarely hand in hand;  
Had inclination reign'd, and not your Mater,\*  
A Lord you h'd wed—without a *fête champêtre*.  
It is not feasts, pomp, baubles, itars & strings,  
The gifts of fortune, and the pride of kings,  
Which give a relish to the human heart,  
Or turn or fix love's genuine virtuous dart.  
Not all the gaudy baubles of the East,  
The lordly jewels, and the royal feast,  
Can please your soul, or charm your longing  
Like love, a hut, and sweet simplicity. [eye,  
Live, Lady Betty, live! The Gods will send  
A comfort! Virtue never wants a friend.

\* The Duchess.

\*\*\*\*\*  
FAVOURITE SONGS  
Sung at the *Fête Champêtre*.

SONG, by MRS. BARTHELEMON.

SWEET Nightingale, queen of the spray,  
Whose note is disturb'd by our song,

MISCELL. VOL. II.

Ah! stretch not thy pinions away,  
Alarm'd at the numerous throng;  
But try thy sweet warble again,  
And challenge thy hearers to fine,<  
Tho' the Muses attend on their train,  
To make such a concert as thine.

DUETTO, by a Shepherd and a Shepherdess.

She. Shepherd, why so fast in gazing?

These are maids of high degree;

Ill befall their arts of pleasing,

If they steal thy thoughts from me.

He. Yes, my fair one, here are faces

Which might make the proudest yield;

But against their dang'rous graces

Constancy shall hold the shield.

She. These fine youths are slaves to fashion,

Soon they loath what they pursue;

He. Ill they know the bliss of passion,

To be happy, I'll be true.

She. I'm contented one possessing;

He. One to me is ever new:

Bath. Learn, fair strangers, learn the blessing;

To be happy, we are true.

V A N D E V I L L E.

Ye fine-fangled folks, who from cities and  
courts,

By your presence enliven the fields,

Accept for your welcome our innocent sports,

And the fruits that our industry yields.

No temples we raise to the idol of Wealth,

No altar to Vanity smokes;

We ask but of Fortune kind seasons and health,

To prepare for the feast of the Oaks.

From the plain and the thicket, each usual  
haunt,

The villagers hasten away;

Your encouraging smile is the bounty they  
want

To compensate the toils of the day.

The milk-maid abandons her pail & her cow,

In the furrow the plowman unyokes;

From the meadow and valley all press to the  
brow,

To assist at the feast of the Oaks.

Here each youth to his cottage contentment  
endears;

Our girls have not learn'd to beguile;

Good humour resists the encroachment of  
years,

And age is still deck'd with a smile.

No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,

No raven with ominous croaks,

Nor rancorous slander, more fatal than both,

Shall be found at the feast of the Oaks.

See the star of the evening in radiance display'd,

To labour—sweet sign of relief!

'Tis our favorite planet—it rules o'er the  
shade,

And governs the heart of our chief;—

Oh! Venus, propitious, attend to his vow,

Thy grace from his soul he invokes;

With a garland of victory circle his brow,

And joy to the feast of the Oaks.



COPY of a WILL, written in Verse, and entered in the Commons in 1737.

THE fifth day of May,  
Being airy and gay,  
And to hyp not inclin'd,  
But of vigorous mind,  
And my body in health,  
I'll dispose of my wealth,  
And all I'm to leave,  
On this side the grave,  
To some one or other,  
And I think to my brother,  
Because I foresaw  
That my brethren-in-law,  
If I did not take care,  
Wou'd come in for their share,  
Which I no wise intended,  
'Till their manners are mended,  
And of that, God knows, there's no sign;  
I do therefore enjoin,  
And do strictly command,  
As witness my hand,  
That nought I have got  
Shall go into hotch-pot;  
But I give and devise,  
As much as in me lies,  
To the son of my mother,  
My own dear brother,  
To have and to hold,  
All my silver and gold,  
As the affectionate pledges  
Of his brother

JOHN HEDGES.

The testator died in 1737. This extraordinary will passed a very considerable personal estate; and may be seen verbatim as above, in the register at the Prerogative-office; where it appears, that administration with the will annexed was granted to Paul Whichcote, Esq; and another person.

### ON EARLY RISING.

[Supposed to be written in Autumn.]

*Nempe hoc assidue? Jam clarum mane fenestras  
Intrat, & angustas extendit lumine rimas.*

Perf. Sat. 3.

A WAKE, Amander! see the beauteous  
morn, [horn.  
And hear the huntsman blow the swelling  
Blush to be found on feathers laid supine,  
While orient sun-beams thro' the window  
shine!  
Amander, wake! and seize the prime of day;  
Nor lose the gifts of nature by delay,  
Pregnant of future bane, delay consumes  
Whate'er in life with fairest prospect blooms:  
She steals from man the momentary prize;  
No colours paint it, and no treasure buys.  
Amander, wake! what num'rous souls are  
slept,  
Since Phoebus hasten'd to his war'ry bed?  
Were ghosts departed call'd from realms below,  
How would they snatch the moments as they  
flow?

Oh wake, Amander! Nature calls aloud!  
Her busy offspring into action croud.  
The faithful cock, with crest and voice erect,  
The watchful dogs, who sleeping domes protect,

The cattle lowing round the farmer's gate,  
The bleating flocks, confin'd in narrow state,  
The rural songsters, plum'd with various dyes,  
Raising their notes in rapture to the skies—  
All yield instruction to the sluggard man,  
And one great truth in different measures scan,  
Tho' mean the teachers,—yet the moral good,  
Or taught in plains, or echoed from the wood.  
Behold that orb of light, in splendor roll'd,  
Glazing the East with rays of burnish'd gold,  
Not sleeping there,—that massy globe of fire,  
Nor dares to halt, nor ever knew to tire.  
But why that lamp ordain'd—ordain'd for  
bright,

Why pour so early the revolving light,  
Why thus invade the mansion mortals raise,  
And pierce the curtains with a dazzling blaze,  
If man, by licence, innocently snores,  
A lawful spendthrift of his Maker's stores?  
Rouse, rouse, Amander! every solar ray  
Engraves a satire on thy long delay.  
The night for slumber, Nature, kind, intends;  
Grateful of that, pervert not Nature's ends;  
Whoe'er perverts will soon or late repent  
Her system thwarted, and a life mis-spent.

Behold the fields, in verdure fresh and gay!  
The fairy scenes allure thy steps away.  
No scorching heat has yet oppress'd the  
ground;

But dewy coldness breathes her spices round:  
The fanning zephyrs dance along the trees;  
And every woodland hails the morning breeze.  
Ten thousand dew-drops twinkle in the grass,  
While every shepherd sports it with his lass:  
Sweet love and innocence are here combin'd,  
And perfect Nature opens to the mind.  
Then flee confinement;—to the fields repair,  
And taste with swains the pleasures of the air.  
Delightful hours! to view the reaping train,  
Immers'd in corn, collect the ripen'd grain!  
Part use the sickle, part amass the sheaves;  
Some glean the relics; earth with harvest  
heaves.

Once more, I sound the trumpet in thy ear:  
Amander, wake! the voice of Health is here,  
Health, blooming Goddess, loves the matin  
hour,

On early votaries her gifts to pour.  
Then haste to worship, at her morning shrine,  
With due libations, and the rights divine.  
In open lawns, gay woods, or flow'ry mead,  
Walk forth serene, or mount the fiery steed.  
No smoky clouds their winding sheets con-  
dense.

Or show'rs of death on poison'd man dispense;  
Nocturnal salts enrich the balmy soil;  
The nerves are brac'd, and fit for manly toil.  
The crimson current rolls along the veins,  
And ev'ry limb elastic vigour gains.  
Nor less the mind expands by early dawn;  
From grov'ling care, and vainer toys with-  
drawn:

With

With rising larks, she mounts the airy clime,  
And soars aloft on vent'rous wing sublime:  
Her powers ennobl'd, and her will refin'd,  
To highest deeds, and purest thoughts inclin'd.

But noxious vapours, bred by morning sleep,  
O'er all the brain in cumb'rous armies creep:  
Unstring the nerves, contaminate the whole,  
And damp the ardours of the prison'd soul.

I ask, Amander, what to live avails?  
Is slumber living, weigh'd in Reason's scales?  
Or time to ling'ring, so diffuse the span,  
That active hours are enemies to man?  
Go, ask thy Conscience, then explore thy Creed!

A future Judgment is in both decreed.—  
Thy Conscience stifle, and thy Creed destroy;  
Sceptic, for once, a future state deny:—  
Ambition's pride may teach thee soon to rise;  
So Newton's glory reach'd the distant skies.  
But sleeping drones, in vain, prefer their claim  
To laurel'd honours of immortal fame.

[Univ. Mag.]

### The BRAES of BALLANDINE.

A favourite Scotch SONG.

**B**ENEATH a green shade a lovely young Swain,  
One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain.  
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,  
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;  
Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain,  
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.  
How happy (he cried) my moments once flew,  
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd to my view!  
Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,  
Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they!  
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,  
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light!  
Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue;  
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew.  
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,  
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;  
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,  
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.  
But see the pale moon all clouded retire!  
The breezes grow cool—not Strephon's desire.  
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind.  
Ah, wretch, how can life be worthy thy care?  
To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair!

[London Mag.]

### SONG by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Intended to have been sung in the Character of *Miss Harcourt*, in *She sleeps to conquer*.

**A**H me! when shall I marry me?  
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve  
He, fond youth, that could carry me, [me.  
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:  
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover.

She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,  
Makes but a penitent, loses a lover.

\* *Mrs. Bulkeley (who play'd the part) does not sing.*

\*\*\*\*\*

### On the PURSUIT after GOLD.

**T**IS Gold, the bane of man, that shining ore,

That fills him with dissquietude and care,  
Makes him in actions speak himself the knave.  
To purchase what? A gilded bait for fools.  
Ambition's votaries, compar'd to those,  
Who make the love of Gold their only good,  
Are few indeed. This love's contagion,  
That infects all from Princes to the Clown.  
What means this bustle? Why this anxious  
That sits predominant on every brow? [care,  
'Tis after Gold, the God of fallen man.  
To purchase this the monarch shifts the scene  
And plays the tyrant; for this the statesman  
sells

His friends or country to enrich himself;  
The Judge, when smells a fee, or interest  
bribes,

Will honourably acquit, tho' justice calls;  
The Doctor next, whose soul with av'rice  
burns,

Will keep his patient ling'ring in a state  
Of wretchedness, or send him to the shades  
Of gloomy Tartarus, months before his time;  
For this the Priest, the shepherd of the flock,  
Will play the ravenous wolf, and fleece his  
sheep.

The Lover fights to obtain his mistress' wealth,  
And with his feigned arts of flattery  
Deceives and captivates the lovely fair;  
For this the Female Wretch, devoid of  
thought,

To prostitution gives herself and honour;  
The Thief, adventurous, to obtain this pelf,  
Will rob and murder, though his life's the  
forfeit;

The Soldier, son of Mars, inspir'd by this,  
With fortitude will meet the coming foe,  
Nor shrinks at danger for the golden prize;  
The Poet feels its force, and gives his lays  
To varnish crimes. Thus prostitutes his song.  
The truth is clear, nor can admit dispute,  
That Av'rice is the fiend that damns the man;  
And shall this av'ried reign in Britain's sons?  
Shall souls immortal make no other choice?  
For shame exert yourselves; let Reason guide.  
Hark! the divinity now calls within  
To emulate. Pursue her dictates, then,  
And nobly dare to act what she inspires.

G 2

A Trans-

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.  
A Translation of PHILIPS'S ODE,

To HENRY SAINT JOHN, Esq.

Thou, who with benignant smile,  
Didst me my every care beguile,  
With taper tube and India's fragrant weed,  
Whilst all to genial mirth combine,  
The easy wit, and generous wine,  
Which milder climes and warmer regions  
breed.

How shall a bard with want oppress,  
With nought of earthly blessings blest,  
Thy favours great, a mighty debt, repay?  
Assist my muse, the verse inspire,  
Strike the sweetly-sounding lyre, [lay,  
And swell with grateful thoughts the pleasing

Fain thro' realms remote I'd stray,  
Where skillful Flaccus led the way,  
Up-borne with well-plum'd pinions thro' the  
With equal aid my soul would dare [sky;  
To cut the earth-encircling air,  
And wing'd like him to distant worlds would

fly.  
Whether in high exalted vein,  
He boldly pour'd the manly strain,  
Or trill'd to blithsome mirth the sprightlier  
When to indulge the social night,  
The generous good Etruscan Knight  
Would to his happy rural seat repair.

Tho' he to Bacchus strikes the strings,  
And much of juice nectarean sings,  
Not nobler wines than your's the bard could  
boast,

Tho' brought from Falern's sunny hill,  
Or where th' inviting clusters swell,  
On far-tam'd Grecian Chios' sultry coast.

Not e'en Meccenas, name divine,  
Was dearer to the tuneful Nine,  
Nor more belov'd by all the learned race,  
Than you, who, with benignant hand,  
Leads Science to her honour'd stand,  
In all her natural dignity and grace.

How does she thoughts my soul inspire,  
How glows my grateful breast with fire,  
To your illustrious name the verse to raise;  
In happy daring flight to soar  
To heights unknown by bards of yore,  
Display your word'rous worth, and sing your  
lusty praise.

But oh! a vain, an empty thought  
Of one to death's dark regions brought,  
By sharpest pains and sad acutest woe!  
Ne'er from the fatal couch he'll rise,  
Ne'er lift his languid eyes,  
Nor the blest dawn of rosy health shall know;  
Unless your friendly hand disperse  
The sparkling wine's sweet influence,  
Which can fresh vigour to the soul impart,  
New ardours in the frame inspire,  
Kindle a new, the latent fire,  
Whilst generous currents warm the droop-  
ing heart.

Then when the genial tapers shine,  
With me the social board shall join,  
And to your health the amplest goblet drain;  
Wishing that long your tend'rest part  
With gentle smiles may sooth your heart,  
Opprest with public cares for Anna's glori-  
ous reign.

Hail greatly blest! whose soul can move  
To nuptial joys and softest love,  
Fanny the young, the blooming, and the fair,  
Whose snowy breast with ringlets spread,  
Which loosely curl'd a-down her head,  
Of Venus self the boast, of every Grace the care.

What rapt'rous transports must you know,  
For whom her softest wishes glow,  
In close embrace to join the kindling kiss;  
But me a hapless flame destroys,  
Debar'd from love's exalted joys,  
Denied the charming smile, and e'en the hope  
of bliss.

Tho' Molly, nymph that strikes my mind,  
Still views her swain with look unkind,  
Laid prostrate low with many a piteous sigh,  
Yet ne'ertheless the virgin train  
To wound my heart strive all in vain.  
She is my only wish, for her alone I die.

Tho' all endeavours fruitless prove  
To warm the maid to mutual love,  
Her image still disturbs my troubled breast;  
Nor all that you bestow benign,  
Tobacco bland, and generous wine,  
Can sooth my soul and lull my cares to rest.

S. P.

\*\*\*\*\*  
An EPISTLE to Dr. PRIESTLEY,

In Imitation of  
Horace's "Integer Vitæ," &c.

THE Man whose noble heart disdains  
A fordid education's chains,  
And, free from Superstition's load,  
Obeys, and still enjoys his God,  
Needs neither Pope's nor Bishop's Blessing  
To fix that peace his heart's at rest in;  
And asks Divinity alone  
To teach him what to do, or shun.

Whether abroad the ample page  
Of Public Life his thoughts engage;  
Or Social Duties ask his care;  
Or meagre want prefers its pray'r;  
Or deep Distress with downcast eyes,  
Or Guilt, as low in dust it lies,  
Excite the pity of his breast;  
Thro' all, with Heaven and Love possit,  
He acts the part his God design'd,  
And shows his image on his mind.

As late I took the evening air,  
And meditation sooth'd my care,  
Hush'd were my griefs, and all was free,  
To Love, to Liberty, and Truth;  
A Bigot pass'd, whose every feature  
Declar'd the rancour of his nature,  
A frowning, scowling, bitter creature.  
His brow not gentle love could clear,  
But dark Anathema sat there.

He

He look'd to Heav'n—but 'twas to see  
His furious God that hated me ;  
Then turn'd precipitate away,  
As if 'twas hell itself to stay  
With one, who could not think that God  
Delighted in his Creature's blood,  
And had *elect*d him thro' favour,  
And *reprobated* me for ever.  
A. Bigot, sir !—but let him rest,  
Wrapt in the gloom that suits him best ;  
And (as 'twill serve the point as well)  
Figure him by a parallel.  
Geneva, that with fire and faggot  
Burnt poor Servetus for a maggot :  
Paris, or Lisbon, or Madrid,  
Where you and I should risque a head  
'Midst holy wars for holy bread,  
Will furnish you with instances  
Enough to let you know who 'tis.

But why for samples should I roam,  
When we may find them nearer home ?  
And need not move one step beyond us,  
To see poor Dismals in the jaundice :  
That jaundice of Theology,  
Which gives to objects its *own* dye ;  
And makes them think that God loves none  
But those whom *they* have fix'd upon :—  
Men who have squar'd their lives and notions  
By Calvin's laws and institutions.

Place me amongst the sons of thunder,  
Who roar to make the Vulgar wonder ;  
And stare, and stamp, and damn in nonsense,  
To wake the Devil in the conscience.  
Or those soft sons of consolation,  
Who *whine* out tidings of salvation,  
And lull their auditors asleep,  
By telling them that Grace is cheap,  
And may be had without much trouble,  
For *Works* are all an empty bubble :  
But *splendid sins* are best, to cover  
A heart by nature foul all over.

Place me with men *ecclesiastic*,  
Who to the church for living fast stick,  
And think us fools who will not eat  
The ready-cook'd and carved meat,  
Which Queen Eliza, that She-Bishop,  
Took so much pains to dress and dish up.

Place me with those who cover sin  
In any of the *Brethren*,  
But think damnation is the due  
Of every fault in me or you.  
Place me with Churchmen or Fanatics,  
And the full flock of wild Erratics,  
Whose fiery and eccentric fancies  
Lead them religious morice-dances.

With any or with all these, fix me,  
Tho' impudence and nonsense v.x me,  
Yet still I hope to keep my temper,  
The Man—the Christian, *idem semper*—  
Nor ever swerve from truth or love,  
Nor in the Serpent lose the Dove ;  
Nor fear to say to *this* or *th' other*—  
'I'm Dr. PRIESTLEY's Friend and Brother.'

CHARISTIDES.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

Be content with thy Lot.

HOW truly blest that virtuous swain,  
Who can his passion's force restrain ;  
Who sees, unmov'd, the rich, the great,  
Nor mourns his wayward partial fate ;  
Free from wild noise, and party strife,  
He calmly treads the stage of life ;  
Contentment, balm of every care,  
Still guards his soul from fell despair ;  
Within his breast he still can find,  
Heav'n's noblest gift—a peaceful mind !

\*\*\*\*\*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

E P I G R A M S.

TWO distant ranks of men, in knowledge  
near  
Each other stand—the Beggar and the Peer.  
The first too mean to learn ; the other too great ;  
Both equi-distant from the proper state.  
One cares for nothing but his daily mess,  
The other thinks of little but his dress ;  
Hence equally of paradox it smells,  
Behold a Beggar reads, a Marquis spells !

WORTH should determine every man his due,  
Whether a halter, or a ribband blue ;  
But Fortune steps between, and by her grope,  
Blindly mistakes a ribband for a rope :  
Hence silken bands we see the waist bedeck,  
Instead of hempen ones around the neck.

SAYS Ap Shenkin to Morgan one day on the  
green, [lean :  
" Cot pless hur, dear honey ! hur looks very  
Has pale sickness oppress'd hur, or does hur  
design  
To get a small shape, and so look very fine ?"  
" O, no,—by St. David !—" me suspect now  
the matter, [soul water."  
Hur has been playing the fool in some very  
" Cot splutter a nails ! cries Morgan, with  
heat, [nothing to eat."  
Hur is lean, you d---d dog,—'cause her has

To a very pretty LADY send o' PATCHES.  
YOUNG Chloe, form'd by Nature's hap-  
piest care,  
With patches strives to shine more killing fair ;  
But held, bright nymph, nor dare to be so  
simple, [a pimple.  
The beaux may think each patch conceals

On the Banks and Paper Credit in Scotland.  
TO tell us why banks thus in Scotland obtain,  
Requires not the head of a *Newton* or *Napier*.  
Without calculation, the matter's quite plain :  
Where there's plenty of rags, you'll have  
plenty of paper.

MARTIAL, Book XII. Ep. 30.  
NED is a sober fellow, they pretend—  
So would I have my coachman, not my  
friend.

## Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn, Stocks, &amp;c.

## MARRIED.

**T**HE Hon. Thomas Lyon, Esq; brother to Lord Strathmore, to Miss Wren, daughter of Farrer Wren, Esq; of Binsclucher in Durham.

At Dublin, Captain Lancelot Hill, to Miss Perry, sister to the Right Hon. Edmund Sexton Perry, speaker of the House of Commons of Ireland.

The Hon. John Beresford, to Miss Montgomery, daughter to Sir Wm. Montgomery, and sister to Viscountess Townshend.

Stephen Rain, Esq; a member in the Irish Parliament, to the Hon. Lady Charlotte Stopford, sister to the Earl of Courtown.

The Rev. Mr. Milton, vicar of Heckfield, Hants, to Miss Gresley, only daughter of Mr. Gresley, apothecary, of Bristol.

The Rev. Mr. Edwards, rector of Stampford Courtenay in Devonshire, to Miss Jane Edwards, of York-street, Cavendish-square.

The Rev. Dr. Ford, vicar of Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, to Miss Sage, daughter to \*\*\*\* Sage, Esq; of Great Stanmore.

Henry Prescott Blencowe, Esq; of Thoby hall, Essex, to Miss Barber, of Wandsworth.

Archibald Crawford, Esq; to Miss Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Robert Kennedy, merchant, in Liverpool.

The Rev. Mr. James, rector of Spetchley and Hibleston, in Worcestershire, to Miss Hurdman, of Kempsey.

John Dakon, Esq; of Thurnham in Leicestershire, to Miss Gage, daughter of Sir Tho. Gage, Bart.

M Price, surgeon and apothecary, to Miss Alexander, both of Marlborough.

At Warrington, the Rev. Mr. Barhauld, to Miss Anna Letitia Aikin.

Mr. Andrews, of Brentford, to Miss Bird, of Reading.

Mr. Turberville, surgeon, of Worcester, to Miss Carver, of the same place.

Mr. John Croft, wine-merchant, of York, to Miss Bacon, daughter of Mr. Ald. Bacon.

The Rev. Mr. Meadow, of Cocking in Sussex, to Miss Sally Marshall, of Havant, Hants.

At Edinburgh, Wm. Elphinstone, Esq; son of Lord Elphinstone, and Captain of a ship in the East-India Company, to Miss Fullerton of Carlisle.

John Dalrymple, Esq; merchant in Edinburgh, to Miss Anne Young Pringle, daughter of the deceased Walter Pringle, Esq; merchant in St. Christopher's.

Henry Lisle, Esq; of Bristol, merchant, to Miss Mercer, of Poland-street.

Philip Charapion Crespieny, Esq; King's professor, to Miss Clarissa Brooke, youngest daughter of James Brooke, Esq; of Rathbone-place.

Arthur Farwell, gent. town clerk of Totnes, to Miss Taylor, an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 500*l*.

At Basingstoke, Mr. Brudenell, son of the late Dr. Exton, to Miss Elizabeth Bishop.

A Walcot church, Richard Newdic, Esq; to Miss Christian Weldon, daughter of Mr. Weldon, in Bath.

Robert Procter Anderson, Esq; of Henlade, Somerset, to Miss Callard, widow of the late Amos Callard, Esq; of Ford, near Axminster, Devon.

Mr. Thomas Glead, mercer, of Reading, to Miss Round, of Phillis Court, near Henly.

Capt. Nicholas Bradley, of Newcastle, to Mrs. Van Tromp.

At Bruton, Caleb Davis, to Sarah Carrier.---  
Their ages together make 139.

## DIED.

His Serene Highness the Elector of Mentz, of a dropsy in his breast.

The Right Hon. Henry Fox, Lord Holland, Baron of Foxley, in Wilts, clerk of the pells in Ireland for life, and also for the lives of his two sons. His Lordship is succeeded in title and estate by his eldest son Stephen Fox, Esq; now Lord Holland, which vacates his seat in Parliament for Salisbury.

The very pious, exemplary, and learned prelate Zachary Pearce, D. D. Lord Bishop of Rochester, aged 84.

At Clifton, in her 89th year, Lady Williams, relict of Sir John Williams, Bart.

The Right Hon. Francis Andrews, provost of the University of Dublin, member of Parliament for Londonderry, and one of his Majesty's privy council in Ireland.

At Edinburgh, Lady Elliot, widow of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, Bart.

At Edebafton, Sir Henry Gough, Bart.

Lady Goring, wife of Sir Harry Goring, of Highden in Sussex.

Sir Charles Towley, Knight, Garter Principal King at Arms.

The Right Hon. Lady Caroline Dewar.

At Charles-Town, in South Carolina, Faithful Adrian Fortescue, Esq; lieutenant of his Majesty's ship Glasgow, on that station.

At Doncaster, Richard Kent, Esq; alderman, and late mayor of that corporation.

The Lady of Robert Ballard, Esq; one of the aldermen of Southampton.

At Prior's Court, Berks, Mrs. Barton, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Barton, canon of Christ-church, Oxon.

Mr. John Clarke, of Doctor's-Commons.

At Hemington Abbots, (Huntingdonshire) Mrs. Mary Dickens, aged 88 years, relict of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Dickens, 36 years rector of that place.

George Wingfield, Esq; of the Inner Temple.

At Bath, the Hon. Mrs. Wright, wife of Alexander Wright, Esq; and eldest daughter of John Lord Chedworth.

At Bath, Mrs. Gwyn, only daughter of the late General Fuller.

Aged 86, the Rev. Mr. Nicholas Tindall, the celebrated translator of Rapin's History of England.

The Rev. Tho. Gurney, minister of Whitstable and vicar of Seasalter, near Canterbury, and rector of Charlton near Dover.

At Burton Overy in Leicestershire, the Rev. Mr. John Farmer, formerly of Emanuel college, Cambridge.

The Rev. Benjamin Piddington, A. B. a minor canon in Hereford cathedral.

The Rev. Dr. Amory, minister of a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry.

Of an apoplectic fit, after performing pastoral duty in the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. John Dering, rector of Hilgay in Norfolk.

The Rev. Mr. William Morgan, rector of Wasing in Berks.

The Rev. Mr. Baynon, minister of Wegmore, in Herefordshire.

The Hon. John Nixon, Esq; one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, in Jamaica.

At Newport, Wm. White, Esq; one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Hants.

William Kelynge, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices for Middlesex.

At Neath in Glamorganshire, aged 92, Mrs. Pralpli, relict of the late David Pralpli, Esq; and grand-daughter to the late Dr. Pocock.

At Paultlewell in Essex, Mrs. Martha Gibbons, a widow woman, aged 107: she was at church the morning before she died.

At Lewes in Sussex, Mrs. Taylor, widow, daughter of Dr. Moreton, formerly Bishop of Meath in Ireland, and half sister of Sir William Moreton.

At Turkdean, Gloucestershire, John Churchill Wicksted, Esq; a relation to Ld. Wenman.

The Lady of Alexander Trapaud, Esq; Governor of Fort Augustus.

Mr. Samuel Bates, common council for Alderigate Within, upwards of 30 years.

Lieutenant Francis Moore, of the Hon. East-India Company's artillery in Calcutta.

Edward Cooke, Esq; of Sonninghill, formerly a captain in the East-India service.

Capt. Forrester, formerly a commander in the navy.

John Horley, Esq; an officer in the train of artillery.

George Turnpenny Symes, Esq; of the third regiment of foot guards.

At Kew, Joshua Kirby, Esq; F. R. S. and A. S. a well known author in perspective.

Suddenly, John Roberts, Esq; a gentleman of Gloucestershire.

Mr. Williams, in partnership with Messrs. Raymond and Vere, bankers, in London.

Benjamin Hill, Esq; receiver-general for Northamptonshire.

Suddenly, Mrs. Whitchurch, wife of Mr. Whitchurch, mayor of Reading.

Mr. George Gandy, Wine-merchant, of Reading, Berks.

At Cork, William Busteed, Esq; alderman and water-bailiff of that city.

At Charing Cross, Mr. Guy, mathematical instrument maker.

By a fall from his horse, on Epping forest, Mr. Ingrove, distiller, near East Smithfield.

At his feat in Hertfordshire, \*\*\*\* Channelor, Esq; aged 76 years.

Mr. Vaughan, attorney, of Furnival's Inn.

At Manchester, Mr. Brownell, attorney.

Samuel Brooke, Esq; barrister at law, of the Inner Temple.

At Stubbington, near Portsmouth, George Ridge, Esq.

Mr. John Jones, wine-merchant, on Portsmouth Common.

Mr. Daniel Angus, at Esher in Surry, the famous strong man.

In the 102d year of his age, Mr. Harrop, weaver, in Spitalfields.

James Martindale, Esq; of Wraxall, Somerset.

Mr. Richard Clarke, an eminent surgeon and apothecary, of Ansford, Somerset.

Mr. Davenport, head-porter at the Queen's palace.

At Aston in Shropshire, the Rev. Mr. Wm. Lloyd.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. Edmund Gibson, son of the late Bishop of London, to the consolidated rectories of St. Bene't and St. Peter's, London, with the vicarage of Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

Rev. Robert Bathurst, M. A. to hold the rectory of West Tuddery, together with the rectory of Broughton in Hants, worth upwards of 500*l.* per annum.

Rev. Mr. Domett, of Ilchester, to the living of Hawkechurch, Dorset.

Rev. Mr. Arthur Onslow, to be chaplain to the House of Commons.

Rev. Mr. Birch, fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, to the vicarage of Ashbury, Berks.

Rev. James Weller, to the united rectories of St. Mary and St. Trinity in Guildford.

The Rev. Mr. Courtney, rector of Lee, near Blackheath in Kent, to the valuable living of St. George, Hanover-square.

Rev. Mr. Morgan, master of the grammar-school in Bath, to the rectory of Glooston, in Leicestershire.

Rev. John Sibley, M. A. to the rectory of Walcot, near Bath.

Rev. George Batson, B. A. to the vicarage of Wootton in Wilts.

Rev. Dr. Apthorpe, fellow of Eton college, to the rectory of Worplesdown in Surry.

Rev. John Marlden, M. A. to the rectory of Bolton Percy in Yorkshire.

Rev. John Ravenhill, M. A. to the rectory of Strensham in Worcestershire.

Rev. David Jones, clerk, to the vicarage of Longhope in Gloucestershire.

Rev. John Pitman, clerk, A. M. to the rectory of Ertherne in Gloucestershire.

Rev. Mr. Davis, to the vicarage of Sutton Benger, Wilts.

Rev. Joseph Davie, A. M. to be fellow of Trinity college, Oxon, and Messrs. Griffin, Jones, and Smerdon, to be scholars.

Rev. Joseph Ferris, to the rectory of Crede in Devon.

Rev. John Bostock, to the vicarage of New-Windfor, Berks.

Rev. John Harrison, M. A. to hold the rectory of Faulkbourn, with the rectory of East Hanningfield in Essex.

James King, D. D. to a canonry or prebend in the collegiate church or free chapel of St. George in Windsor.

Richard Hennah, clerk, to the vicarage of St. Austel and St. Blazy in Cornwall.

Rev. Mr. Richard Drake, to the rectory of Little Farnham in Norfolk.

Rev. Robert Harding, to the rectory of Alderton in Northamptonshire.

Rev. Henry Watkins, M. A. to the vicarage of Conisburgh in Yorkshire.

Rev. Mr. Evans, rector of Londesbrough, to the vicarage of Felixkerk near Thirsk.

Rev. Mr. Waton, master of a private boarding school in Bury St. Edmund's to the rectory or fine-cure of Llangwn, Denbighshire.

Robert Pye, D. D. rector of Whitburne in Durham, to a prebend of Rochester.

Rev. Mr. John Ord, to the consolidated rectories of Burgh St. Mary, and Burgh St. Margaret in Norfolk.

Rev. Mr. Walker, M. A. fellow of Oriel col. Oxon, to the living of Swinwick, Somerset.

Rev. Mr. Hornby, to the living of Dalton in Durham.

## CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

His Grace the Duke of Grafton, to be comptroller of the Green Wax office, and receiver and comptroller of the Profits of the Seals in the King's Bench and Common Pleas; in the room of the late Duke of Cleveland.

Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, D. L. his Majesty's prime serjeant, to the office of provost of Trinity college, Dublin.

Dr. Burney, and Mr. Saïson, to be musicians in ordinary to his Majesty.

Major Digby, of the 45th regiment of foot, to succeed Lord Allen in the first regiment of foot guards, who retires.

Thomas Oliver, Esq; to be lieutenant-governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

Thomas Baker, Esq; to be Attorney-general, and Ashton Warner Byam, Esq; to be solicitor-general of Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, and Tobago islands.

Walter Robertson, Esq; to be chief justice of the island of Tobago.

Thomas Hinton Burleigh, Esq; to be sub secretary to the Council in Bengal.

4th. reg. of dragoons, George Wentworth Thompson, gent. to be cornet.

11th reg. of dragoons, Cornet Carr Ibberton, to be lieu. John Carnegie, gent. cornet.

15th reg. of light dragoons, Lewis Majendie, gent. to be cornet.

2d troop horse guards. John Tempest, adjutant and lieutenant. Thomas Allston, sub brigadier and cornet.

1st reg. foot guards, George Parker, ensign.

Lieutenant-Col. John Leland, capt. Tho. Milles Riddell, ensign.

Coldstream reg. of foot guards, Lieut. Colonel Wm. Schutz, Major Chapell Norton, to be capt. Capt. Tho. Bishop, capt. lieu. Ensign John Duroure, lieu. Ld Cantalupe, ensign.

3d reg. foot, Edward Scott, lieu. Richard Weld, ensign.

6th reg. foot, Ensign Ed. Pole, to be adjutant.

7th reg. of foot, Lieut. James Wm. Baillie, to be captain. Ensign Colin Campbell, lieu.

13th reg. of foot, Ensign John Elliott, lieu.

18th reg. of foot, Wm. Slater, ensign. Cha. Hoar, ensign.

19th reg. foot, Aeneas McIntosh, lieutenant.

29th reg. foot, John Malloroy, ensign.

30th reg. foot, James Lee, lieutenant. Joseph Peacock, ensign.

32d reg. of foot, Lieut. Leeds Booth, to be adjutant. Ensign Edward Williams, lieu.

Tho. Gape, ensign. John Carter, lieu.

36th reg. foot, Benj. Anderson, adjutant.

51st reg. of foot, Ensign George Don, to be lieu. Wm. Hepburn, to be ensign.

Royal American reg. 2d battalion, Charles Southby, to be ensign.

6th reg. of foot, Ensign Wm. Snow, to be lieu. Denis Kelly, to be ensign,

6th reg. of foot, Lieut. Archibald Kinloch Gordon, captain. John Westropp, lieutenant. Robert Baynes, ensign.

66th reg. of foot, Ensign Charles Arbuthnot, to be lieu. James Sinclair, to be ensign.

67th reg. foot, James Nesbitt, captain. Wm. Mailey, captain-lieutenant. James Fleming, lieu. John Echlin, ensign.

Lieut. Edward Abbott, of the royal reg. of artillery, to be lieu. gov. of Fort Detroit.

George Watts, chaplain to the garrison of Dominica.

From the London Gazette, July 2.

## AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From June 20, to June 25, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.

s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

London 5 11 3 6 13 4 12 3 13 6

## COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex	6	7			3	6	1	3	3	10
Surry	6	7	4	0	3	9	2	5	4	5
Hertford	6	7			3	10	2	6	4	3
Bedford	6	5	4	6			2	5	3	11
Cambridge	5	11	3	3			2	3	2	1
Huntingdon	6	3			3	9	2	3	3	8
Northampton	7	2	5	3	4	4	2	4	3	11
Rutland	7	3			4	9	2	4	4	0
Leicester	7	4			4	2	2	3	4	2
Nottingham	6	9	4	11	4	6	2	4	4	1
Derby	7	5					2	7	4	5
Stafford	7	6	5	0	4	7	2	9	4	7
Salop	7	4	5	10	4	3	2	7	5	3
Hereford	8	0								
Worcester	7	5	4	10	4	10	2	10	4	8
Warwick	7	2			4	1	2	6	4	11
Glocester	7	2			3	9	2	5	4	7
Wiltshire	6	9			3	0	2	3	4	5
Berks	6	6			3	5	2	6	3	10
Oxford	7	1			3	8	2	7	4	9
Bucks	6	10			4	0	2	9	4	0

## COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	6	1	3	4	3	5	2	3	3	6
Suffolk	5	11	3	1	3	3	2	3	3	2
Norfolk	6	0	2	11	3	0	2	3		
Lincoln	6	9	4	2	3	9	2	2	3	8
York	6	9	5	0	3	9	2	5	3	7
Durham	6	5			3	3	2	4	3	10
Northum.	6	0	4	2	3	2	2	4	3	7
Cumberland	6	9	4	5	3	7	2	7	4	1
Westmorel.	8	1	5	0	4	0	2	5	4	0
Lancashire	7	9			3	3	2	7	3	8
Cheshire	7	8	6	4	4	10	2	6		
Monmouth	7	5			4	1	2	1		
Somerset	6	10					2	3	3	11
Devon	5	9			3	0	1	7		
Cornwall	5	9			3	0	1	8		
Dorset	6	9			2	9	2	3	4	6
Hampshire	6	2			3	4	2	3	4	0
Suffex	5	10			2	10	2	3	3	8
Kent	6	0			3	9	2	3	3	3

From June 13, to June 18, 1774.

## W A L E S.

North Wales 6 8 5 4 3 10 2 0 4 3

South Wales 6 5 5 3 3 6 1 10 3 0

## Part of S C O T L A N D.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans. Big.

5 9 4 4 12 11 2 4 3 0 2 7

Published by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

## PRICE of STOCKS, June 6.

Bank stock, 148½. India ditto, —. South

sea, —. Ditto Old Ann. —. Ditto New

Ann. —. 3 per cent. Bank Ann. req. 87 ½.

Ditto Conf. 88 ½. Ditto 1736, —. Ditto

1751, —. Ditto India Ann. 80. ½ 1-half

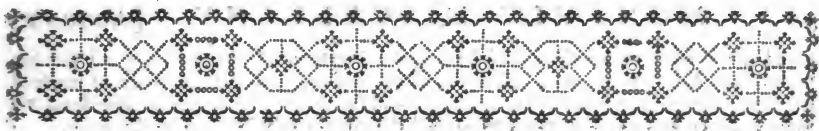
per cent. 1758, —. 4 per cent. conf. 91 ½.

India Bonds, 43 pr. Navy and Vict. Bills, 14.

dis. Long Ann. —. Tickets, 13l. os. 6d.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. Stock-Brokers,

At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holborn.



T H E  
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,  
F O R  
A U G U S T, 1774.

The SCRIBBLER, Number IX.

Darkness, and solitude, and sighs, and tears,  
And all th' inseparable train of grief  
Attend my steps for ever.

DRYDEN.

S I R,      T o    t h e    S C R I B B L E R.

**I**F what the world says be true, you are endeavouring to effect a reformation in the minds of men, and to bring about a total change of manners in the nation. Depend upon it, Sir, you have begun a difficult task. The world is daily growing worse; and while you are aiming to amend one part of them, the rest, I fear, are growing rotten and decayed. The catalogue of vices increases with uncommon haste, and a general corruption of morals is so much complained of, that by and by we shall scarcely have a man of real principle among us.

I have, in my time, Sir, suffered much from the villainy of mankind. My father died when I was very young, and left my mother a fortune full sufficient to maintain herself and me genteelly. A friend of his was appointed guardian to me, and for some years discharged his trust with fidelity; but avarice at length got possession of his heart, and his only object then was to deprive me of my right. He found out means to deceive my mother, and by artifices which I was then unacquainted with, brought her in considerably his debtor for the care he had taken of me. Women, Mr. Scribbler, are generally the objects marked out by these de-

signing villains. My mother was a calm, good-natured woman, and knowing that much was to be feared from the intricacy of the law, gave the wretch his full demand.

At fourteen years of age I was put out to business, and this careful Guardian of mine again prevailed upon my mother to deposit the apprentice fee, which had before been reserved for him to pay; but pretending only to *borrow* the money of her, he gained his purpose; and thus he tricked her out of 80l. When I came of age, he was to pay me near 800l. left by my father, by way of assisting me to begin business for myself; but before that time, he took care to abscond, and went over to France, leaving his creditors to take 3s. 4d. in the pound. Small difficulties, however, did not frighten me; and as I had health and a good constitution on my side, I got into a haberdasher's shop in London, where, as a journeyman, I saved a little money, which was increased by presents occasionally made me. Mr. Tape, my master, approved of my assiduity, and at the end of about four years took me into partnership.

Soon after this a young fellow, just entering into business, persuaded me to lend him 100l. He gave me his bond; but finding his affairs go the wrong way, gave



a judgment bond to another, and I received only 65l. for my 300l. This being lent on my own account, was a great inconvenience to me: but the profits of business that year being tolerably good, I soon forgot it; and just as I had begun to think well of the world again, I was applied to by an ironmonger in my own street to be his security for 1280l. Mr. Bright made a very good appearance in the world; was dehominated a *good man* in the city---and I therefore gave my bond for the sum. In six months I felt the consequence: Mr. Bright had been speculating in matters not belonging to his own trade, and turning out a bankrupt on the world, I was obliged to pay the 1280l.

Having thus smarted for my easiness of disposition, I determined to meddle no more with the affairs of other people, but leave themselves to pay the debts they might contract in future; I doubled my assiduity in business, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with my condition, but was thankful to the Almighty for having prospered my endeavours. The business increased every year, and my life was all serenity and content, till my heart fell a sacrifice to Love.

A young lady, of the name of DOWNES, frequently visited at Mr. TAPE's; and as I lived in the same house, I partook of all their amusements. Miss Downes was gay and sprightly, had a manner extremely engaging, and was as sensible as most of her sex. I soon entertained a partiality for this lady, and failed not to declare my sentiments to her. She approved of my addresses, and in a few months we were married.

If I was before content, I was now more than doubly happy. My Eliza was the source of daily happiness, and with her I experienced every bliss my heart could wish. Five years passed of this delightful life, and then, as if I had been raised but to increase my fall, I sunk into the very depth of misery.

My wife, it seems, had a brother who was a Lieutenant in a regiment of foot abroad, and a brother officer of his coming to England on selling his commission. Capt. Downes took the opportunity of sending by him some letters to his friends. I had known Capt. Downes before he went abroad, and was much pleased at hearing of him from one of his intimate companions. I received Mr. Archer as my brother's friend, and treated him as gently as my circumstances would admit of. But alas! Mr. Scribbles, I did

not know that I was cherishing a viper in my bosom, and that the peace of myself and family were going to be sacrificed to the villainy of this abandoned wretch.

It was not long ere he noticed the accomplishments of my dear Eliza. He was assiduous to please her, and tried every art of which he was master, to be thought well of by her. Oft would he entertain her with the adventures of her brother, and by commending *him*, he stole insensibly, as it were, into *her* favour. My business at that time obliged me to take a journey into Somersetshire; and he, well versed in the arts of intrigue and fraud, went to his friends in the country a few days before my departure; hence I could have no suspicion; and when my business was finished, I returned to London full of hope, and of ideal pleasure. But when I came home---Good Heaven! what were my feelings! I found the wretch had taken advantage of my absence, and after long and vain intreaties, had found means to effect that by violence, which artifice could not procure.

But not to dwell on the dreadful scene, I shall only tell you that I found my wife distracted with agony, with grief, and shame. I would that instant have pursued the infamous villain, and dragged him to the punishment his crime deserved; but I was unable to tear myself from the dear object of my affections: I hung over her bed---I wept, I sobbed, and groaned by turns, and day after day passed in sleepless agony,---in sorrow for myself, and compassion for my unhappy wife. Her senses had almost wholly left her; she knew me not but for a moment, and then relapsed into a delirium again,---calling upon heaven---on me---and her undoer.

Nature at length was wearied out---and the Almighty, sparing her a serious, reflecting-moment, she died resigned and penitent. I immediately made over my business to another, and determined to seek the villain who had injured me,---who, as I was soon informed, set sail for Holland some days before. I followed him directly, and trusted to the justice of my cause for bringing him to punishment. From Holland I traced him to Flanders, and thence to Spain; where I found him waiting at Cadiz for a vessel to some other port. It was evening when I saw him, and he observed me ere I reached him; he prepared himself therefore to meet me, and when I approached him, he suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and wounded me in the breast. I fell to the ground, and before I could call out, the fellow escaped.

escaped, and I saw him no more. He had lodged a brace of balls just under my shoulder, and my wounds preventing me from following him any farther, I made what haste home I could, where I took a small retreat in the country, and resolved to have no further intercourse with a world, where no man is free from perfidy, deceit, and fraud.

I am, SIR,  
Your humble servant,  
INFELIX.

[That the world is generally corrupt, no man will deny: every day's experience convinces us of its wickedness. Whoever reads the story of this unhappy gentle-

man, will, if possessed of any sensibility, sincerely sympathize in those afflictions which seem to have fallen upon him with united force. But what foresight can guard against them, or who can say that he is safe from the depredations of the wicked? There will ever be a class of villains in the world, who prey on the weakness or good-nature of others, and who live by infamy and deceit. Reason to such men is as words to the wind; but Justice will one day summon them to her tribunal; or, should they close their dissolute lives unpunished, there yet remains a time when they will receive the punishment due to their profligate and abandoned crimes.

For the MISCELLANY.

AN ESSAY ON

### The ILLIBERALITY of ridiculing NATURAL IMPERFECTIONS.

Happy the man, who, taught by others' woe,  
Avoids the rock from whence their sorrows flow;  
Nor with untimely jests insults the fool,  
Or holds his weakness forth to ridicule.

THE uncommon illiberal reception which natural intellectual weaknesses receive from mankind, at the same time that an artificial inconsistency of behaviour, however glaring, however hurtful to society, receives encouragement and approbation—altho' the former may arise from an utter impossibility in the party to act more rational, and the latter is entirely dependent on the whim of the possessor, has been frequent matter of serious consideration to me; nor could I *reflect* on, much less *behold*, the behaviour of conceited superiority towards humble merit, without shedding a tear of pity for the latter, at the same time that I vented sentiments full of contempt, full of disgust, towards the former; who probably having found the weak side of the object of his ridicule, was insulting a man, in every other accomplishment greatly his superior.

Taking a walk sometime since towards Hampstead, I passed one of that class of the human species, of whom it is difficult to say whether they are happy or miserable; possessed of but weak intellects, she gave way to the gew-gaws of superfluous finery, in the choice of which she was so inconsistent, as to excite the particular attention of numerous beholders. Amongst the giddy wretches who laughed at and ridiculed her, a gay, fluttering fop, whose

whole attention had been *seemingly* expended in the etiquette of his dress, tossed up his nose, unconscious of the mirror before his eyes, exclaiming, "What an awkward piece of affectation; it almost spoils my stomach for dress!" Pity but reflection had sunk deep enough into his heart to produce such a resolution in good earnest: but a giggling piece of coquetry by his side soon defaced the slight impression, with a significant shrug and self-important air, pointing out "the *perdition* weakness of that mind, which could be fed and supported by such egregious inconsistencies." A wit endeavouring at an indirect rally on her preposterous taste, she stopped his mouth, by advising him "to retrench the wild and superfluous shoots of fancy, which too frequently held him forth a pupil of Indiscretion and Inconsistency." I could not but smile at the justness of the remark, which on my return home influenced the following reflections:

How much more rationally doth such a striking appearance of *identity* fill the mind with serious than gay sensations? On taking a view of mankind, we shall see that this woman's inconsistency of dress is more forcible in this only point, than it is more singular than those of others.

The star and garter, unaccompanied by real merit, is no less so! and where is the

consistency of a full-bottom wig covering a shallow pate and weak judgment.—

Whilst *Pedantry* delights in the gaudy scraps of learning, neglecting other necessary accomplishments—the *Coxcomb* fixes his whole attention on his *dear* person, careless of the cultivating in his mind an useful knowledge.

Attend mankind thro' the various pursuits of the day; now prostrate at the throne of grate; and giving due adoration to their divine parent—now entering a stew, and in licentious conversation defying his omnipotence; this moment paying the last penny on principles of humanity,—and the next moment destroying the peace and reputation of an harmless, inconscionable innocent, merely to gratify a predominant passion; this hour bawling for freedom in the senate,—the next hour exercising every species of tyranny over his domestics; to-day building charities for *one* kind of objects,—to-morrow proving base instruments for *other* charitable institutions; some, whilst their hand is giving relief towards bodily infirmities, ---with their tongue prodigally load an innocent reputation with the severest, incancellable blemishes.

These, and a thousand other instances, may be produced, to shew the inconsistency of mankind in general, and that their minds are more frequently won by the *shewy gew-gaws*, than more substantial ornaments of virtue; at the same time it may be easily proved, that, from the many injurious effects of their indiscretions, they are, many of them, more deserving of contempt, than this poor ideot was of ridicule. *Wisdom* and *Folly* are estimated in a much nicer balance than mankind are in general aware of; the former consists not so much in the *strength* as *management* of our mental faculties; and the latter is

more frequently an abuse than weakness thereof.

*SUPERCILIUS* finished his education at one of the Universities, and then entered on the world in a respectable profession; his mental powers are such, as by a proper use might have raised him to the highest esteem in the breasts of his acquaintance; but the advantages which he should have gained from a liberal education, are lost in a narrowness of sentiment; hence, whilst his proud, haughty, imperious temper is continually breaking out, and exposing him, a dogmatic air of consequence renders him odious to all who know him. He never starts a subject, but merely to prove his superior abilities, or to baffle and expose the weakness of some individual; and he takes more delight in rendering a man the sport of his acquaintance, than giving him friendly aid.

*HILARIS* is free, open, and of a generous sentiment; easy of access, and ready to serve those who need his assistance.---He cultivates that share of understanding which heaven has bestowed on him, by a due attention to men and manners; sensible of his own defects, he strives rather to hide than expose the weakness of others; and with modest good-nature assists the conversation of such as are at a loss to deliver their sentiments; 'tis true he cannot boast so liberal an education as the former; his conversation is not on that account less agreeable, tho' more confined, since his elucidations of any topic are more concise, and as he uses only words whose meaning he is properly acquainted with, nor lets his conversation exceed the bounds of his knowledge, his company is courted, and himself respected by all who know him.

BENEVOLUS.

*Chapter Coffee-house, London.*

## The FOUNDATION of CONTENT;

### A Beautiful ALLEGORY.

**O** MAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell.---Omar regarded him with attention; and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze steadfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not

immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream; he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground: "Son of affliction, (said Omar) who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name (replied the stranger) is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee

thee (said Omar) belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request:

"It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic (whose memory be blessed) first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. —

Hassan (said he) I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above." These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: "Hassan (said he) forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom." I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." Hassan,

(he replied) I can no otherwise give life and happiness; than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices; whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue."

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station; that my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance,

tenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. 'Hassan (said he) what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. 'Hassan (said he) I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression, and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.'

I sprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina.--- He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no numbers so sweet, as those

which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, tho' they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Abubekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasures of neither can return.----- Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upward, burst into tears..

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son, (said he) more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual to thee, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bourn of thine hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and

and be thankful for all things; put thy trust in him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy thy soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance.—  
Return, my son, to thy labour; thy food shall again be tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon

that which is expected in heaven.”——  
Hassan, upon whose mind the Angel of Instruction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning; he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

For the MISCELLANY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

## ADVANTAGES of DEBATING SOCIETIES,

When kept under proper REGULATIONS.

**T**HE almost universal inattention with which elocution is treated by the natives of this Isle is a matter of surprise, seeing an elegant flow of language and propriety of expressing our thoughts, should be the first aim of every man, being the greatest ornament amongst the various acquirements that man is capable of attaining.

That avidity with which Englishmen form themselves into Societies has been imputed by foreigners to a good-natured disposition and a love of science; but, setting aside Debating Societies, or such as are open for free and candid enquiries, I fear the generality of Societies will, on a retrospect of the behaviour and conversation of the members, appear to be not only destitute of every foundation necessary to make them instructive, but they will prove mere receptacles for the idle and dissolute part of mankind, who, in the stead of modesty and useful knowledge, introduce obscenity, gambling, and every species of debauchery.

Debating Societies, while under a proper regulation, at the same time that they give no opportunity for the introduction of these enormities in behaviour, “open a field for instruction as well as entertainment.” Amongst these the Robin Hood stands first on the list of antiquity; and pity but it could boast that purity which it enjoyed in its infancy! But alas! it has lost of its primitive lustre! and from a collection of rational beings meeting together for their mutual improvement as well as pleasure, we find the Society is dwindled down to an heterogeneous mixture of infidelity and immorality, whose incoherent jargon must

damp the most lively genius, or grate the soul of the most perfect philanthropist.—  
From a concise history of this famous Society, I will endeavour to trace the causes of this unhappy change, by which this once valuable institution is become so deserving our contempt; and thus hold out a beacon to similar establishments.

As far back as the year 1613, a party of gentlemen of fortune and reputation (among whom were Sir Hugh Middleton, to whose skill, ingenuity, and munificence the city of London is indebted for a free supply of that necessary article of life—water, by the New River) lamenting the vast obstruction to human knowledge, from trivial subjects only gaining admission into polite companies, while useful and weighty ones lay neglected, agreed to unite in a select body, and meet at each other's house once in every week. The name of the Society was formed from the purport of it, namely, “A Society for free and candid Enquiry.” Articles were deemed necessary to bind them mutually; the principal of which were meant to limit the number of members, and to put a negative on questions favouring of religion or politics: the one being fixed by Divine Authority, and settled in the established liturgy; the other being of no concern to men whose aim was an improvement in useful learning.

With these views they set out in splendour, and the prudent management which they used in their debates, and choice of subjects, at the same time that it improved their understandings; gained them so great esteem, that men of rank and ability were candidates for admission among

mong them. But the number of members being limited, prevented many worthy candidates from attaining their wishes, any farther than to be admitted occasionally as visitors.

The following anecdote will more forcibly point out its deserved esteem, than any flowers of panegyric which I am able to display:

The Society began to attract the public attention in a very particular manner, and so universal was the applause, that Majesty itself was excited to pay it a visit; and that facetious Monarch, Charles the Second, was, in the year 1660, introduced by Sir Hugh Middleton, disguised as his distant relation from the country, who was desirous of hearing those debates of which the world talked so loudly; and so well pleased was he with his evening's entertainment, that he came three times more; and expressed himself greatly satisfied with an institution, which he declared had so great a tendency to enlarge the mind, and to refine the taste.

But in the year 1667, the original establishers being all dead, the succeeding members altered the plan, by making the number of members unlimited; in consequence of which, the Society, before carried on at the members' houses in rotation, was now assembled to a public-house, and the Essex-Head in Essex-street was fixed on for the future meetings. The expence of the entertainments, which was before defrayed by the person at whose house the meeting was the night held, was now to be defrayed by the company in general; for which purpose 6d. was collected from every person by the landlord, on his entering the room; and in consideration of this, he furnished them with porter and lemonade during the debate. The room was not only open to any person who chose to pay his 6d. but Religious and Political Subjects, instead of being rejected, were expressly articulated for; at the same time their being signed by fictitious names, was a cloak to every the most fatal consequence.

Here was the fatal wound to the Society; and this period closed its reputation: the gates are thrown open, and the motley herd enter; each fired with emulation, strives to attain superior perfection by various means. The Feather'd Coxcomb endeavours to attract the attention of the company, to an admiration of his *dear person*; the Man of Volubility displays his oratorical talents; and the sagacious Critic waits for subjects, to mangle

when he retires to his garret. The Christian Religion, which in the infancy of this Society was declared to be of Divine origin, pure and holy, and therefore no object of debate to a philosophical mind studious of scrutinizing vague and futile tenets, and directing men to the investigating the truth, was now bandied about with the most unwarrantable levity; its received maxims were overthrown, and the very foundation sapped to support that fame, which can alone stand by a strict adherence to its divine institutions and commands; atheistical tenets were therefore used with freedom, as an easy flow of language supplied the place of sound reasoning; men of reputation and principle gradually forsook the Society, and left behind them Deists, Freethinkers, and Atheists.

Political Questions were collected with equal avidity, and productive of equally fatal consequences; and while their minds were continually harrassed in laborious researches to support Political Hypotheses, they neglected the acquisition of useful knowledge; one moment ridiculously endeavoured to explain mysteries, and reconcile paradoxes; and the next debated on subjects which would not admit of the least doubt; and frequently with bold indecency agitated matters very improper for loyal subjects, and of no other consequence than lessening the dignity of Majesty; thus, with the admission of Political Subjects, their ideas of unbounded liberty took place, and scarce an action of government but received censure from these puny Orators. They inculcated the following principles in each others breast, "That it was necessary every one who had his country's good in view, should scrutinize into, and examine the measures of state pilots in the management of, and steering the political vessel; that whoever had abilities, was bound by the laws of nature to use them, in fathoming the depths of government, and pointing out the dangerous shoals on which statesmen often split; and as links of one great chain, they were interested in the fate of each other, and bound by the most solemn ties of doing the utmost to support the community."--- These, and many other reasons, equally cogent, were advanced; which had such influence among them, that the Society carried these favourite topics to such extremity, as to debate very few subjects, but what were either Religious or Political.

Many other societies have been since formed of this kind in the North; but how

how far they answer the laudable designs of such institutions, I cannot affirm, as I know not the method by which they are conducted;—yet thus far I will venture to say—the nearer they approach to the purity of the Robin Hood in its infancy, the more certain are they of a lasting reputation.—On this ground there is one forming in the western part of the kingdom, of which I cannot give a more perfect model, than sending you a speech made by the president at their first meeting.

GENTLEMEN,

THE purport of this meeting, as the summonses mention, is, that a plan of the improvement of our society, as drawn up by the committee appointed for that business, may receive due sanction from your concurrence and assent; I shall therefore presently lay before you the papers which contain these regulations.

But before I proceed to the business of the evening, indulge me a few minutes in expatiating on the many advantages which will arise from our plan being carried into execution.

Societies are daily increasing through the kingdom; yet, sorry am I to say it, few, except such as are formed on some charitable principle, or to relieve the members or their connections from the accidents or infirmities of life, deserve so exalted a title as Society; their chief design being to collect the votaries of Epicurism, or waste the members' time in submitting the fate of their fortunes to the influence of mere chance.—An improvement of their minds in rational knowledge is quite neglected, and they look on the day well ended, if they have offered free libations at the shrine of the Roly God, or proved their superior skill in the conduct of the four aces.

Leaving therefore the common path which leads to inebriety, licentiousness, gambling, and frequently bloodshed, I flatter myself that our plan will open a field for improvement as well as entertainment. But the reputation of the society will depend on our endeavours to establish and support it by a constant and regular attendance, an activity in the debates, and a care that no religious or political questions gain admission amongst us. For although I am well persuaded, from the lives of the present members, that no atheistical or treasonable expressions will escape their lips, yet it is best to guard against any the least danger, and the common bane of most debating societies has been the admission of such que-

stions, which has induced some men, actuated by vanity to display superior abilities, wantonly to cavil at the actions of government, or advance irreligious tenets to support the weaker side of a question, which although at first they knew to be vague and futile, yet, by a constant use, have worked themselves to a belief, that they were true and incontrovertible. And let me here pledge myself to this society,--- they shall find in me a firm advocate for religion and morality, nor shall an expression which can redder the face of modesty escape uncensured while I have the honour to preside.

I cannot enter the practical part of our society,—the debates,—without drawing some conclusions, disagreeable in reflection, from the unhappy state of oratory in this land.

A general inability to public speaking, (to our shame be it said) cannot but be allowed to prevail in this kingdom, altho' it is the emporium of public harangue. What nation can boast so many and valuable guardians to this sublime power in man as this Isle? where is there that freedom of debate which Britain can produce? The powers of eloquence with us have their full sway, and alas! like the uncontrouled mind in other instances, so here, that which, were we debarred of it, we should devoutly wish for, we now spurn and neglect.

Again, the genius and temper of the nation are most exactly suited for public disputations, seeing we possess the happy medium between the empty volatility of one nation, and the plodding temper of another; the one rendering its possessors incapable of a thought beyond commerce and its sordid appendage, gain; the other depriving man of the least power of thinking, and thus rendering him unfit to enter deep enough into the researches necessary to investigate the real principles on which any position stands.

And yet that there is an inability, the pulpit, bar, and senate are evidently melancholy proofs; that it is not natural, but acquired from an improper education, may easily be proved. What then must be the opinion of other nations concerning our genius, when they are told that a *foreigner* stands first on the list of English orators.

Too long have we carelessly buried our mental powers in oblivion; let us now rouse from the lethargy, which holds its baleful influence over us, and exert those faculties nature has bestowed on us. Who knows what orators may arise from this

I

society,

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society, who, but for its genial ray, had slept out their days in dull forgetfulness, and been consigned to the grave unprofitable possessors of the first of talents.

Though with cautious and trembling steps I shall enter the rich vale of science, and explore its mazy round, yet I hope in my researches, to open some new source both of profit and pleasure. To attain which, the following essentials I am well satisfied must be attended to.

The most convincing arguments and allowed positions oft lose their force by being merely *said*. The end of public speaking is persuasion; to speak, therefore, is not merely to utter certain sounds, but to deliver our thoughts with ease and elegance. Giving our words due articulation, pronunciation, emphasis, accent, tone and pause for the voice, requires equal management in oratory as in music, and whoever would excel in either must copy nature.

A conscious inability of delivering their thoughts with that ease and volubility which they desire, has influenced many from publicly giving their sentiments, which, had they been delivered, might have opened new lights on the subject in debate. To such, if there be any amongst us, let me recommend the history of the famous Grecian orator; he had

many obstacles to surmount ere he could fix his seat in the temple of fame, but an unwearying assiduity made him at length conqueror. Let his example fire us, and let his success fix in our minds a resolution to persevere. Our conceptions will be more perfect, and our ideas more extensive from use; by a constant exercise of our minds in the fields of science, nature will be more clearly investigated and familiarized to us, and, by a use of free debate, our speech will be more correct, an easy flow of language will become familiar to us, and even our common conversation will be less stiff and affected.

An endeavour at a perfect panegyric on so noble a science as elocution from so young a professor, would argue a vanity more deserving your censure than applause; at the same time it would require more time than we can at present spare. I shall therefore wave entering farther into the subject, than to point out where the most convincing proofs of its real value are to be found. Look into history---When were the various states which have composed this globe at their height of glory? When eloquence was most attended to. Of this position Greece, even in her ashes, stands forth a living witness.

## The BOOK - WORM, an OCCASIONAL PAPER; NUMBER II.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

**W**HENCE comes it, my good Sirs, that among the number of those persons, who unite in the sacred bond of matrimony, so few should be content with their situation? We are told, that matrimony is an holy institution, and that if its duties are observed, it seldom fails to produce a lasting happiness; yet---I know not how it happens---when the month of novelty is over, this same matrimony becomes a matter of disgust, and men and women equally complain of it.---A word or two may help to solve the mystery.

When matrimony, (as a facetious friend of mine observes) is made a *matter of money*, and young persons of opposite inclinations are united to promote the interest, or gratify the ambition of a family, it will be no wonder if disparity of sentiment prevents their being happy, and blasts those enjoyments which mutual love produces.

Again,---when a designing villain pleads his passion for a girl, and swears that he loves *her*, when it is her *money* he is aiming at; when a girl under such circumstances, is prevailed upon to marry a man of this stamp, and gives up her own *real* fortune in exchange for his *ideal* constancy and attachment, her ruin will inevitably follow, and while she is fondly hoping to enter into a state of bliss and happiness, she plunges into the most abject misery.

Various other causes maybe assigned for matrimonial discontent;--- the petulance of the one party, and the indolence of another;---the love of pleasure,---the love of power,---and in short, the satisfaction of every wish beyond mediocrity, are never-failing sources of disquiet; but as the nuptial knot is indissoluble, and complaint at best is useless, it should be the endeavour of each mistaken man or woman to bear, with what contentment they are

are able, the state in which they have entered, and if they cannot be wholly happy, they should at least be *patient*.---

Reflections like these occurred to me, on reading Mr. Franklin's Sermons on the relative Duties, where he points out, in the most agreeable and pleasing manner, the necessity of our submitting ourselves to whatever station we are placed in, and the danger of increasing by our own behaviour those little ills of life which we call MISERIES.

A man may be deceived, in spite of all his sagacity, in the choice of his partner; and so may the ladies also---as both sexes too often draw the veil over their own imperfections, till matrimony has made them more familiarly acquainted, and ceremony is thrown aside.---They both appear then in their natural colours---and both too often are displeased.---They would do well to take those pains in forgetting each other's failings, as they had formerly done in concealing their own, and instead of accusations, their employment should be to assist their mutual wants---Disappointment should never sit upon their brows, but if content was wanting, serenity and gentleness should fill her seat.

"Example, say the moralists, is the sweetener of rigid precepts." I shall therefore lay before your reader, the pictures of a GOOD HUSBAND and a GOOD WIFE, as drawn by Mr. Franklin, who took them; I am told, from real life.

#### CHARACTER of a GOOD HUSBAND.

THE Good Husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle: he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend: he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good-nature, and pardons them with indulgence: all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength

and power are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it: lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of christianity by his own example: that, as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to ensure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

#### CHARACTER of a GOOD WIFE.

THE Good Wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure, and unblemished in every thought, word and deed: she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion: she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; as conscientious, that every thing which promotes his happiness, must in the end, contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions, *she openeth her mouth, as Solomon says, with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness: she looketh well to the ways of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness: her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her.* Lastly, as a good and pious christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty, well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

### For the MISCELLANY.

#### AN ESSAY ON THE

### ADVANTAGES of PHILOSOPHY to MANKIND.

THE contemplation and study of the works of nature, the tracing its phenomena, and investigating its laws, is one of the noblest sciences in which the human mind can possibly be engaged: It

is a study the most delightful, and at the same time attended with the most beneficial consequences to mankind. It has been observed, that the advances men have made in natural knowledge, have

always been by slow and regular steps; and we have great reason to believe that there were but few, in the early ages of the world, that were acquainted with the laws, whereby the material universe is governed; and it is almost universally allowed that Philosophy never shone forth in its meridian glory before the days of our immortal *Newton*.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;  
God said let *Newton* be, and all was light.

POPE.

But great care ought to be taken, lest in this case we depreciate the ancients too much, and represent them as having made no proficiency in the school of natural philosophy. Some of them no doubt had a knowledge both of speculative and experimental philosophy, and applied it to the most valuable purposes, so that all around them felt its benign effects. The ancient *Egyptians* (if we may believe tradition) were indebted to philosophy, particularly to that part called *Geometry*, for the recovery of their lands after the inundations of the *Nile*. For the annual overflowing of this river, which happens about the beginning of the summer, made some art of measuring their lands necessary, that when the water returned to its usual channel, which it did about autumn, each person might have his own lands again; as all those bounds, landmarks and fixtures, used in other countries, on account of the depth of the water, and the quantity of mud it brought with and left behind it, were of no service in *Egypt*: so that hereby each person was obliged to distinguish his own land by its particular figure, and to call in the aid of *Geometry* to measure its quantity, and to plot it out again in its just dimensions and proportion.\*—The *Syracusan* philosopher *Archimedes* too was well read in the book of nature, was no novice in Philosophy. That he understood Mechanics, even in their most comprehensive sense, is evident from that well known saying of his, *Δος μου σὴν τὴν γῆν κινῆσαι*, i. e. *give me where to stand and I will move the earth*; nor was he ignorant of Hydrostatics or Optics. No one can read the history of the siege of *Syracuse*, without seeing to what valuable purposes philosophy may be applied. There it will appear that *Archimedes* was equal to an army, and that his machines constructed by philosophic aid, were a greater terror to the Romans,

and a better defence to the city, than all the inhabitants of *Syracuse*.

But we need not go into ancient history for materials to compose a panegyric on philosophy. Our own age and nation will produce numberless monuments of its very beneficial nature to Society. Every art, every trade, has been wholly indebted to it for their improvements and perfection, nor is there an individual, however mean, but in some way or other partakes of the blessings that flow from this fountain. *Philosophia* (says *Cicero*) *est mater omnium bonarum artium*.—There is scarce a day that passes over our heads, which does not celebrate the praises of this science, either by publishing her new inventions and discoveries, or her improvements in what is already known. The numerous machines which we have amongst us, and which are found so useful, owe their rise to philosophy. Clocks, watches, mills, cranes, pumps, fire-engines, steam-engines, &c. are all the children of Philosophy, and their present perfection is to be accounted for from the application men of late years have made to the cultivation of natural knowledge. But it is absolutely impossible for me to paint all her charms, or to give her that tribute of praise, which is justly her due. Were she viewed in a proper light, all men must confess themselves enamoured of her, and presently become her ardent votaries. The time would fail us to recount all the advantages mankind reap from the various branches of Philosophy taken separately. It is impossible now to enumerate the blessings we receive from *Geometry*, *Trigonometry*, *Astronomy*, and *Magnetism*, by the help of which navigation is performed, commerce carried on through the world, and Great-Britain enriched; and equally impossible is it to recount all the advantages derived to mankind from *Mechanics*, *Hydrostatics*, *Hydraulics*, *Pneumatics*, *Optics*, *Chymistry*, *Electricity*, &c. &c.

Nor are these the only instances in which Philosophy has been serviceable to mankind. It has been a principal means of dispelling those clouds of darkness and ignorance, which once hovered over this country. Before the gladdening rays of philosophy shone upon us, superstition reigned in every breast, and men were terrified with groundless fears. Nothing was heard but stories of old hags selling themselves to the devil; of witches

\* See *Herodotus* and *Diodorus Siculus*.

witches spewing pins, and riding through the air on broomsticks, and, Proteus-like, assuming any shape at pleasure in order to torment mankind. The Astrologer too, in those dark ages, used to step forth, whispering direful things in the ears of affrighted mortals, and pretending to solve the most trivial events into the positions of the heavenly bodies. Philosophy has taught us the absurdity of these things, and made them disappear as darkness at noon-day.

As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL, B. II.

For what can be more absurd than to imagine that these heavenly bodies which Philosophy teaches us are at such immense distances,---what, I say, can be more absurd than to imagine that these should be the cause of a man's having a corn upon his great toe, or a pimple on his nose? Witches, wizards, necromancers, conjurers, astrologers, and all those kind of

locusts that once infested this isle bowed themselves at the shrine of divine philosophy; "they bowed, they fell; where they bowed, there they fell down dead."

These are some of the advantages with which Philosophy comes recommended;---advantages which bespeak her superior to every other human science, and which must necessarily attract the admiration and regard of every reflecting mind. But nevertheless, what has been said is only a very small part of her praise, many advantages still lie behind untouched. But these I shall leave to be displayed by more able pens, and shall only remark here, that Philosophy is not only the source of abundant usefulness, but also of abundant pleasure. Not only has every useful art some connection with this science, but, as Mr. Maclaurin observes, on account of the unexhausted beauty and variety of things, it is ever agreeable, new and surprising.

Ringwood.

G---

## PRIZE ESSAY;

### On the NATURE of the EPIGRAM.

L'Epigramme-----

N'est souvent qu'un Bon Mot de deux rimes orné.

BOILEAU.

**E**TYMOLOGY, though it discovers to us the original meaning of a word, yet it seldom gives us a true idea of the popular use of it. The word Epigram, however, in its present acceptation, differs but little from the sense in which it was used by the ancient Greek writers. It signifies, properly, an *inscription*; and was applied by them to those short, and frequently poetical inscriptions, made use of upon tombs or statues, temples, trophies, or other public structures, sacred to their Gods or to their Heroes. Brevity, therefore, and simplicity, were essential properties in these inscriptions; not only on account of their public situation, but from a principle of convenience, on account of the hardness of the materials (brass or marble) on which they were usually engraved.

This simplicity is observable in many of the most ancient Greek epigrams, which are preserved to us in their Anthologies, or collections made by the ancient grammarians: and appeared so insipid to the French poet *Malherbe*, that, upon tasting some *soup maigre* at a noble-

man's table, he whispered to a friend, who was a great admirer of the Greek simplicity: *Voilà la potage à la Grecque s'il en fut jamais!* "This is soup in the Greek taste with a vengeance!" which was afterwards applied proverbially, amongst the French critics, to any tasteless performance, either in verse or prose.

But though the moderns have sufficiently departed from this primitive simplicity in their compositions of this kind, yet this definition of a true Epigram will always be the same: "That it is a short poem, exhibiting one single view of any subject, expressed in a concise and concluded in a forcible manner." According to this definition, though some striking thought or poignancy of expression is necessary to constitute an Epigram, yet those forced conceits, studied points, or what are now called the epigrammatic turns,---seem by no means essential to it; nay, unless they arise naturally from the subject, they are considered by the best critics, as vicious excrescences, or rather as ridiculous affectations.

And

And indeed the rules that are laid down for good writing in general, are equally applicable to a complete performance of this kind. Truth is the basis of all wit: no thought can be beautiful that is not just. No ambiguity, therefore, jingle of words, forced conceit, or outrageous hyperbole, are, *strictly speaking*, any more compatible with this, than with any other species of Poetry; "truth must prevail and regulate our diction, in all we write; nay must give laws to fiction." The difficulty of writing a perfect epigram, indeed, appeared so considerable to a great wit of the last age, that he did not scruple to declare (ridiculously enough) "that it was as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem." All that could really be meant by such an assertion, however, is, that an Epigram must be as perfect in its kind as the *Iliad*, or the *Paradise Lost*. An Epic Poem contains but one entire action; an Epigram, but one principal thought: the same unity of design, the same regular disposition of parts, the same tendency to one point, are required in a complete Epigram, as in an Epic Poem.

But however, though there is, strictly speaking, but one species of true wit; and that must be esteemed of the most perfect kind of Epigrams, where simplicity and justness of thought prevail, yet it must be granted likewise that there are many (perhaps the greatest number both ancient and modern) which give us great pleasure upon less rigid principles. And unless the majority of readers could be supposed to consist of philosophers and critics, we shall never prevail upon every man that is capable of writing an Epigram, to confine himself to the severe rules established by Bouhours, Addison, H---d, or Boileau. Besides, it is in vain to argue against the sensations of mankind: a striking antithesis, an happy allusion, an humorous expression, or even a pleasant ambiguity, will strike us with an agreeable surprise, and extort a laugh from the most rigid advocate for propriety and truth. On a grave or moral subject, indeed, the least appearance of levity, or tendency to a pun or jingle, may be as offensive as the intrusion of an impertinent wag in the midst of a serious or friendly conversation: but on less solemn occasions that severity may admit of some relaxation.---

The modern critics \* have been equally at a loss to account for Tully's appro-

bation and Plutarch's censure of a celebrated witticism in an ancient Greek historian, who accounts for burning the temple of Diana on the night that Alexander was born, by supposing that the Goddess was engaged in her obstetric capacity, at the birth of so great an hero. This, Tully, as that kind of false wit was not entirely exploded in his age, applauds as an ingenious conceit. Plutarch, on the other hand, condemns it with the utmost severity: but what is remarkable, he has himself been guilty of a mere quibble, whilst he was ridiculing the historian's puerility; and says, that so *frigid* a conceit was enough of itself to *extinguish* the fire which he describes.

Now, all that can be said for Plutarch is, that in order to express his contempt of the author whom he censures, he treats him in his own way and gives him pun for pun. And this, I think, will explain, in what cases this species of false wit is allowable. When we would expose any folly, impertinence, or affectation, perhaps we cannot do it in too ludicrous terms, as, the less studied our wit appears, the more expressive it is of our contempt: it is like treating a man with a horsewhip, whom we think beneath our resentment at the more serious weapons of the sword or pistol.

I speak this of the lowest kind of ambiguity, or false wit, which is but one remove from a pun or a quibble; but there is another species which I cannot think inconsistent with our notions of true wit: I mean, when a word is applied to two different things, in two different senses, in both of which it is true; that is, in the figurative and literal acceptation.

I might produce numberless examples from the modern poets; but shall take one even from a Greek Epigram, as a more venerable authority:

Εἰς ἱατρὸν κλέπτην.

Φαρμακίῳσι ῥόδων λείπραν καὶ χοιράδας αἶρας  
Τάλλα δὲ πᾶσι αἶρει, καὶ δίχα φαρμακίῳν.

On a pilfering QUACK.

Celsus takes off, by dint of skill,  
Each bodily disaster;  
But takes off spoons without a pill,  
Your plate without a plaister.

Now it may be as true in the literal sense, that such a doctor takes off spoons, as that his physic, in a figurative sense, takes

\* Vide Pearce's Longinus, p. 18; and Cicero de Nat. Deor. l. 2.

takes off a fever: and this forms an antithesis, or opposition, which gives the reader both *delight* and *surprise*, agreeably to the definition of one species of wit. Nay, further, as this sort of ambiguity will generally stand the test of Mr. Addison, of being translated into different languages, I cannot but think it an happiness of expression in these more ludicrous performances; for no one can imagine I would plead for any indulgence of this kind, in any serious or tender composition, even of the lesser branches of poetry. Yet a great French critic finds nothing to shock his understanding in the following compliment to Mary de Medicis:

Feed on my flocks, feed, void of care,  
Tho' you should eat the meadows bare:  
Maria comes, and where she treads,  
Fresh flow'rs luxuriant paint the meads.

“According to the fabulous system,” says he, “flowers spring up beneath the feet of goddesses and heroines; and therefore though the fact be false, yet it is a falsehood so well established, as to have the air of truth.” But certainly, nothing can be more ridiculous than to argue thus from the figurative to the literal sense of the words: and the poor flocks would be in bad plight, that should have nothing to feed upon, but these ideal pastures and metaphorical flowers. — In short, in any ludicrous performance, this species of false wit may be considered as counters at cards, which serve well enough to play with, whilst they are passed as such; but a man that should put off a counter in serious traffick, or a pun in serious discourse, would be considered as a cheat in one case, and be thoroughly ridiculous in the other †.

There is another source of humour, upon which the whole merit of many modern Epigrams depends; which is their alluding either to some well-known proverb, or to some celebrated passage, either in history or ancient mythology; or, which is too common, even to some text of the Sacred Writings. These sorts of allusions give the reader the same agreeable surprise as the lucky application of a motto from an ancient classic.

How far the last kind of allusions is defensible, I will not presume to determine: however, where no religious opinion is ridiculed, or profanely applied, the mere antique phrase, though it is often stupidly, yet may perhaps be innocently enough introduced.

Thus, for instance, when Mr. Pope, the most decent poet of any age, speaks of those wretched votaries of dulness, who for the precarious reward of literary fame, undergo the austerities of martyrs and confessors, he says, in allusion to one of the Beatitudes, “Who hunger and who thirst---for scribbling sake.” Here, tho’ he makes free with the Scripture expression, yet he is so far from ridiculing the doctrines contained in it, that he rather supposes our obligation to do that for *righteousness’ sake*, which these rhymers do for *scribbling sake* †.

But, as a witty divine § has denounced “God’s judgment against punning,” as well as against profaneness, I would by no means plead for either; but only endeavour to account for the propensity which many sensible and decent men have discovered to be pleased with levities of this sort, by shewing that there are some kinds of them not inconsistent either with true wit or genuine piety.

As to the *length* of an Epigram, a great French critic seems to limit it to a distich, or two lines; as some Dutch poets have extended it to as many pages. The modern practice, however, for which the authority of Martial † might in many Epigrams be pleaded, seems to have determined, that, provided one principal thought be uniformly pursued to a point through the whole, a poem of any reasonable length may be considered as an Epigram.

A smoothness of versification seems so necessary in these smaller compositions, that I am almost inclined to apply seriously Prior’s ironical concession, that

Rhyme with reason may dispense,  
And sound has right to govern sense.

At least, the best sense and most witty conceit in the world will give little pleasure, if disfigured by bad rhymes, or the dissonance of unmusical versification. In

larger

† See this point accurately discussed in Mr. Hurd’s admirable notes on the Epist. to Augustus, 61.

‡ “The ridicule in a parody does not fall on the passage alluded to, but on the person to whom it is applied”; as is very ingeniously observed in a note on v. 405, b. 2, of the *last editions* of the Dunciad.

§ Swift.

¶ He has one upon the “Villa Faustini,” of 42 lines, and many of 30 and upwards.

larger works some little roughness or inequality may be more pardonable; but in these diminutive pieces, the least inaccuracy, like a flaw in a diamond, entirely destroys its value.

An essay upon Song-writing, published in the Guardian, makes the whole difference between a Song and an Epigram to consist in the subject only: that an Epigram is usually employed upon satirical occasions; and that the business of the song is chiefly to express "Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine." But if I might venture to differ from so distinguished a writer, I should rather say, that, whatever the subject be, *tenderness of sentiment* and an impassioned expression are essential to a song; as the usually narrative style of an Epigram seems incompatible with the soft raptures of music. How ridiculous must it be to hear a Frenchman quavering out,

*Tu parles mal par tout de moi,  
Je dis du bien par tout de toi.*

Thou speakest always ill of me,  
I speak always well of thee.

Which translation of an Epigram from Buchanan \* was a favourite Song in France: as, on the contrary, the tender sentiments and plaintive style of a lover appear inconsistent with the studied turns of an Epigram---for

Who can chuse but pity  
A dying swain so miserably witty.

If we enquire at last, into the utility of the Epigram, I should think it sufficient to say of this as of poetry in general, that it is, at least, an innocent amusement to young people; and perhaps they might receive the same advantage to their style in writing, and to their manner of expressing themselves in conversation, from being accustomed to the force and conciseness peculiar to an Epigram, as it is allowed they generally do, to their way of thinking and reasoning, from the close method of argumentation essential to mathematical writings.

But, further, I think an Epigram may be considered, according to the most general division, either as a satire in miniature or a panegyric in epitome; and may, like those more important branches of poetry, be employed to encourage the practice of virtue by applause, or deter from vice by censure and ridicule; and as many of them contain some precept of morality, recommended to the fancy by a concise spirited manner of expression, they are easily learned in our youth, and usually retained for life.

If we may judge however from the practice of Martial, and the best writers of Epigrams, it seems to be its chief province to regulate the "*petits mœurs*," the little decencies of behaviour; and to ridicule affectation, vanity, and impertinence and other offences against good sense, and good breeding. But we should always remember that both this and every other species of raillery ought itself to be regulated by the strictest rules of humanity and benevolence. No natural defect, or unavoidable infirmity ought, on any account, to be exposed; much less should any thing sacred, or truly laudable, be made the object of our ridicule: for every poet should be able to say with Mr. Pope,

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make oneworthy man my foe;  
Give virtue scandal; innocence a fear;  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.

Yet we may, certainly, exempt from this general rule, such harmless sallies of wit upon those peculiarities of temper, or even upon those oddities of person, where the subject of our raillery may himself join in the laugh; as, I dare say, the plump gentleman did, who was pointed out in this well known distich:

When Tadloe treads the streets, the pious cry---  
"God bless you, Sir," and lay their rammers by.

W. J.

\* Imitated from the Greek.

## OBSERVATIONS on the MANNERS of the AGE.

THE times are changed, and our manners are changed with them; it is not strange, therefore, that things which would have seemed absurd two or three centuries ago, should now be common amongst us, as a celebrated French author has justly observed. Our court la-

dies, like low-thoughted women, delight in ornament and splendor; and they being a rule to other ladies, and likewise to the courtiers, elegance and richness of dress are become a merit at court.

The expence of furniture and the table runs much higher than three score years ago,

ago, and from the continual improvements in the arts administering to ease and luxury, they will continue to increase.—The bulk of the rich, in the want of distinguishing talents, stick at nothing to distinguish themselves by monstrous expences; a man of wealth is very often stupid enough to set himself above the man of virtue and abilities, with a slender fortune; living in a stately palace, amidst silk and velvet, paintings, sculptures, gold and silver, and gems, he of course must be a great deal superior to a virtuous man, who has nothing of all this finery; this is the usual judgment of the vulgar, and it is surprising what numbers of quality are vulgar in this point.

At the beginning of the last century, coaches came into fashion; in France, and for some time in all Paris, they scarce amounted to a hundred, and were used only by ladies of distinction. As Paris in 1658 was not properly paved, and the dirt-carts not sufficient for clearing the streets, there was no going abroad but on horse-back and booted, and the half-boots and gilded spurs were a long time used in common visits: even they who had neither coach nor saddle-horse, visited in white half boots. The first coach with glass windows, and a glass in the front, was brought from Brussels in the year 1660, by the Prince of Condé; since which, many improvements have been made in them for ease and ornament. How these vehicles have heightened luxury and softness, besides the unhappy effects of them on the health and vigour, as diminishing the exercise of the body! it is this diminution of exercise, and the increase of feasting, which have introduced those complaints of vapours, weak nerves, vertiges, and other kinds of indisposition so common among the rich and indolent.

In the civil wars, every one wore a sword, especially officers and gentry; many citizens, likewise, in order to pass for officers or gentlemen, or at least for persons above the commonalty, also stuck a sword by their side, and have since kept it as an ornament; and now in profound peace wear it in visits. The sword, at present, is become so common, as not to be the distinction of a real gentleman; these are the remains of the civil wars: the custom of wearing swords may see its period, as that of the half-boots and gilded spurs; but it would be proper that the gentleman should be distinguished from the commoner by some mark, such perhaps as a white silk flower embroidered on his coat.

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The year 1648 was the æra of card-playing at court. Cardinal Mazarin played deep, and with finesse, and easily drew in the king and queen to countenance this new entertainment, that every one who had any expectation at court, learned to play at cards. Soon after the humour changed, and games of chance came into vogue, to the ruin of many considerable families; this was likewise very destructive to health, for besides the various violent passions it excited, whole nights were spent at this execrable amusement; the worst of all was, that card-playing, which the court had taken from the army, soon spread from the court into the city, and from the city pervaded the country-towns. Before this, there was something of improving conversation; every one was ambitious of qualifying himself for it, by reading of antient and modern books; memory and reflection were much more exercised. On the introduction of this gaming, men likewise left off tennis, mall, billiards, and other gymnastic sports, and they are become what we see them, weaker and more sickly, more ignorant, less polished, and more dissipated.

The women, who till then had commanded respect, accustomed men to treat them familiarly, by spending the whole night with them at play, or to pay their losses; and how very ductile and complying they are to those of whom they must borrow, is well known.

This gaming is one of the greatest banes of the state; several trials have been made for suppressing games of chance, but I do not know whether, to bring this about, all card-playing, all gaming, and playing of any kind, should not be totally proscribed; a continual observation of moderation being more difficult than at once absolutely to break with all kind of play.

The selling of posts has extinguished the greatest part of our emulation to acquire the talents requisite for them: as money makes a counsellor, a president, or master of requests, without regard to birth or ability, the worthless sons of stock-brokers and merchants are preferred even to worthy noblemen, but who have not wherewithal to purchase; hence it is, the number of these people encreases to the multiplication of usury and oppression, and the sons of wealthy merchants, instead of continuing the commerce of their fathers, which was a national advantage, are proud of investing themselves with the gown. Thus infamous



and detrimental is the present path to the employment and dignities of the law.

This same venom of corruption in 1650 crept into the military employments: age, experience, services, or tried courage, were not required in a colonel: money stood instead of every thing; the ecclesiastical employments about the household were likewise sold: and this has likewise been extended to the navy and ordnance, that one day it must inevitably prove a principal cause of any nation's overthrow, unless it be their happiness soon to have a prince who will generously annul that pestiferous sale of posts and employments.

Every thinking person must know, that the chief way to avoid hell and obtain heaven, is to do no wrong, no hurt to husband, wife, servants, masters, or stranger, as displeasing to God: that the second way is, to procure them all the comforts and good things in our power, as acceptable to him; yet, in conformity to the usages of our forefathers, which also owe their rise to an antient ignorance, those two essential ways above mentioned are neglected, and we have recourse to ways incomparably less efficacious; a multitude of ceremonies, long recitations of prayers, and such like mockeries, for which neither the poor nor the ignorant, nor our neighbours, or they whom we have wronged or hurt, are a whit the better.

The infinite variety of enjoyments and diversions, has so very lamentably corrupted our youth, that most of them, whose condition will allow of indolence,

soon grow out of conceit with study and application, and throw themselves into the arms of intoxicating voluptuousness.--- For this we may thank the deficiency of our laws; in not recompensing those who distinguish themselves among their equals by such labours as are useful to society; and this is the view with which I write for erecting a commission of inquiry, that when employments of the superior classes are vacant, they may be filled up by the most capable of the inferior class, or that honours or pensions may be conferred on the most deserving of each class.

Our men of erudition, for fourscore years past, have busied themselves more in the curious than the useful parts of sciences; and our wits have exhausted themselves only in tinsel decorations of their works, adapting them to the vitiated mode of the general taste. We are but just beginning to see, that to please is not sufficient, but the writers must likewise be of greater benefit to their readers than all preceding authors, ancient or modern.--- They have, indeed, given their contemporaries a transitory delight, and I wish those of our time would see, that the substance of their contest for preference and excellency does not lie in the brilliancy of wit, or energy of diction, or fertility of invention, but in producing works of solid and lasting advantage to the state, not only increasing the happiness of the present age, but conducing likewise to that of posterity. Here our reason, as yet, is very weak.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

## ACCOUNT of Mr. DAY's PROJECT for sinking a VESSEL at SEA, and bringing it above Water afterwards;

### AS LATELY TRIED AT PLYMOUTH.

SOME years ago Mr. Day, the projector of this scheme, planned a method of sinking a vessel under water, with a man in it, who should live therein for a certain time, and then, by his own means only, bring himself up to the surface.--- He first tried his projects in the Broads, near Yarmouth, and in a Norwich market-boat fitted for that purpose, sunk himself 30 feet under water, where he continued 24 hours.

It was then suggested to him by one of his friends, to whom the experiment had been related, that if he acquainted the sporting gentlemen with the discovery,

considerable bets would be laid, in the profits of which he might be a sharer; he therefore acquainted Mr. Blake of the plan, and proposed that Mr. Blake should allow him 100*l.* out of every thousand that he should win by it.

After considering the matter sometime, an interview was had between these two gentlemen, and Mr. Blake desired some proof of the practicability of the scheme; and a model of the vessel being shewn him, he advanced money for the constructing one at Plymouth, under Mr. Day's direction.

The pressure of the water at an hundred feet

feet deep was a circumstance of which Mr. Blake was advised, and on that article he gave the strongest precautions to Mr. Day, telling him, at any expence, to fortify the chamber, in which he was to subsist, against the weight of such a body of water.

Mr. Day, however, seemed so confident of success, that Mr. Blake made a bet that the project would succeed, reducing, however, the hundred yards to so many feet, and the time from 24 to 12 hours. By the terms of the wager, the experiment was to be made within three months from the date; but so much time was necessary for preparation, that on the appointed day things were not in readiness, and Mr. Blake lost the bet.

Soon after this the vessel was finished, and Mr. Day wrote from Plymouth, that every thing was in readiness, and should be executed the moment Mr. Blake arrived. Mr. Blake accordingly set out for Plymouth. Upon his arrival a trial was made in Cartwater, where Mr. Day lay during the flow of the tide for six hours, and six more during the time of ebb, confined all the time in the room appropriated for his use.

A day for the final determination was then fixed, and the vessel was towed to the place agreed upon. It had a false bottom, standing on feet like a butcher's block, which contained the ballast; and, by the person in the vessel unscrewing some pins, she was to rise to the surface, leaving the false bottom behind.

Mr. Day provided himself with whatever he thought necessary, went into the vessel, let the water into her, and with great composure retired to the room constructed for him, and shut up the valve.—The ship went gradually down in twenty-two fathom water, at two o'clock in the afternoon, being to return at two the next morning. He had three buoys or messengers, which he could send to the surface at option, to announce his situation below; but none appearing, Mr. Blake, who was near at hand in a barge, began to entertain some suspicion of her having bulged, especially as she went down stern foremost, and a very great rippling appeared a few minutes after her sinking. He therefore applied to the Captain of the Orpheus frigate, and to Lord Sandwich, who did all in their power to regain the vessel, but without effect.

The poor man has unfortunately shortened his days; he was not, however, tempted or influenced by any body; he confided in his own judgment, and put

his life to the hazard upon his own mistaken notions.

Many and various have been the opinions on this strange, useless, and fatal experiment, though the more reasonable and intelligent part of mankind seem to give it up as wholly impracticable. It is well known, that pent-up air, when overcharged with the vapours emitted out of animal bodies, becomes unfit for respiration; for which reason, those confined in the diving-bell, after continuing some time under water, are obliged to come up, and take in fresh air, or by some such means recruit it. That any man should be able, after having sunk a vessel to so great a depth, to make that vessel at pleasure so much more specifically lighter than water, as thereby to enable it to force its way to the surface, through the depression of so great a weight, is a matter not hastily to be credited. Even cork, when sunk to a certain depth, will, by the great weight of the fluid upon it, be prevented from rising.

With respect to an animal being able to breathe for any considerable time in pent-up air, we are indeed told, by an author of the first rank, that the famous Cornelius Drebbel contrived, not only a vessel to be rowed under water, but also a liquor to be carried in that vessel, which would supply the want of fresh air. The vessel was made by order of James the First, and carried twelve rowers, besides passengers. It was tried on the river Thames, and one of the persons who was in that submarine navigation, told the particulars of that experiment to a person, who afterwards related them to the great Mr. Boyle.

As to the liquor, Mr. Boyle says, he discovered by a physician, who married Drebbel's daughter, that it was used from time to time, when the air in the submarine boat was clogged by the breath of the company, and thereby made unfit for respiration: at which time, by unstopping a vessel full of this liquor, he could speedily restore to the condensed air such a proportion of vital parts, as would make it again, for some time, fit for respiration. However, that wonderful quality in this liquor is much doubted.

On the whole, tho' it may be alledged, that many advantages might accrue from making a scheme of this kind practicable, yet, as no experiment with such a vessel can possibly be tried without the greatest danger, humanity tells us it were better to give it up, than devote the life of any man to such a precarious purpose.

## On the DIFFERENCE between the HOURS of RISING, observed by the ANCIENTS and MODERNS.

**L**IGHT is intended by our Maker for action, and darkness for rest; to employ them, therefore, according to their destined purposes, is our incumbent duty. This principle was once almost universally adhered to, though the moderns have now got into a contrary practice.

In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present, a shopkeeper is scarce awake at seven. The King of France used then to dine at eight in the morning, and retire to his bed-chamber at eight in the evening;—an hour at which most of our public amusements are but just begun.

The Spaniards still adhere to their ancient customs; their Kings to this day dine precisely at noon, and sup no less precisely at nine in the evening.

During the reign of Henry VIII. fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the Nobility, Gentry, and students, dined at eleven in the forenoon, and sup between five and six in the afternoon. In the reign of Charles II. four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting Plays. At present, even dinner is at a later hour.

The King of Yeman, the greatest Prince in Arabia Felix, dines at nine in the morning, sups at five in the afternoon, and goes to rest at eleven.

From this short specimen it appears, that the occupations of day-light commence gradually later and later; as if there was a tendency in polite nations of converting night into day, and day into night. Nothing happens without a cause: Light disposes to action, darkness to rest: The diversions of day are tournaments, tennis, hunting, racing, and such-like active exercises: The diversions of night are sedentary, as plays, cards, conversation. Balls are of a mixed nature, partly active in dancing, partly sedentary in conversing. Formerly active exercises prevailed among a robust and plain people: The milder pleasures of society prevail as manners refine. Thence it is, that candle-light amusements are now fashionable in France, and in other polished countries; and, when such amusements are much relished, they banish the robust exercises of the field. Balls, I conjecture, were formerly more frequent in day-light; at present, candle-light is their favourite time.

[Univ. Mag.]

For the MISCELLANY.

## The celebrated SPEECH of the VILLEIN\* of GERMANY, To the SENATE and PEOPLE of ROME.

(Illustrated with a striking and expressive Print of the Villein.)

**T**HIS Speech, which was lately introduced by Mr. Rice, in a Course of Rhetorical Lectures read at Bath and Bristol, has very much engaged the attention of the public; and as few, if any persons, could procure a copy of it, whatever detached pieces may have appeared in the world, are of course extremely incorrect and imperfect; Mr. Rice has, therefore, obligingly permitted us to print it from his own copy, and we flatter ourselves it will be highly acceptable to all our literary friends.

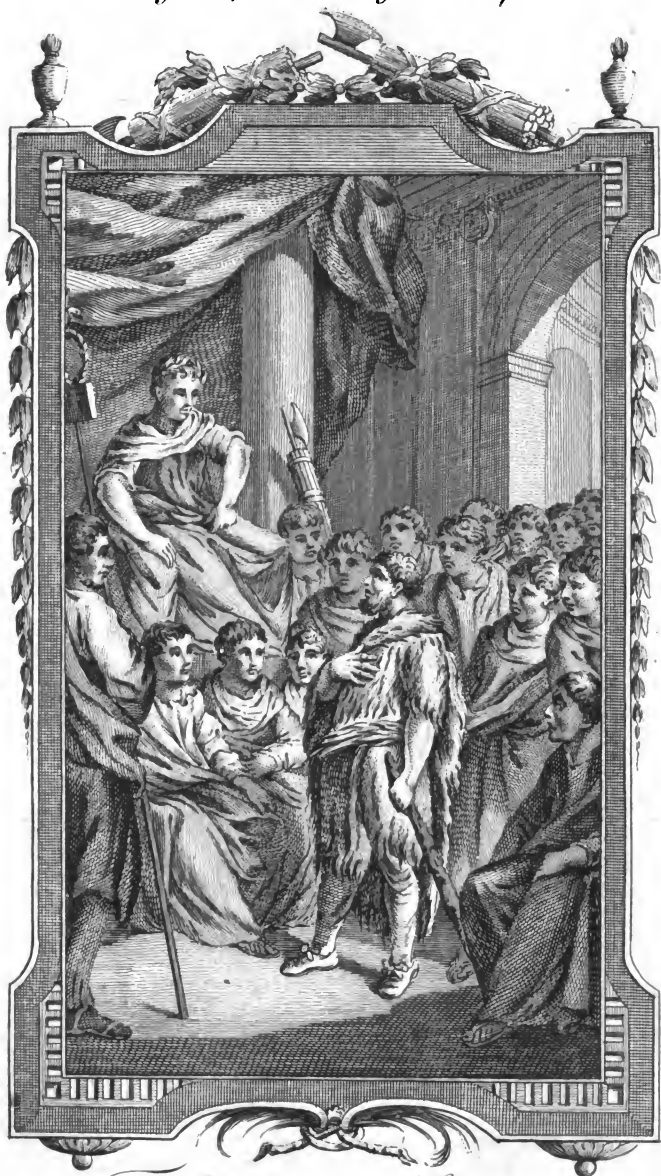
Mr. Rice introduced it with the following words: "I shall at this time beg leave to deviate from the common method of exhibiting specimens of reading, which is by detached passages, remarkable for some particular beauties. I shall now give you

"a composition of some length, because I think it of extraordinary merit.—It may be considered as a literary curiosity, as it is very little known, even to the learned. But its merits are so various, its composition is so judicious, its style so natural, and the passions and sentiments it raises are so excellent, that I cannot help giving it the aid of my little reputation to make it more known. Those who are so inclined may compare its merits with those of the most celebrated orations of antiquity. It will not suffer by any such comparison, and it may be made by any English reader, as this oration is on the same footing with them, as a translation into English from another language."

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\* For an explanation of this term, and the nature of Villenage in England, see the article immediately following the Speech, p. 82.

*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*



*The Villaine of Germany.*



IN the 10th year of the reign of the good Emperor Marcus Aurelius, there happened in Rome a general pestilence; the which, being so outrageous, the good Emperor went to Campaigne, which at that time was very healthful and without diseases, tho' it was very dry, and wanted much of that which was necessary.

While he was at this place he was forevexed with a fever, and as his condition was always to be among sages, so at that time his sickness required to be visited by physicians. The resort that he had in his palace was very great, as well of philosophers for to teach, as of physicians for to dispute; for this Prince ordered his life in such sort, that in his absence things touching the war were well provided, and in his presence were nothing but matters of knowledge argued.

It chanced one day, as Marcus Aurelius was environed with Senators, Philosophers, Physicians, and other sage men, a question was moved among them how greatly Rome was changed---not only in buildings, which were almost utterly decayed, but also in manners, which were wholly corrupted. The cause of this evil grew, for that Rome was full of flatterers, and destitute of those who durst say the truth.

These and other such words being heard, the Emperor declared unto them a notable example, saying,

'In the first year that I was Consul, there came a poor Villein from the river Danube, to ask justice of the Senate, against a Censor who had sorely oppressed the people; and indeed he did so well propound his complaint, and declare the folly and injuries which the Judges did in his country, that I doubt whether Cicero could utter it better with his tongue, or the renowned Homer have written it more eloquently with his pen.

'This Villein had a small face, great lips, hollow eyes, his colour burnt, curled hair, bare-headed, his shoes of porpyge skin, his coat of goat skin, his girdle of bulrushes, a long beard and thick, his eye-brows covered his eyes, the stomach and neck covered with skins, haired as a bear, and a club in his hand.---Without doubt when I saw him enter the Senate, I imagined it had been a beast in form of a man; and after I heard that which he said, I judged him to be a God,---if there be Gods among men; for it was a fearful thing to behold his person; it was no less monstrous to hear his words.---

At that time there was a great press at the door of the Senate, of many and divers persons for to solicit the affairs of their provinces; yet, notwithstanding, this Villein spake before the others for two causes; the one, for the men were desirous to hear what so monstrous a man would say; the other, because the Senators had this custom, that the complaints of the poor should be heard before the requests of the rich: wherefore this Villein afterwards, in the midst of the Senate, began to tell his tale, and the cause of his coming thither, in the which he shewed himself no less bold in words than he was

in attire strange; and said unto them in this sort:

"Oh Fathers Conscrip and happy People, I, Mileno, a plowman, dwelling near unto the river of Danube, do salute you, worthy Senators of Rome, which are convened here in this Senate; and I beseech the immortal Gods my tongue this day so to govern, that I may say that which is convenient for my country, and that they help you others to govern well the commonwealth; for without the help of God we can neither learn the good nor avoid the evil. The fatal destinies permitting it, and our wrathful Gods forsaking us, our mishap was such, and to you others fortune shewed herself so favourable, that the proud Captains of Rome by force of arms took our country of Germany; and I say, not without a cause, that at that time the Gods were displeased with us; for, if we Germans had appeased our Gods, ye Romans might have well excused yourselves for overcoming of us. Great is your glory, oh! Romans, for the victories you have had, and the triumphs which of many realms you have conquered; but, notwithstanding, greater shall your infamy be in the world to come, for the cruelties which you have committed; for I let you know, if you do not know it, that when the wicked went before the triumphant chariots, saying, 'Live, live, invincible Rome,' the poor captives went saying in their hearts 'Justice, Justice.'

"My predecessors inhabited by the river of Danube; for, when the dry earth annoyed them, they came to recreate themselves in the fresh water, and if perchance the unconstant water did annoy them, they would return again to the main land; and as the appetites and conditions of men are variable, so there is a time to fly from the land to refresh ourselves by the water, and time also, when we are annoyed with the water, to return again to the land.---But how shall I speak, Romans, that which I would speak? Your covetousness of taking other men's goods has been so extreme, and your pride of commanding strange countries has been so disordinate, that neither the sea can suffice you in the deepness thereof, neither the land assure us in the fields of the same.---Oh! how great comfort it is for the troubled men to think and be assured that there are just Gods, the which will do justice on the unjust; for if the oppressed men thought themselves not assured that the Gods would wreak their injury of their enemies, they with their own hands would destroy themselves.

"The end why I speak this is, for so much as I hope in the just Gods, that as you others, without reason, have cast us out of our houses, so by reason shall others come after us, and cast you others out of Italy and Rome both. There, in my country of Germany, we take it for a rule infallible, that he which by force taketh the good of another, by reason ought to lose his own proper right; and I hope in the Gods, that that which we have for a proverb in Germany you shall have for experience here in Rome.---By the gross words I speak, and by the strange apparel

apparel which I wear, you may well imagine that I am some Villein or Barbarian born; but yet, notwithstanding, I want not reason to know who is just and righteous in holding his own, and who is a tyrant in possessing of others. For the rude men of my profession, tho' in good style they cannot declare that which they would utter, yet, notwithstanding, we are not ignorant of that which ought to be allowed for good, nor which ought to be condemned for evil. I would say therefore in this case, that that which the evil with all their tyranny have gathered in many days, the Gods shall take from them in one hour; and, contrarywise, all that which the good shall lose in many years, the Gods will restore it them in one minute, for speaking the truth: the evil to prosper in riches, is not for that the Gods will it, but that they do suffer it; and tho' at this hour we complain, dissembling we suffer much, but the time shall come that will pay for all. Believe me, in one thing, Oh! Romans, and doubt not therein, that 'of the unlawful gains of the father followeth after the just undoing of their children.' Many oftentimes do marvel, in my country, what the cause is, that the Gods do not take from the wicked that which they win, immediately as they win it; and as I think the reason hereof is for the dissembling with them by little, they gather together divers things, and afterwards, when they think least thereon, it is taken from them all at once. For the just judgment of the Gods is, that, since without reason they have done evil to others, others by reason should come in like manner which do evil unto them.

"It is impossible that the valiant and sage man, who presumeth to be wise, should take any taste in any other man's goods; for if he did he would never content himself with any thing, since he hath not a conscience in that which is evil gotten. I know not, Romans, whether you understand me; but, because you shall understand me better, I say that I marvel, and I should rather wonder, how the man keeping another man's goods, can sleep or rest one hour, since he knoweth he hath done injury to the Gods, slandered his neighbours, pleased his enemies, lost his friends, endamaged those that he robbed, and, worst of all, that he hath put his person in peril. And I say that he hath put his person in peril; for the day that any man determined to take my goods, he will also, the same day, if he can, take my life. It is an odious thing to the Gods, and very slanderous among men, that men should have, thro' their fleshly desires, so much virtue bound, and the rein of their evil works so much at liberty, that another man's misery seemeth to him riches, and that his own riches seemeth to himself poverty. I care not whether he be Greek, Barbarian, Roman, present or absent, I say, and affirm, that he is and shall be cursed of the Gods, and hated of men; which, without consideration, will change his good fame into shame, justice into wrong, right into tyranny, truth into

lies, the certain for the doubtful, hating his own property, and fighting for that of other men.

"He that hath his chief intention to gather good for his children, and seeketh not a good name among the renowned; it is just that such a one do not only lose the goods which he hath gathered, but also that without a good name he remain shameful among the wicked.

"Since you other Romans are naturally proud, and pride doth blind you, you think yourselves happy, that for having so much as you have more than others, that therefore you should be more honoured than all; which truly is not so: for if presently you will not open your eyes, and confess your own errors, you shall see, that whereas you vaunt yourselves to be lords of strange countries, you shall find yourselves made slaves with your own proper goods.

"Gather as much as you will, let them do all you command them, yet, as I think, is little availeth to have Plebeians houses with goods, and contrariwise the hearts to be possessed with covetousness; for the riches which are gotten with covetousness, and are kept with avarice, take away the good name from the possessor, and avail nothing to maintain his life.

"It cannot be suffered many days, and much less hid many years, that one man should be counted both for rich among the rich, and for honoured among the honourable; for it is impossible, that he which is a great lover of temporal goods should be a friend to his good name. Oh, if the covetous men were of their own honour as greedy as they are of the goods of another desirous! I swear unto you by the immortal Gods, that the little worm or moth of covetousness would not gnaw the rest of their life, and the canker of infamy should not destroy their good name after their death.

"Hearken, ye Romans, hearken what I will say; and I beseech the Gods that you may understand it; for otherwise I should lose my labour, and ye others should take no fruit of my words. I see that all the world hateth pride; and yet there is none that will follow humanity. Every man condemneth adultery; and yet I see no man that liveth chaste. Every man curseth excess; and I see no man live temperately. Every man praiseth patience; and I see no man that will suffer. Every man blameth sloth; and I see no men but those that are idle. Every man blameth avarice; and yet every man robbeth.

"One thing I say, and not without tears, in this Senate openly do I declare it; which is, that with the tongue every man praiseth virtue, and yet they themselves, with all their limbs, are servants unto vices.

"Do not think that I say this only for the Romans which be in Illyria, but for the Senators which I see here in the Senate.

"All you Romans, in your devices about arms, have this for your motto: 'Romanorum est debellare superbos, et parcere subjectos.' Truly you should better have said, 'Romanorum est spoliare innocentes, et red-

dere subjectos. For you Romans are but destroyers of the people that be peaceable, and robbers of the sweat and labours of strangers.

"I ask, ye Romans, what occasion ye have, that are brought up nigh to the river of Tiber, against us that live in peace, nigh to the river of Danube. Peradventure you have seen us friends to your foes; or else we have shewed ourselves your enemies. Peradventure you have heard say, that, forsaking our own land, we should go conquer foreign realms. Peradventure you have been advertised, that we, rebelling against our own lords, should become obedient to the cruel Barbarians. Peradventure ye have sent us some Ambassador to desire us to be your friends; or else there came some from us to Rome, to defy you as our enemies. Peradventure some King died in our realm, which by his testament made you heirs unto our realm; whereby you claim your title, and seek to make us your subjects. Peradventure by some ancient law or custom ye have found, that the noble and worthy Germany of necessity is subject to the proud people of Rome. Peradventure we have destroyed your armies, we have wasted your fields, sacked your cities, spoiled your subjects, or favoured your enemies: so that, to revenge these injuries, ye should destroy our land. If we had been your neighbours, or you our's, it had been no marvel that one should have destroyed the other. For it chanceth oftentimes, that thro' controversy of a little piece of ground, tedious wars between people arise.

"Of a truth, none of these things which I have named have chanced between ye Romans and us Germans. For in Germany we felt your tyranny as soon as we heard of your renown.

"If ye be grieved with what I have said, I pray you be not offended with what I will say; which is, that the name of Romans and the cruelty of tyrants, arrived together in one day upon our people; and what more to say, I know not Romans, of the little care the Gods do take, and of the great audacity that men have; for I see that he which possesseth much doth oppress him which hath but little, and he that hath little weigheth not him that hath much.

"So disorderd covetousness striveth with secret malice, and secret malice giveth place to open theft, and open robbery no man resisteth, and thereof it cometh, that the covetousness of a malicious man is accomplished, to the prejudice of a whole state.

"Hearken, ye Romans, hearken; by the immortal Gods I do conjure you, give ear to that I will say; which is, consider well what you have done; for the good words be in vain, or else men must have an end, the world in time must needs fall, or else the world shall be no world; fortune must needs make sure the pin of the wheel, or else that shall be seen which never was seen; which is, that which in eight years ye have won, ye shall within eight days lose: for nothing can be more just, since ye by force have

made yourselves tyrants: then the Gods by justice should make you slaves. And do not think, you Romans, tho' you have subdued Germany, and be lords thereof, that it was by any warlike industry; for ye are no more warlike, no more courageous, no more hardy, nor yet more valiant than we Germans. But since thro' our offences we have provoked the Gods to wrath, they, for the punishment of our disordinate vices, ordained, that ye should be a cruel plague and scourge to our persons. Do not take yourselves to be strong, neither repute us to be so weak, that if the Gods at that time had favoured the one part as much as the other, it might perchance have happened ye should not have enjoyed the spoil. For, to say the truth, ye won not the victory thro' the force of weapons that you brought from Rome, but through the infinite vices which ye have found in Germany.

"Therefore, since we were not overcome for being cowards, neither for being weak; nor yet for being fearful, but only for being wicked, and not having the Gods favourable unto us; what hope ye Romans to become of you, being as you are vicious, and having the Gods angry with you?

"Do not think, Romans, to be the more victorious for that ye assemble great armies, or that ye abound in treasures, neither for that you have greater Gods in your aid, or that ye build greater temples, nor yet for that ye offer such great sacrifices; for I let you know, if you do not know it, that no man is in more favour with the Gods than he which is at peace with virtue.

"If the triumph of the conquerors consisteth in nothing else but in subtle wits, politic captains, valiant soldiers, and great armies, without doubt it would little avail to carry all this to the war; afterwards we see, by experience, that men can do no more but give the battles, and the Gods themselves must give the victories.

"If I be not deceived, I think that for our offences we have sufficiently satisfied the Gods' wrath. But truly I believe that the cruelties which ye have done unto us, and the unthankfulness which you have shewed the Gods, tho' as yet ye have not paid for it, yet once ye shall pay for it. And hereafter it may chance that as at present ye count us for slaves, so in time to come ye shall acknowledge us for lords. Since, travelling by the way, I have seen the high mountains, divers provinces, sundry nations, countries so savage, people so barbarous, and considering the distance that Germany is from Rome, I muse what fond toy came into the Romans heads to send and conquer Germany? If covetousness or treasures caused it, I am sure they spent more money to conquer it, and at this present do spend to keep it, than the whole revenues of Germany amounteth to, or may amount in many years; and perchance they may lose it, before they recover that they have spent to conquer it. And if ye say unto me, Romans, that Germany is not conquered of Rome for ever, but that only Rome should have the glory



to be mistress of Germany: this also I say is vanity and folly; for little availeth it having the forts and castles of the people, while the hearts of the inhabitants are absent.

"If ye say, that therefore ye conquered Germany, to amplify and enlarge the limits and bounds of Rome: this also, I think, is a foolish enterprize. For it is not the point of wise and valiant men to enlarge their dominions and diminish their honours. If ye say ye sent to conquer us, to the end we should not be barbarous, nor live like tyrants, but that ye would we should live after your good laws and customs: if it be so I am well content; but how is it possible ye should give laws to strangers. when ye break the laws of your own predecessors?—Great shame ought they to have, which take upon them to correct others, when they have more need to be corrected themselves. For the blind man ought not to take upon him to lead the lame.—If this be true (as certainly it is) what reason or occasion had proud Rome to take and conquer the innocent Germans. Let us all go therefore to rob, to kill, to conquer, and to spoil, since we see the world is so corrupt, and so far from the love of God, that every man (as we may perceive) taketh what he can, killeth who he will; and that which is worst of all is, that neither those who govern will remedy so many evils as are committed, nor those which are offended dare complain.

"Ye chief judges at this day are so hard to be intreated, ye take so little regard unto the poor oppressed, that they think it more quiet to remain in trouble at home, than to come and put up their complaints before you here at Rome; and the cause hereof is, that there in their country, they have but one which pursueth them, and here in this Senate they are ill-will'd of all, and that is, because he which complaineth is poor, and the other which is complained on is rich.

"Therefore, since fortune would have it, and the fatal destinies permit, that the proud Rome should be mistress of our Germany, it is but reason she should keep us in justice, and maintain us in peace. But if you do not so, but rather they who go thither do take from us our goods, and you that are here, do rob us of our good name, saying, that since we are a people without law, without reason, and without a King, (as unknown barbarous) ye may take us for slaves; in this case, ye Romans are greatly deceived, for I think with reason, ye cannot call us so with truth; since we being such as we are, and as the Gods created us, remaining in our proper countries without desiring to seek or invade foreign realms. For with more truth we might say, that ye were men without reason, being not contented with the sweet and fertile Italy, but through shedding of blood, that ye should desire to conquer all the earth. In that ye say, we deserve to be slaves, because we have no Prince to command us, nor Senate to govern us, nor army to defend us: to this I will answer:

"That since we had no enemies, we needed no armies; and since every man is contented with his lot and fortune, we needed not a proud Senate to govern us; and we being, as we all are, equal, it needed not we should consent to have any Princes amongst us; for the office of Princes is, to suppress tyrants, and maintain their people in peace.

"If ye say further, that we have not in our country a common-wealth or policy, but that we live as the beasts in the mountains; in this also ye have but small reason, for we in our country did suffer no liars, neither rebels, nor seditious people, nor men that brought us from any strange country apparel for to be vicious; so that since in apparel we were honest, and in meat very temperate, we needed no better behaviour.

"For tho' in our country there are no merchants of Carthage, oils of Mauritania, merchants of Tyre, steel of Cantabria, odours of Asia, gold of Spain, silver of Britain, amber of Sidonia, silk of Damascus, corn of Sicily, wine of Candia, purple of Arabia; yet for all this we are not brutish, neither cease to have a common-wealth.

"For these and such like other things give more occasion to stir up many vices, than for virtuous men for to live according unto virtue. Blessed and happy is the common-wealth, not where great riches aboundeth, but where virtues are highly commended; not where many light and angry men resort, but where the patient are resident: therefore it followeth, that of the common-wealth of Rome, for being rich, we should have pity; and of the common-wealth of Germany, for being poor, ye ought not to have envy.

"Would to God that the content we have with our poverty, ye others had the same with your riches; for then neither ye had robbed us of our countries, nor we had come hither to complain in Rome of your tyranny.

"I see Romans that differ much from each other; for ye others, though ye hear our oppressions, yet ye lose not your pastime; but we others can neither dry the tears of our eyes, nor cease to bewail our infinite misfortunes.

"Ye would think I have said all that I can say; but certainly it is not so: for there remaineth many things to speak, which to hear ye will be ashamed: yet be assured that to speak them I will not be afraid, since you, in doing them are not ashamed,—for open offence deserveth not secret correction. I marvel much at ye Romans, what ye meant to send us (as ye did) such ignorant judges, the which, by the immortal Gods I swear, can neither declare to us your laws, nor understand ours. And the cause of all this evil is, that ye sent not to us those, which were best able to administer justice to us in Germany, but those who have the best friends with you in Rome. It is little that I can say here, in respect to what they dare do there: that which ye command them here, I know not; but of the which they do there, I am not ignorant; which is,—your judges take all bribes that are brought

brought unto them openly, and they peel and shave as much as they can secretly: they graciously punish the offences of the poor, and dissemble with the faults of the rich: they consent to many evils, to have occasion to commit greater thefts: they forget the government of the people to take their pleasure in vice, and being there to mitigate scandals, they are those which are the most scandalous; and without goods it availeth no man to ask justice: and finally, under the colour that they be judges of Rome, they fear not to rob all the land of Germany. What meaneth this, ye Romans? shall your pride never have end in commanding, nor your covetousness in robbing? Say unto us what you will in words, but oppress us not so much in deeds. If you do it for our children, load them with irons, and make them slaves, for ye cannot charge them with more than they are able to carry; but of commandments and tributes ye give us more than we are either able to carry or suffer. If you do it for our goods, go thither and take them all; for in our country, we do not live as ye Romans do, nor have such conditions as ye have here in Rome; for ye desire to live poor, that ye may die rich. If ye say that we shall rebel, I marvel what you should mean to think so, though ye have robbed us, spoiled us, and handled us ill. Assure me, ye Romans, that ye will not unpeople us, and I will assure you we will not rebel. If our service do not content you, strike off our heads as to the evil men; for (to tell ye truth) the knife shall not be so fearful to our necks, as your tyrannies be abhorred in our hearts.

“Do ye know what ye have done, ye Romans? ye have caused us of that miserable realm to swear, neither to dwell with our wives, and to slay our children, rather than to leave them in the hands of such wicked and cruel tyrants as ye be: If it be true that the children must endure that which the miserable fathers do suffer, it is not only good to slay them, but also it should be better not to agree they should be born. Ye ought not to do this, Romans; for the land taken by force, ought the better to be governed, so the intent that the miserable captives, seeing justice duly administered presently, should thereby forget the tyranny past, and content themselves with perpetual servitude: And since it is true that we are come to complain here of the oppressions which your Officers do upon the poor river of Danube, peradventure ye which are of the Senate will hear us; and though ye are now determined to hear us, yet you are slow to remedy us; so that before ye began to reform an evil custom, the whole commonwealth is already undone. I will tell you of some things thereof, to the intent you may know them, and then reform them. If there come a right poor man to demand justice, having no money to give, nor wine to present, nor oil to promise, nor friends to help him, nor revenues to succour him and maintain him in expences; after he hath complained, they shall satisfy him with words, saying unto him, that speedily he shall have justice.

“What will ye I should say, but that in the mean time they make him spend that little

which he hath, and give him nothing though he should demand much; they give him vain hope, and they make him waste the best of his life; every one of them doth promise him favour, and afterwards they will lay hands upon him to oppress him. The most of them say his right is good, and afterwards they give sentence against him; so that the miserable person that came to complain of one, returneth home, complaining of all, cursing his cruel destinies, and crying out to the just and merciful God for revengement. It chanceth also, that oftentimes there cometh here to complain to the Senate, some flattering man, more from malice than for right or justice; and ye Senators creditting his docible words, and fained tears, immediately ordain a Consul to go and give audience on his complaints, who being gone, and returned, ye seek more to remedy and give ear to the complaints of the Judge, than to the scandals which were amongst the people. I will declare unto you myself, O ye Romans, and thereby ye shall see how they pass their life in my country. I live by gathering acorns in the winter, and reaping corn in the summer; sometimes I fish, as well of necessity as of pleasure, so that I pass almost all my life alone in the fields and in the mountains; and if you know not why, hear me, and I will tell you: I see such tyrannies in your Judges, and such robberies as they commit among the poor people, and there are such diffusions in the realm, such injuries committed therein, the poor commonwealth is so spoiled, there are so few that desire to do good, and also there are so few that hope for remedy in the Senate, that I am determined (as most unhappy) to banish myself out of mine own house, and to separate myself from my sweet company, to the end mine eyes should not behold so miserable a change; for I had rather wander solitary in the fields, than to see my neighbours hourly to lament in the streets. For there the cruel beasts do not offend me, unless I do assault them; but the cursed men, though I do serve them, yet do they vex me. Without doubt it is a marvellous pain to suffer an overthrow of fortune, but it is a greater torment when one feels it without remedy; and yet my greatest grief is, when my loss may be remedied, and he which may will not, and he that will cannot by any means remedy it.

O cruel Romans! ye feel nothing that we feel, especially I that speak it, only to reduce it to memory, my tongue will wax weary, my joints weaken, my heart tremble, and my flesh consume. What a woeful thing it is in my country to see it with my eyes, to hear it with my ears, and to feel it with my hands; truly the griefs which woeful Germany suffers are such, and so many, that I believe the merciful Gods will yet have pity upon us.

One thing only comforteth me, whereof I, with other unfortunate people, have had experience, in that I do think myself happy to know, that the dire plagues proceed not from the just Gods, but through the just deserts of wicked men, and that our secret fault doth weaken those, to the end that they of us may execute open justice. Of one thing only I am sore troubled, because the Gods cannot

be

be contented, but for a small fault they punish good men much, and for many faults they punish evil men nothing at all; so that the Gods do forbear with the one, and forgive nothing unto the other.

O secret judgments of God! that as I am bound to praise your works, so likewise if I had licence to condemn them, I durst say, that you cause us to suffer grievous pains, for that ye punish and persecute us by the hands of such judges, the which (if justice takes place in the world) when they chastise us with their hands, they do not deserve to have their heads on their shoulders.

"The reason why now again I do exclaim on the immortal Gods, is because, that in these fifteen days I have been at Rome, I have seen such deeds done in your Senate, that if the least of them had been done at Danube, the gallows and gibbets had been hanged thicker of thieves, than the vineyard is with grapes.—I am determined to see your doings, to speak of your dishonesty in apparel, your little temperance in eating, your disorders in affairs, and your pleasures in living. And on the other hand I see, that when your profusion arriveth in our country, we carry it into the temples, and offer it to the Gods; we put it on their heads, so that the one meeting with the other, we accomplish that which is commanded, and accuse those that commanded it: and since, therefore, my heart has seen that which it desireth, my mind is at rest in spitting out the poison which abode in it. If I have in any thing here offended with my tongue, I am ready to make recompence with my head; for

in good faith I had rather win honour in offering myself to death, than you should have it in taking from me my life."

And here the Villein ended his talk.

Immediately afterwards Marcus Aurelius said to those which were about him: "How think ye, my friends? What kernel of a nut! what gold of the mine! what corn of straw! what rose of briars! and how noble and valiant a man hath he shewed himself! What reasons, so high! what words, so well couched! what truths, so exact! what sentences, so well pronounced! and also, what open malice hath he discovered! By the faith of a good man I swear, as I may be delivered from this fever which I have, I saw this Villein standing boldly a whole hour on his feet, and all we, beholding the earth as uncase, could not answer him one word; for indeed the Villein confuted us with his purpose, and astonished us to see the little regard he had of his life."

The Senate being afterwards all agreed, the next day we provided new Judges for the River of Danube, and commanded the Villein to deliver in by writing all that he had said by mouth, to the end it might be registered in the book of Good Sayings of Strangers.

And further it was agreed, that the said Villein (for the wise words he spake) should be chosen Senator, and of the Freemen of Rome he should be one, and that for ever he should be sustained with the common treasure;—for our mother Rome hath always been praised and esteemed, not only to reward the services done unto her, but also the good words which were spoken in the Senate,

## The ORIGIN and NATURE of VILLENAGE;

*And the SERVICES due from those who were termed VILLEINS.*

[FROM BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES.]

THE estates held in *villanage* were a species of tenure neither strictly feudal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all: and which also, on account of the heriots that attend it, may seem to have somewhat Danish in its composition. Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what was called the folk land, from which they were removeable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable, that they, who were strangers to any other than a feudal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them,

as well as others, to the oath of fealty; which conferred a right of protection, and raised the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called villanage, and the tenants villeins, either from the word *villis*, or else, as Sir Edward Coke tells us, *à villa*; because they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in rustic works of the most fordid kind: like the Spartan *belotes*, to whom alone the culture of the lands was assigned; their rugged masters, like our northern ancestors, esteeming war the only honourable employment of mankind.

These villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins *regardant*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were *in gross*, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but,

but, if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held indeed small portions of land by way of sustaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased; and it was upon villein services, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lords' demesnes, and any other the meanest offices: and these services were not only base, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. A villein, in short, was, in much the same state with us, as lord Moleworth describes to be, that of the boors in Denmark, and Stiernhook attributes also to the *travels* or slaves in Sweden; which confirms the probability of their being in some degree monuments of the Danish tyranny. A villein could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but, if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villein, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them again before the lord had seized them; for the lord had then lost his opportunity.

In many places also a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein presumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord; and, by the common law, the lord might also bring an action against the husband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were also in the same state of bondage with their parents; whence they were called in Latin, *nativi*, which gave rise to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a *neise*. In case of a marriage between a freeman and a neise, or a villein and a free woman, the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free, and villein if he was villein; contrary to the maxim of the civil law, that *partus sequitur ventrem*. But no bastard could be born a villein, because by another maxim of our law he is *nullius filius*; and as he can gain nothing by inheritance, it were hard that he should lose his natural freedom by it. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as the king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord; for he might not kill, or maim his villein; though he might beat him with impunity, since the villein had no action or remedy at law against his lord, but in case of the murder of his ancestor, or the maim of his own person. Neises indeed had also an appeal of rape, in case the lord violated them by force.

Villeins might be enfranchised by manumission, which is either express or implied: express; as where a man granted to the villein a deed of manumission: implied; as where a man bound himself in a bond to his villein for a sum of money, granted him an annuity by deed, or gave him an estate in fee, for life, or years: for this was dealing with his villein on the footing of a freeman; it was in some of the instances giving him an action against his lord, and in others vesting an ownership in him entirely inconsistent with his former state of bondage. So also if the lord brought an action against his villein, this enfranchised him; for, as the lord might have a short remedy against his villein, by seizing his goods, (which was more than equivalent to any damages he could recover) the law, which is always ready to catch at any thing in favour of liberty, presumed that by bringing this action he meant to set his villein on the same footing with himself, and therefore held it an implied manumission. But, in case the lord indicted him for felony, it was otherwise; for the lord could not inflict a capital punishment on his villein, without calling in the assistance of the law.

Villeins, by this and many other means, in process of time gained considerable ground on their lords; and in particular strengthened the tenure of their estates to that degree, that they came to have in them an interest in many places full as good, in others better than their lords. For the good-nature and benevolence of many lords of manors having, time out of mind, permitted their villeins and their children to enjoy their possessions without interruption, in a regular course of descent, the common law, of which custom is the life, now gave them title to prescribe against the lords; and, on performance of the same services, to hold their lands, in spite of any determination of the lord's will. For though in general they are still said to hold their estates at the will of the lord, yet it is such a will as is agreeable to the custom of the manor; which customs are preserved and evidenced by the rolls of the several courts baron in which they are entered, or kept on foot by the constant immemorial usage of the several manors in which the lands lie. And, as such tenants had nothing to shew for their estates but these customs, and admissions in pursuance of them, entered on those rolls, or the copies of such entries, witnessed by the steward, they now

began to be called 'tenants by copy of court roll,' and their tenure itself a copyhold.

Thus copyhold tenures, as Sir Edward Coke observes, although very meanly descended, yet come of an ancient house; for, from what has been premised it appears, that copyholders are in truth no other but villeins, who, by a long series of immemorial encroachments on the lord, have at last established a customary right to those estates, which before were held absolutely at the lord's will; which affords a very substantial reason for the great variety of customs that prevail in different manors, with regard both to the descent of the estates, and the privileges belonging to the tenants. And these encroachments grew to be so universal, that when tenure in villenage was abolished, (though copyholds were reserved) by the statute of Charles II. there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation. For Sir Thomas Smith testifies, that in all his time (and he was secretary to Edward VI.) he never knew any villein in gross throughout the realm; and the few villeins regardant that were then remaining, were such only as had belonged to bishops, monasteries, or other ecclesiastical corporations; in the preceding times of popery. For he tells us, that "the holy fathers, monks, and friars, had in their confessions, and specially in their extreme and deadly sickness, convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was, for one Christian man to hold another in bondage: so that temporal men by little and little, by reason of that terror in their consciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins. But the said holy fathers, with the abbots and priors, did not in like sort by theirs; for they also had a scruple in conscience to impoverish and despoil the church so much, as to manumit such as were bound to their churches, or to the manors which the church had gotten; and so kept their villeins still." By these several means the generality of villeins in the kingdom have long ago sprouted up into copyholders: their persons being enfranchised by manumission, or long acquiescence; but their estates, in strictness, remaining subject to the same servile conditions and forfeitures as before; though, in general, the villein services are usually commuted for a final pecuniary quit-rent.

As a farther consequence of what has been premised, we may collect these two main principles, which are held to be the supporters of a copyhold tenure, 'and

without which it cannot exist; 1. That the lands be parcel of, and situate within, that manor, under which it is held: 2. That they have been demised, or demisable, by copy of court roll immemorially. For immemorial custom is the life of all tenures by copy: so that no new copyhold can, strictly speaking, be granted at this day.

In some manors, where the lord hath been to permit the heir to succeed the ancestor in his tenure; the estates are styled copyholds of inheritance; in others, where the lords have been more vigilant to maintain their rights, they remain copyholds for life only: for the custom of the manor has in both cases so far superseded the will of the lord, that, provided the services be performed or stipulated for by fealty, he cannot, in the first instance, refuse to admit the heir of his tenant upon his death; nor, in the second, can he remove his present tenant so long as he lives; though he holds nominally by the precarious tenure of his lord's will.

The fruits and appendages of a copyhold tenure, that it hath in common with free tenures, are fealty, services (as well in rents as otherwise) reliefs, and escheats. The two latter belong only to copyholds of inheritance; the former to those for life also. But, besides these, copyholds have also heriots, wardship, and fines. Heriots, which I think are agreed to be a Danish custom, are a render of the best beast or other good (as the custom may be) to the lord on the death of the tenant. This is plainly a relic of villein tenure; there being originally less hardship in it, when all the goods and chattels belonged to the lord, and he might have seized them even in the villein's life-time. These are incident to both species of copyhold; but wardship and fines to those of inheritance only. Wardship, in copyhold estates, partakes both of that in chivalry and that in socage. Like that in chivalry, the lord is the legal guardian, who usually assigns some relation of the infant tenant to act in his stead; and he, like guardian in socage, is accountable to his ward for the profits. Of fines, some are in the nature of primer seisms, due on the death of each tenant, others are mere fines for alienation of the lands: in some manors only one of these sorts can be demanded, in some both, and in others neither. They are sometimes arbitrary and at the will of the lord, sometimes fixed by custom: but, even when arbitrary, the courts of law, in fa-

four of the liberty of copyholders, have tied them down to be *reasonable* in their extent; otherwise they might amount to a disherison of the estate. No fine therefore is allowed to be taken upon descents and alienations, (unless in particular circumstances) of more than two years improved value of the estate. From this instance we may judge of the favourable disposition, that the law of England (which is a law of liberty) hath always shewn to this species of tenants; by removing, as far as possible, every real

badge of slavery from them, however some nominal ones may continue. It suffered custom very early to get the better of the express terms upon which they held their lands; by declaring, that the will of the lord was to be interpreted by the custom of the manor; and, where no custom has been suffered to grow up to the prejudice of the lord; as in this case of arbitrary fines, the law itself interposes in an equitable method, and will not suffer the lord to extend his power so far as to disinherit the tenant.

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## A N E C D O T E S.

### *The REWARD of VILLAINY.*

A POOR French cottager, who had a few pounds left him, and whose wife lay-in, was obliged to go to Aix for a few days upon business. In the way he met an old friend, whom he informed of the legacy, desiring also that he would call at home, and purchase for his wife such things as she might want. When he entered the cottage, after the customary salutations, he asked the woman for the money. She replied, that they being very poor, could ill spare it, but if he was in real necessity, he would lend it him. He returned for answer, he meant not to borrow, but to take it for his own use, and insisted upon knowing where it was.---It was in vain for a person in her condition to expostulate with the villain, she therefore pointed to the cupboard, and he took it: then turning to her, said, "This is not all; you must prepare for death, and chuse whether you will be burned, poisoned, or hanged." The woman was amazed at the cruelty and barbarity of the villain's proposal, and beseeched him to go away, solemnly declaring, that she would sooner die than discover the robber to her husband. He behaved resolute and determined; and she, forced at last to accept the horrible choice, preferred hanging. The villain immediately retired to a little out-house, taking with him a cord and a stool, upon which he stood to fasten the cord to a cross-beam. Whilst he was making the noose, the stool slipped from him, and his right hand was caught in the noose, and held him suspended. He then, in the most humble manner, called to the woman, and intreated her to come and release him, and he would return all the money, and quietly go away. She, affrighted and terrified at the villain's voice, who she had

flattered herself had relented of his wicked purpose, and gone off, screamed so very loud as to be heard by some distant cottagers; who immediately came to her relief. To them, after having broke open the door, which he had locked, she related the above story. They went immediately to the out-house, where they saw him suspended; they took him down, and carried him to Aix, where he was tried, and broke upon the wheel.

### *The DOCTOR.*

WHEN Boris Goudonove, Grand Duke of Muscovy, was ill of the gout, he promised great rewards to those who could procure a remedy for it.---It happened, that the wife of a countryman, who had been treated rather cruelly by her husband, heard of the Grand Duke's promises; and being willing to play her husband a trick, she industriously gave out, that he had an excellent specific for the gout, but had so little love for his Majesty, he would not give it him. The intelligence soon got to the ears of the Duke, and the man was summoned to court; in vain did he profess his ignorance; he was whipped till the blood came, and thrown into prison. He complained heavily of his wife, but she had told her story first; and after suffering many cruelties, he was at last told, that he must either communicate his medicine or prepare to die. The poor wretch, finding his ruin was unavoidable, made a pretended confession that he knew some remedies, but had been afraid to employ them for his Majesty; and that if they would allow him fifteen days, he would get them in readiness. Having obtained his request, he sent to Czirbick, upon the river Occa, (being two days journey from Moscow) whence he procured a quantity of herbs, bad as well as good, of which having prepared a bath, the Grand Duke made

made use of it, and recovered his health.

The supposition that the man's obstinate refusal had proceeded merely from malice, was now confirmed into a certainty; and for this reason they whipped him still more severely than the two former times; but the Grand Duke afterwards made him a present of four hundred crowns, and of eighteen peasants, as

his own property, with a strict charge that he should bear no further animosity or resentment to his wife;—a charge to which he implicitly submitted: for, as the story is told, they lived together many years after in strict friendship and harmony.

[Moliere's French play, from whence Fielding had his Mock Doctor, was taken from this story.]

## NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

### HAY-MARKET.

**W**HEN the time approached for opening Mr. Foote's Theatre in the Haymarket for this summer, expectation filled the minds of men, and all were eager for the commencement of a season, which seemed likely to furnish them with abundance of entertainment. The characters of mankind,—their follies, their extravagances and vices,—had been daily rising to a greater degree of notoriety, and had given ample scope for the pen of a dramatic writer; yet,—notwithstanding these advantages,—Mr. Foote has suffered a considerable part of the season to elapse, without giving us a new performance. At length, however, he has taken up the pen, and has obliged the world with a very humorous and satyrical piece, which he has called

#### The COZENERS;

in allusion to the general tho' infamous practice of deceiving the credulous, and chousing them out of their money, on pretence of procuring for them any place or appointment they should desire.

The opening of the play exhibits one of these offices, kept by Mrs. Fleece'em, who had lately returned from transportation, and Flaw, an Old Bailey Solicitor.

[By the character of Fleece'em is meant the noted Mrs. G—ve, whose abilities for imposition stand high upon the list of Fame. The following is one of her late manoeuvres:—Having for a long time treated her visitants with mere promises for their money, they began to suspect her pretended influence at court, and hinted to her, that none of the ministry or their dependants ever came to see her. The dame observed the hint, and saw the necessity of having an ostensible acquaintance with the courtiers; she therefore set her invention to work, and resolved to make Mr. Ch—s F—her dupe; and for this purpose she sent him a letter to the following effect:

"Sir, — Street, 1774.

"A lucky accident has put a treasure into my possession, and given me an opportunity of

serving a man of honour. Beauty and youth, with every charm that nature can bestow, are now within your reach;—I need not be more explicit—Come to me at eight, and I'll procure you an interview.—Be punctual, and be happy. G—ve."

It were needless to say that Charles was true to his time—he came in a sedan, and was admitted. At the same time, numbers of Mrs. G—ve's deluded customers came by her own appointment, some of whom knew Charles; and when the GOOD LADY sent them word, that an unexpected visit from a GENTLEMAN prevented her from seeing them, his name was soon made known, and Mr. F— being then in place, they all went away satisfied of her ministerial connections.

Charles, also, was deceived; but by what kind of artifice is not exactly known.]

The first who comes for their assistance is Mr. Flanagan, an Irishman, who tells them, that many of his countrymen at home having emigrated to America, he intends to travel post thither himself, and begs them to procure him a place. He is offered the post of Collector of the Window-Lights in Falkland's Island; but disliking a sea-voyage, is promised a Tide-Waiter's place at an inland town of America, where he is to have plenty of tar and feathers, the usual perquisite of Excise Collectors in those parts. Flanagan is elated with the prospect, and leaving, by way of deposit, a bill for 50l. which he says is payable at sight, fourteen days after date, he gives place to

Moses Manasses, a Jew, who has been several times black-balled in attempting to get into the fashionable gaming-clubs.—He is prevailed upon to give Fleece'em a few lottery-tickets, and departs with great hopes of her getting him admitted.

Then comes the obliging Mrs. Simony, a character intended for the lady of Dr. D—, the discovery of whose application to the Lord Chancellor for the living of St. G—ge, H—r Square, has lately been reported in the Chronicles of Scandal. She tells Mrs. Fleece'em that she is come without



without her husband's knowledge, to procure a living for him, and as there is a *somebody* who has the power of giving them, she entreats the good matron's assistance in behalf of *her Doctor*. The following description of the Doctor is then introduced:

Mrs. Simony. O Lord, Ma'am, all the world doats upon my Doctor; was you but to hear him preach, you would expire! in one hand a delicious white handkerchief; on the little finger of the other, a diamond ring!—then he waves himself, this way, and then that way—Now he thrusts himself forward with the greatest ardour—now draws backward with submissive diffidence! Why, he preaches all extemporare; he does not pore with his eyes close to the book, like a worn-out Curate, when strumming over the first lesson! 'Then my Doctor is short and sweet; he gives the ladies nothing but what they can carry away with them—Oh, he's a prodigious populous preacher! Then such a comfortable swallow! He has none of your squeamish stomachs; he has signed the Thirty-nine Articles, and would sign nine times as many more, could he by that means carry his point. None of the rabble attends him; no, the canting Methodists will do for them; none but Parsons of distinction, I assure you, Ma'am, go to hear my Doctor; yet he is so humble, that he would make no scruple to bury a Tradesman, was he not engaged in a Quadrille party; nay, he would christen a Duke's child, as readily as attend a City Feast; and he actually performs a vast number of in-door christenings—Then, Ma'am, his Wig! Oh you will doat on his dear Wig! None of your bushy frights! none of your waving curls that hang like the hair of a Newfoundland Dog! The curls are close as a Cauliflower, and it lies off so snug that you may see his dear round rosy cheeks to the utmost advantage! But I almost forgot my errand; as my Doctor justly observes, my memory is "too treacherous to carry away the text;" and I have not a moment to spare; my chair is in waiting, and I promised Lady Bab to be one at her table. Well, Ma'am, you will not forget—you comprehend me—be secret—for even the Doctor knows nothing of the matter.

She then departs, leaving Mrs. Fleece'em a folded paper, which she calls a Hymn.

On opening the paper, to look at the hymn, she discovers it to be a bank-note for 100l. on which she wishes all hymns were set to the same tune.

The audience are then presented with the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Aircastle, and their son Toby; a booby of a country squire, (something like Tony Lumpkin in *She stoops to Conquer*) who is brought to London by his father and mother, to marry to advantage. By the artifices of Flaw, they are introduced to Mrs. Fleece'em, who, he says, has a niece just

returned from the East-Indies immensely rich. The previous matters being agreed on, Toby is to visit the niece, who is in fact nothing but a Negro Servant of Mrs. Fleece'em's. She is ordered by her mistress to retire to a chamber, to lie down on the bed, darken the room by letting down the window curtains, and to draw the bed curtains round her. Toby is then ushered into the chamber, very ceremoniously, and requested "not to disturb the niece," who, as pretended, is rather indisposed. This affords a truly ludicrous scene; Toby gropes about the room for some time to find out the Lady, at length stumbles against the bed, and seizing the black hand of Mariamne, he addresses her, "Fairest of creatures! let me kiss this *lily* hand!" Toby then interrogates the supposed niece thus:

Toby. Do you like as how I should be your husband?

Mariamne. No.

Toby. So then we are all off! Will you let me make love to you?

Mariamne. Yes.

Toby. So then, we are all on again! Shall I declare my passion?

Mariamne. Yes.

Toby. O! then I'll produce.

On which he presents Mariamne with several presents, amongst the rest a watch, which, he says, "If you push a little thing, will strike for all the world like a Clock." Toby at length grows curious to see his fair incognita, for which purpose he gropes from the bed-side to the window, draws up the window-curtain, and turning round, is shocked with the sight of a Black-a-moor, and runs off the stage.

Mrs. Aircastle is a Lady full of vivacity, and has a fine turn for intrigue; and while her son's matrimonial negotiation is on foot, resolving, like the Town Ladies, to make the most of her person, she writes to Col. Gorget, whom she has seen in the country, inviting him to an interview, and requesting of him a loan of 500l. Gorget contrives to borrow the money of Mr. Aircastle, and taking it to the Lady, he gains an interview.

Mr. Aircastle (the character which Mr. Foote plays) is a good-natured loquacious man, ever going from his subject, and in business of the utmost importance introducing stories, which he never concludes. This part of his character is finely displayed towards the conclusion of the play, when Toby's disaster raises a general suspicion of the villainy of Flaw and Fleece'em. When Col. Gorget relates his suspicions to Mr. Aircastle, he begins



begins a story of Dick Somebody, who was tricked out of a large sum by a Jew Broker at the time of a city election, when there was a devilish bustle upon the Hustings; but Gorget interrupts him, by saying it is no time for telling stories.

Flaw hearing that they began to suspect his villainy, makes off, as does Mrs. Fleece'em also; but she is soon brought back by Flanhagan, the Irishman, who tells Aircastle and his family that he luckily overtook her just as she met him hard by.

He demands the return of his gold and abuses Fleece'em for her design of sending him to a place where he was to be *feather'd like an ostrich*. Mr. Aircastle instantly begins a story about *ostriches*, saying he remembered a man who was very fond of them—but is interrupted by Gorget's trying to make Mrs. Fleece'em confess.

Mrs. Simony then enters, and enquires of Fleece'em for the Hymn she had left; to which she archly replies, she had given it to Flaw, to have it set to music. This brings on a recital of the transaction, and all parties agree, "That Dr. Simony has met only with his deserts;" for it is urged that when a Clergyman, who pretends to be the *ornament*, becomes, by low tricks of *Coxenage*, the *disgrace* of his profession, public exposure should follow private detection, and both should contribute to mark with infamy an object at once the pest and discredit of society."

The general explanation now brought on, excites Aircastle to require of Colonel Gorget after "the five hundred pounds he lent him to present to a Lady;" to which Gorget says, he repaid the sum into the hands of Mrs. Aircastle.

Each party then determine on the steps they will in future take. Flanhagan resolves to "*emigrate* back to his own country." Mrs. Simony retires to console with *her Doctor* over dear Spadille. Aircastle resolves to return to the Country; to which his wife heartily agrees, "as the Town abounds with nothing but *Coxenars*." Gorget concurs in her opinion, and adds, "that there are some plants which vegetate best in their native soil; but grow *rank*, if transplanted."

An universal detection having thus taken place, the Piece concludes with a reflection, pronounced by Fleece'em, who observes, "That were the many fraudulent practices committed in the Town laid open to public view, names far more respectable than those of poor Flaw and Fleece'em would grace the Chronicles of the Old Bailey."

## P R O L O G U E,

Written by Mr. GARRICK; and  
spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

IN trifling works of fancy, wits agree  
That nothing tickles like a smile!  
And so, by way of tuning you to laughter,  
(With which I hope you'll tickle us hereafter)  
We, from our storehouse, with submission

Two,  
To your High Mightinesses offer two,  
One spick and span, and one trimm'd up to  
puffs for new.

Happy for us that similies, like clothes,  
May now be trimm'd, and turn'd for verse or  
prose:

And true economists in clothes and wit,  
In these scarce times on some expedient hit,  
That the same clothes which critics once call'd  
frightful,

With cape and buttons new, come forth  
delightful!

Dramatic authors were like watchmen  
meant,

To knock down vice—few answer the intent;  
Both should be quick to find and catch their  
game;

But both are sometimes blind—and sometimes  
lame,

Can those say, *STAND!* while they themselves  
are reeling?

Can those take thieves, while they themselves  
are stealing?

When wanted most, the watch a nap will take;  
Are all your comic authors quite awake?

Or, what is worse, in which they still come  
near 'em,

Are not you more than half asleep who  
hear 'em?

I, your old watchman, here have fix'd  
my stand,

On many a vice and folly laid my hand;  
'Twas you call'd Watch! I limp'd at your  
command.

Shall I, like other watchmen, wink at crimes,  
And have my privilege—to nod sometimes?

Let not your frowns now force me, in a fright,  
To cry,—“past seven o'clock, and a cloudy  
night!”

But with your patience not to make too  
free,

I'll change the subject and the simile.

To fight a smuggling crew, who law deride,  
I launch a cutter, of three guns, this tide;

With your assistance, I will make the foe  
Or fly, or strike to Captain Timbertoe!

Ye pirate Critics! fall not foul on me,  
If once I sink, I perish in the sea;

Nor will I buoy me up that bladder vanity!  
Impossible thus maim'd to get to shore,

I've but three fins to swim with out of four.  
Besides, 'tis dangerous, I find, to sleep

Myself, and ship, in brine twelve fathom  
deep;

My head I'd rather above water keep.  
Oft have you kept my little bark from  
sinking;

I am no fish—save me from water drinking!  
Nay, I shall weather all—to port get in,

If, with your hands, you'll but hold up my  
chip.

The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. 8. *A Tour in Scotland, and a Voyage to the Hebrides*. 4to. 2l. 4s.

THE account of Mr. Pennant's former Tour in Scotland, afforded so much public satisfaction, that we shall accompany him with great pleasure on his second excursion to the North, particularly to islands which are so little known as the Hebrides.

On May 18, 1772, this ingenious traveller took his departure from Chester, and arrived in Scotland, on the first of June, in Liddesdale, a portion of the county of Dumfries. This, he informs us, is a most fertile and well cultivated tract of low arable and pasture land. He proceeded by the side of the river Liddel for three miles to Pentonfins, when it forms a very wild and picturesque scene, rapidly flowing along rude rocks, bounded by cliffs, clothed on each side by trees. Our author was here told by a farmer, that a pebble, naturally perforated, was an infallible cure, hung over a horse that was hag-ridden, or troubled with night sweats. The effects of amulets, and the like charms, are justly ascribed to the influence which they had on the imagination; but no such power can be supposed to operate in this case.

Near Langholme, our author was shewn a place where several women had suffered for witchcraft in the last century: and he informs us of a singular opinion that prevailed not many years ago in these parts; which was, as he expresses it, 'that the midwives had the power of transferring the primalv curse bestowed on our great first mother, from the good wife to her husband.' He saw the reputed offspring of such a labour; who kindly came into the world without giving her mother the least uneasiness, while the poor husband was roaring with agony in his unnatural pangs. It appears from these instances, that superstition is not entirely extirpated from among the common people in this part of the country.

We cannot avoid extracting our author's account of the obsolete practice of handfasting.

"Among the various customs now obso-

\* The number, extent, and situation of these islands render them an object highly worthy of particular attention. The Hebrides, we are informed, are equal in size to the counties of Kent and Essex taken together, and near half as large as the whole territories of the United Provinces. How much, therefore, might the strength and opulence of Britain be increased by introducing the spirit of industry into these uncultivated, and many of them almost uninhabited islands?

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lete, the most curious was that of handfasting, in use about a century past. In the upper part of Eskdale, at the confluence of the White and the Black Esk, was held an annual fair, where multitudes of each sex repaired. The unmarried looked out for mates, made their engagements by joining hands, or by handfasting, went off in pairs, cohabited till the next annual return of the fair, appeared there again, and then were at liberty to declare their approbation or dislike of each other. If each party continued constant, the handfasting was renewed for life: but if either party dissented, the engagement was void, and both were at liberty to make a new choice; but with this proviso, that the inconstant was to take the charge of the offspring of the year of probation. This custom seemed to originate from the want of clergy in this county in the days of popery: this tract was the property of the abbey of Melrose, which thro' economy discontinued the vicars that were used to discharge here the clerical offices: instead, they only made annual visitations for the purposes of marrying and baptising, and the person thus sent, was called Book in Besom, probably from his carrying, by way of readiness, the book in his breast: but even this being omitted, the inhabitants became necessitated at first to take this method, which they continued from habit to practise long after the reformation had furnished them with clergy."

For the entertainment of our readers we shall present them with the subsequent passage, which is of a nature somewhat similar to the preceding.

"At a little distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Gratra, the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits: here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job, to a dram of whisky: but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies: but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. If the pursuit of friends proves very hot, and there is not time for the ceremony, the frightened pair are advised to slip into bed; are shewn to the pursuers, who imagining that they are irrecoverably united, retire, and leave them to consummate their unfinished loves.

"The place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place; a sort of land-mark for fugitive

M lovers.

lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high-priest, by stratagem I succeeded; he appeared in form of a fisherman, a stout fellow, in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about his price; which, after eyeing us attentively, he left it to our honor. The church of Scotland do what they can to prevent these clandestine matches; but in vain, for those infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

From the dismal account which Mr. Penant gives of the situation of the common people in the Isle of Skie, we are not surprised that they emigrate. We shall lay it before our readers at full length.

"Skie is the largest of the Hebrides, being above sixty measured miles long; the breadth unequal, by reason of the numbers of lochs, that penetrate far on both sides. It is supposed by some to have been the Eastern *Ebudæ* of the antients; by others, to have been the *Dumna*. The modern name is of Norwegian origin, derived from *Skie*, a mist; and from the clouds (that almost constantly hang on the tops of its lofty hills) was stiled *Eiland Skianach*, or, the cloudy island. No epithet could better suit the place, for, except in the summer season, there is scarcely a week of fair weather: the summers themselves are also generally wet, and seldom warm.

"The westerly wind blows here more regularly than any other, and arriving charged with vapour from the vast Atlantic, never fails to dash the clouds it wafts on the lofty summits of the hills of Cuchullin, and their contents deluge the island in a manner unknown in other places. What is properly called the rainy season commences in August: the rains begin with moderate winds; which grow stronger and stronger till the autumnal equinox, when they rage with incredible fury.

"The husbandman then sighs over the ruins of his vernal labours: sees his crops feel the injury of climate: some laid prostrate; the more ripe corn shed by the violence of the elements. The poor foresee famine, and consequential disease: the humane tacksmen agonize over distresses, that inability, not want of inclination, deprive them of the power of remedying. The nearer calls of family and children naturally first excite their attention: to maintain and to educate are all their hopes, for that of accumulating wealth is beyond their expectation: so the poor are left to Providence's care; they prow like other animals along the shores to pick up limpets and other shell-fish, the casual repasts of hundreds during part of the year in these unhappy islands. Hundreds thus annually drag through the season a wretched life: and numbers, unknown, in all parts of the western highlands (nothing local is intended), fall beneath the pressure, some of

hunger, more of the putrid fever, the epidemic of the coasts, originating from unwholesome food, the dire effects of necessity. Moral and innocent victims! who exult in the change, first finding that place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

"The farmer labours to remedy this distress to the best of his power, but the wetness of the land late in spring prevents him from putting into the ground the early seed of sature crops, bear and small oats; the last are fittest for the climate: they bear the fury of the winds better than other grain, and require less manure, a deficiency in this island. Poverty prevents him from making experiments in rural economy; the ill success of a few made by the more opulent, determines him to follow the old track, as attended with more certainty, unwilling, like the dog in the fable, to grasp at the shadow and lose the substance, even poor as it is.

"The produce of the crops very rarely are in any degree proportioned to the wants of the inhabitants: golden seasons have happened, when they have had superfluity; but the years of famine are as ten to one. The helps of the common years are potatoes: it is difficult to say whether the discovery of America by the Spaniards has contributed to preserve more lives by the introduction of this vegetable; or to have caused more to perish by the insatiable lust after the precious metals of the new world.

"The difficulties the farmer undergoes in this bad climate are unknown in the South: there he sows his seeds, and sees it flourish beneath a benign sun and secured from every invasion. Here a wet sky brings a reluctant crop; the ground, inclosed only with turf mounds, accessible to every animal; a continual watch employs numbers of his people; some again are occupied in repairing the damages sustained by their houses from storms the preceding year; others are labouring at the turberies, to provide fuel to keep off the rigour of the severe season; or in fencing the natural (the only) grasses of the country to preserve their cattle from starving; which are the true and proper staple of these islands.

"The quantity of corn raised in tolerable seasons in this island, is esteemed to be about nine thousand bolls. The number of mouths to consume them near thirteen thousand: migrations and depression of spirit, the last a common cause of depopulation, having since the year 1750 reduced the number from fifteen thousand to between twelve and thirteen: one thousand having crossed the Atlantic; others sunk beneath poverty, or in despair, ceased to obey the first great command, *Encrease and Multiply*.

"In that year the whole rent of Skie was three thousand five hundred pounds. By an unnatural force some of the rents are now doubled and trebled. People long out of all habit of industry, and used to the convivial tables

tables of their chieftain, were unable instantly to support so new a burden: in time not very long preceding that, they felt the return of some of their rents; they were enabled to keep hospitality; to receive their chieftain with a well covered board; and to feed a multitude of poor. Many of the greater tacksmen were of the same blood with their chieftains; they were attached to them by the ties of consanguinity as well as affection; they felt from them the first act of oppression, as Cæsar did the wound from his beloved Brutus.

"The high advance of the price of cattle is a plea for the high advance of rents; but the situation of the tackman here is particular: he is a gentleman, and boasts the same blood with his laird; (of five hundred fighting men that followed Macleod in 1745 in his majesty's army, four hundred were of his kindred) has been cherished by him for a series of years often with paternal affection; has been used to such luxuries as the place affords; and cannot instantly sink from a good board to the hard fare of the common farmer. When the chieftain riots in all the luxuries of South Britain, he thinks himself entitled to share a due degree of the good things of this life, and not to be forever confined to the diet of Brochan or the computation of whisky. During the feudal reign their love for the chieftain induced them to bear many things, at present intolerable. He was their pride and their glory: they strained every nerve in support of him, in the same manner as the French, through vanity, refuse nothing to aggrandize their Grand Monarque.

"Repentment drove many to seek a retreat beyond the Atlantic; they sold their stock, and in numbers made their first essay. They found, or thought they found, while their passions were warm, an happy change of situation; they wrote in terms favouring of romance, an account of their situation; their friends caught the contagion; and numbers followed; and others were preparing to follow their example. The tacksmen from a motive of independency: the poor from attachment, and from excess of misery. Policy and humanity, as I am informed, have of late checked this spirit so detrimental to the public. The wisdom of legislature may perhaps fall on some methods to conciliate the affections of a valuable part of the community: it is unbecoming my little knowledge of the country to presume to point out the methods. It is to be hoped the head will, while time permits, recollect the use of the most distant members."

Our author's account of the character and civilization of those islanders presents us with a more agreeable prospect.

"Very few superstitions exist here at present: pretenders to second-sight are quite out of repute, except among the most ignorant, and at present are very shy of making boast of their faculties.

"Poor Browney, or Robb's Good-fellow, is also put to flight. This servicable spirit was wont to clean the houses, helped to churn, thrashed the corn, and would labour all that pretended to make a jest of him. He was represented as stout and blooming, had fine long flowing hair, and went about with a wand in his hand. He was the very counter-part of Milton's Lubber Fiend, who

"Tells how the drudging goblin wroth

To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy sleave hath thrash'd the corn  
That ten day-lab'rs could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
And stretch'd along the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength."

Mr. Pennant informs us, that the country of Sutherland is environed with mountains; and all the strata near their base, and in the bottoms, are composed of white marble, fine as the Parian.

We shall conclude this article with laying before our readers the following account of the Highland customs and robbers.

"There is not an instance of any country having made so sudden a change in its morals, as the vast tracts between Arncliffe and Lochnefs. Security and civilization possess every part; yet thirty years have not elapsed since the whole was a den of thieves, of the most extraordinary kind. They conducted their plundering excursions with the utmost policy, and reduced the whole art of theft into a regular system. From habit it lost all the appearance of criminality: They considered it as labouring in their vocation; and when a party was formed for any expedition against their neighbour's property, they and their friends prayed as earnestly to heaven for success, as if they were engaged in the most laudable design.

"The constant petition at grace of the old Highland chieftains, was delivered with great fervour in these terms: *Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread out of it!* The plain English of this pious request was, that the world might become, for their benefit, a scene of rapine and confusion.

"They paid a sacred regard to their oath; but as superstition must, among a set of *banditti*, infallibly supersede piety, each, like the distinct casts of Indians, had his particular object of veneration: one would swear upon his *dirk*, and dread the penalty of perjury; yet make no scruple of forswearing himself upon the bible: a second would pay the same respect to the name of his chieftain: a third, again, would be most religiously bound by the sacred book: and a fourth regard none of the three, and be credited only if he swore by his crucifix. It was always necessary to discover the inclination of the person, before you put him to the test: if the object of his veneration was mistaken, the oath was of no signification.

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"The greatest robbers were used to preserve hospitality to those that came to their houses, and, like the wild Arabs, observed the strictest honour towards their guests; or those that put implicit confidence in them. The Kennedys, two common thieves, took the young Pretender under protection, and kept him with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support, and to supply him with linen they once surprised the baggage horses of one of our general officers. They often went in disguise to Inverness to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time after, one of these poor fellows, who had virtue to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, value thirty millings.

"The greatest crime among these felons was that of infidelity among themselves; the criminal underwent a summary trial, and, if convicted, never missed of a capital punishment. The chieftain had his officers, and different departments of government; he had his judge, to whom he entrusted the decision of all civil disputes; but in criminal causes, the chief, assisted perhaps by some favourites, always undertook the process.

"The principal men of his family, or his officers, formed his council, where every thing was debated respecting their expeditions. Eloquence was held in great esteem among them, for by that they could sometimes work on the chieftain to change his opinion; for, notwithstanding he kept the form of a council, he always reserved the decisive vote in himself.

"When one man had a claim on another, but wanted power to make it good, it was held lawful for him to steal from his debtor as many cattle as would satisfy his demand; provided he sent notice, as soon as he got out of reach of pursuit, that he had them, and would return them, provided satisfaction was made on a certain day agreed on.

"When a *crach*, or great expedition, had been made against distant herds, the owners, as soon as discovery was made, rose in arms, and with all their friends made instant pursuit, tracing the cattle by their track for perhaps scores of miles. Their nicety in distinguishing that of their cattle from those that were only casually wandering, or driven, was amazingly sagacious. As soon as they arrived on an estate where the track was lost, they immediately attacked the proprietor, and would oblige him to recover the track from his land forwards, or to make good the loss they had sustained. This custom had the force of law, which gave to the Highlanders this surprising skill in the art of tracking.

"It has been observed before, that to steal, rob, and plunder with dexterity, was esteemed as the highest act of heroism. The feuds between the great families was one great cause. There was not a chieftain but that

kept, in some remote valley in the depth of woods and rocks, whole tribes of thieves in readiness to let loose against his neighbour, when, for some public or private reason, he did not judge it expedient to resent openly any real or imaginary affront. From this motive the greater chieftain robbers always supported the lesser, and encouraged no sort of improvement on their estates but what promoted rapine.

"The greatest of the heroes in the last century was Sir Ewin Cameron. He long resisted the power of Cromwell, but at length was forced to submit. He lived in the neighbourhood of the garrison fixed by the usurper at Inverlochy. His vassals persisted in their thefts, till Cromwell sent orders to the commanding officer, that on the next robbery he should seize on the chieftain, and execute him in twenty-four hours, in case the thief was not delivered to justice. An act of rapine soon happened; Sir Ewin received the message, who, instead of giving himself the trouble of looking out for the offender, laid hold of the first fellow he met with, and sent him bound to Inverlochy, where he was instantly hanged. Cromwell, by this severity, put a stop to these excesses, till the time of their restoration, when they were renewed with double violence, till the year 1745.

"Rob-Roy Macgregor was another distinguished hero in the latter end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. He contributed greatly towards forming his profession into a science, and establishing the police above-mentioned. The duke of Montrose unfortunately was his neighbour: Rob-roy frequently saved his grace the trouble of collecting his rents; used to extort them from the tenant, and at the same time give them formal discharge. But it was neither in the power of the duke, nor of any of the gentlemen he plundered, to bring him to justice, so strongly protected was he by several great men to whom he was useful. Roy had his good qualities: he spent his revenues generously, and, strange to say, was a true friend to the widow and orphan.

"Every period of time gives new improvement to the arts. A son of Sir Ewin Cameron refined on those of Rob-roy, and, instead of dissipating his gains, accumulated wealth. He, like Jonathan Wild the Great, never stole with his own hands, but conducted his commerce with an address, and to an extent unknown before. He employed several companies, and let the more address knaves at their head; and never suffered merit to go unrewarded. He never openly received their plunder; but employed agents to purchase from them their cattle. He acquired considerable property, which he was forced to leave behind, after the battle of Culloden gave the fatal blow to all their greatness.

"The last of any eminence was the celebrated Barisdale, who carried these arts

the highest pitch of perfection: besides, exalting all the common practices, he improved that article of commerce called *blackmail* to a degree beyond what was ever known to his predecessors. This was a forced levy, so called from its being commonly paid in meal, which was raised far and wide on the estate of every nobleman and gentleman, in order that the cattle might be secured from the lesser thieves, over whom he secretly presided, and protected. He raised an income of five hundred a year by these taxes, and behaved with genuine honour in restoring, on proper consideration, the stolen cattle of his friends. In this he bore some resemblance to our Jonathan; but differed in observing a strict fidelity to his own gang: yet he was indefatigable in bringing to justice any rogues that interfered with his own. He was a man of a polished behaviour, fine address, and fine person. He considered himself in a very high light, as a benefactor to the public, and preserver of general tranquillity; for on the silver plates, the ornaments of his baldric, he thus addresses his broad sword:

*Hæ tibi crunt artes: pacis componere mores,  
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*

The numerous scenes which this ingenious traveller and voyager has visited in this excursion, are described in a faithful and entertaining manner, and cannot fail of affording pleasure to every reader of taste. — *Crit. Rev.*

9. *A Philosophical Analysis and Illustration of some of Shakespeare's remarkable Characters.*  
8vo. 2s. 6d. Murray.

WE sincerely congratulate the friends of learning and philosophy, on the appearance of this young and spirited candidate for literary honour and fame.\* He has chosen to enlist himself in a band, already supposed to be too numerous, the commentators and critics upon Shakespeare: but a man of genuine merit will do honour to his station, be what it may; and throw a lustre about him wherever he moves. We cannot help viewing this young man with a mixture of love and admiration, carrying a philosophical and classical taste into subjects which have been generally treated in the detached, dry, and unentertaining manner of notes and commentaries. We hope the following pieces are only specimens of his productions in this way; and that they will lead other ingenious men to quit their contentions upon words, to make criticism subservient to philosophy, and not merely to philology and grammar.

The introduction is replete with excellent observations on the human mind; and affords the reader a very pleasing view both of the abilities and design of the author, Mr.

\* Mr. Richardson, Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.

Richardson then proceeds to give what he very justly calls a philosophical analysis of the character of Macbeth. There is hardly a page of the book, which we might not quote for the entertainment of the reader. But perhaps we cannot please him more and instruct him better in the general design of every analysis, than by giving him the author's own summary, after he has considered the several parts of every character. — He concludes his observations on Macbeth in the following words:

"Thus, by considering the rise and progress of a ruling passion, and the fatal consequences of its indulgence, we have shewn, how a beneficent mind may become inhuman: and how those who are naturally of an amiable temper, if they suffer themselves to be corrupted, will become more ferocious and more unhappy than men of a constitution originally hard and unfeeling. The formation of our characters depends considerably upon ourselves; for we may improve, or vitiate, every principle we receive from nature."

Mr. Richardson enters, in the same manner, into the character of Hamlet; he transports his reader as it were into the mind and soul of that amiable and unfortunate prince; and interests him in the events of the play, in a manner which we really think peculiar to the style and method of criticism which he has adopted. On reviewing the analysis of the character of Hamlet, the author says, "A sense of virtue, if I may use the language of an eminent philosopher, without professing myself of his sect, seems to be the ruling principle. In other men, it may appear with the ensigns of high authority: in Hamlet, it possesses absolute power. United with amiable affections, with every graceful accomplishment, and every agreeable quality, it embellishes and exalts them. It rivets his attachment to his friends, when he finds them deserving; it is a source of sorrow, if they appear corrupted. It even sharpens his penetration; and, if unexpectedly, he discerns turpitude or impropriety in any character, it inclines him to think more deeply of their transgression, than if his sentiments were less refined. It thus induces him to scrutinize their conduct, and may lead him to the discovery of more enormous guilt. As it excites uncommon pain and abhorrence on the appearance of perfidious and inhuman actions, it provokes and stimulates his resentment: yet, attentive to justice, and concerned in the interests of human nature, it governs the impetuosity of that unruly passion. It disposes him to be cautious in admitting evidence to the prejudice of another: it renders him distrustful of his own judgment, during the ardor and the reign of passion, and directs him in the choice of associates, on whose fidelity and judgment he may depend. If softened by a beneficent and gentle temper, he hesitates in the execution of any lawless enterprise, it reproves him: And

And if there is any hope of restoring those that are fallen, and of renewing in them the habits of virtue and of self-command, it renders him assiduous in his endeavours to serve them. Men of other dispositions would think of gratifying their friends by contributing to their affluence, to their amusement, or external honour: but the acquisitions that Hamlet values, and the happiness he would confer, are a conscience void of offence, the peace and the honour of virtue. Yet, with all this purity of moral sentiment, with eminent abilities, exceedingly cultivated and improved, with manners the most elegant and becoming, with the utmost rectitude of intention, and the most active zeal in the exercise of every duty, he is hated, persecuted, and destroyed."

In the character of the melancholy Jaques, the author has illustrated "how social dispositions, by being excessive, and by suffering a painful repulse, may render us unsocial and morose; how

Goodness wounds itself,

And sweet affection proves the spring of woe."

"If these reasonings, he adds, have any foundation in nature, they lead us to some conclusions that deserve attention. To judge concerning the conduct of others, and to indulge observations on the instability of human enjoyments, may assist us in the discipline of our own minds, and in correcting our pride and excessive appetites. But to allow reflections of this kind to become habitual, and to preside in our souls, is to counteract the good intentions of nature. In order, therefore, to anticipate a disposition too very painful to ourselves, and so disagreeable to others, we ought to learn, before we engage in the commerce of the world, what we may expect from society in general, and from every individual. But if, previous to experience, we are unable to form just judgments of ourselves and others, we must beware of despondency, and of opinions injurious to human nature. Let us ever remember, that all men have peculiar interests to pursue; that every man ought to exert himself vigorously in his own employment; and that, if we are useful and blameless, we shall have the favour of our fellow citizens. Let us love mankind; but let our affections be duly chastened. Be independent, if possible, but not a stoic."

He lastly considers the soft, delicate, enchanting Imogen; in whom love is the ruling passion, and whose sufferings have always been peculiarly affecting:

"The strength and peculiar features of ruling passion; and the power of other principles to influence its motions, and moderate its impetuosity, are principally manifest, when it is rendered violent by fear, hope, grief, and other emotions of a like nature, excited by the concurrence of external circumstances. When love is the governing passion, these concomitant and secondary e-

motions are called forth by separation, the apprehension of inconstancy, and the absolute belief of disaffection. On separation, they dispose us to sorrow and regret: on the apprehension of inconstancy, they excite jealousy or solicitude: and the certainty of disaffection, begets despondency."

He concludes this very pleasing disquisition in a moral and useful manner.—"I shall conclude these observations, by explaining more particularly, how the repulse of a ruling and habitual passion could dispose Imogen to despondency, and render her careless of life? In other words, what is the origin of despair? or, by what lamentable perversion those, who are susceptible of the pleasures of life, and in situations capable of enjoying them, become dissatisfied, and rise from the feast prematurely?"

"Happiness depends upon the gratification of our desires and passions. The happiness of Titus arose from the indulgence of a beneficent temper: Epaminondas reaped enjoyment from the love of his country. The love of fame was the source of Cæsar's felicity: and the gratification of grovelling appetites gave delight to Vitellius. It has also been observed, that some one passion generally assumes a pre-eminence in the mind, and not only predominates over other appetites and desires, but contends with reason, and is often victorious. In proportion as one passion gains strength, the rest languish and are enfeebled. They are seldom exercised; their gratifications yield transient pleasure; become of slight importance, are dispirited, and decay. Thus our happiness is attached to one ruling and ardent passion. But our reasonings, concerning future events, are weak and short-sighted. We form schemes of felicity that can never be realized, and cherish affections that can never be gratified.

"If, therefore, the disappointed passion has been long encouraged, if the gay visions of hope and imagination have long administered to its violence, if it is confirmed by habit in the temper and constitution, if it has superseded the operations of other active principles, and so enervated their strength, its disappointment will be embittered; and sorrow, prevented by no other passion, will prey, unabating, on the desolate abandoned spirit. We may also observe, that none are more liable to afflictions of this sort, than those to whom nature hath given extreme sensibility. Alive to every impression, their feelings are exquisite: they are eager in every pursuit: their imaginations are vigorous, and well adapted to fire them. They live, for a time, in a state of anarchy, exposed to the inroads of every passion, and, though possessed of singular abilities, their conduct will be capricious. Glowing with the warmest affections, open, generous, and candid; yet, prone to inconstancy, they are incapable of lasting friendship. At length, by force of repeated indulgence, some one pas-



tion becomes habitual, occupies the heart, seizes the understanding, and impatient of resistance and controul, weakens or extirpates every opposing principle; disappointment ensues: no passion remains to administer comfort: and the original sensibility which promoted this disposition, will render the mind more susceptible of anguish, and yield it a prey to despondency. — We ought, therefore, to beware of limiting our felicity to the gratification of any individual passion. Nature, ever wise and provident, hath endowed us with capacities for various pleasures, and hath opened to us many fountains of happiness: Let no tyrannous passion, let no rigid doctrine, deter thee; drink of the streams, be moderate, and be grateful."

We have thus given, we hope, an adequate view of the design and merit of this ingenious analysis. We most sincerely wish the author may obtain all the honour and advantage from his work which he can hope for. We are however apprehensive that this method of criticism, while it is the only one that can please the philosopher and man of taste, will be deemed refinement, and unintelligible, by the common tribe of readers. — *Monthly Review.*

10. *Observations and Experiments on the Poison of Copper.* By Wm. Falconer, M. D. F. R. S. 2s. sewed. Johnson.

THE very extensive application of copper to domestic uses renders an enquiry into the qualities of this metal of importance to the public; and it therefore affords us pleasure to see a treatise written professedly on the subject. After giving a concise account of copper, and shewing by what substances it is corroded, Dr. Falconer proceeds to mention the circumstances in which it is most likely to find admission into the body. He first treats of copper in its metallic form, and afterwards delivers many salutary cautions respecting the use of copper vessels. Chalybeate waters of every kind, he observes, ought not to be trusted in them, as in several of those waters, the iron is united with the vitriolic acid, and when heat is applied, they may be impregnated with the copper. He likewise cautions against boiling the pump-water in London in copper-vessels, on account of the nitrous acid with which it is found to be impregnated. It is proper to lay before our readers what he says on this subject.

Nor is it at all improbable, that a solution of this metal in the nitrous acid sometimes finds admission into our food. The nitrous acid indeed is generally thought not to be (properly speaking) a native impregnation of springs, but at the same time it must be allowed, that it frequently finds admission into the water commonly used for dressing our victuals. There is great reason to think that it is produced under certain cir-

cumstances by putrefaction; and what greatly confirms this hypothesis is, that it is often found plentifully impregnating the spring waters in great cities, many of which are tainted with some putrid animal or vegetable matter. Dr. Heberden found this acid in the London pump-water in double at least, and sometimes in triple the proportion of either of the other two mineral acids, viz. the muriatic and vitriolic, which still were both in quantity sufficient to be discovered by chemical analysis. The danger of using copper vessels with such water will be very obvious, when we consider that this acid dissolves copper the most expeditiously and plentifully of any, and that the solution of it in this acid is the most acrid and stimulant of any with which we are acquainted. The caution before given relative to the danger of using copper vessels in the warming of medicines, hold at least equally strong with respect to the nitrous as the vitriolic acid.

The prevalence of the nitrous acid in the pump-water of London is so great as to discover itself to the taste, and turns meat red that is boiled in it. Tea likewise is, as I believe, generally made with spring water among the lower kinds of people, from a notion of its extracting the qualities of the tea more powerfully, which they imagine from the infusion being generally of a darker colour, which is owing to the effect of the fossil ingredients in the water, and not to the qualities of the tea itself being more fully extracted. If we consider how frequently this beverage is used by all ranks, that the tea kettles are generally made of copper, and often without tinning, and with their mouths so narrow as to be with difficulty cleaned on the inside, and that the spring water often used for making tea, especially in great towns, London particularly, is impregnated with many substances capable of dissolving it, and that this power is greatly assisted by a boiling heat, which is for the most part long continued, it will not seem improbable that copper may be introduced unsuspected in this manner, and that some of the effects usually attributed to tea may sometimes be in part owing to this cause. And this opinion is the more probable, as the same effects are produced by both of them, such as cholicky complaints, nausea, tremors, and paralytic disorders.

Dr. Falconer relates several experiments which he made with the view of ascertaining the impregnation of copper in various articles of diet, when boiled in vessels of that metal. We shall subjoin his remarks on fermented liquors, vinegar, and common salt, as being articles universally used.

Fermented liquors (whether from any acid generated in the vinous fermentation, or from part of the liquor having gone on to the acetous, is not certain) are observed to corrode copper. On this account we should be very cautious relative to the cocks by which



which wine and beer are drawn off, that they are kept as clean as possible, and not be suffered to remain longer in the wine casks than is necessary for bottling it. This caution is more especially necessary with respect to made wines, which are more acetous and imperfectly fermented; part of them being generally in a state of must, and part changed into vinegar, and more apt to corrode copper than the foreign wines. I suspect that an emetic quality, which I have several times observed in made wines, may sometimes be produced by some accident of this kind. For malt liquors which are drank out of the cask, I think the common wooden spigot and faucet much clearer and safer than brass cocks; and I think some contrivance of the same kind might be found out for wine, which is drank out of the cask; or perhaps some compound metal of tin and bismuth, which is not affected by the vegetable acid, might answer very well.

All the above cautions are applicable, in a greater degree, to vinegar, which corrodes copper very powerfully, and even quicker than the native acid, in my opinion; which should make us very cautious in what vessel it is boiled, as it is frequently done for pickles. The preparation of these is a matter of great consequence, as they are so much used, especially by those of higher rank. The fine blue and green colour, for which several of them are so much valued, has been esteemed by many a presumptive circumstance of their having gained some impregnation of this kind. As this fact is very material to be ascertained, I made the following experiments in order to determine it.

I took about an ounce of pickle from some cucumbers which were bought at a noted shop, and were remarkable for their colour in a high degree. It had a peculiar taste of the metallic kind, and smelt like the effluvia from copper that has been strongly rubbed, which was even so powerful as to produce a slight degree of nausea. Into this I put some bright iron wire, which in a short time was covered with a red rust, exactly resembling what iron acquires from a solution of copper in an acid. I tried the same experiment with some pickle of the same kind from cucumbers procured from another place, which were rather inferior in colour, but still shewed some, though less, signs of containing copper. Pickles, I have observed, which are prepared without any impregnation of this kind, are generally of a faint green, rather inclining to yellow; and I am persuaded that this colour, which is made so greatly a test of their goodness, is always owing to this cause.

It is a well-known maxim among house-keepers that pickles will never be green unless a copper or brass pan be used, and, if the desired colour be not obtained thus in sufficient degree, it is common, I am informed, to throw in a few halfpence afterwards,

which seldom fails to impart the tinge required. This is very probable when we consider that copper is more acted on by the vegetable acid in the cold, than when heated. I have examined some books of modern cookery, and find that, whenever a green or blue colour is desired, a brass, bell metal, or copper pan, is directed to be used. It is not improbable that this often happens when such an adulteration is neither designed nor suspected, from using distilled vinegar, which is often employed for these purposes, and is frequently impregnated with copper from the head of the still. Vinegar likewise dissolves the copper alloy in silver, and even the vapour that exhales from it when cold will have the same effect. On this account I think the tops of vinegar cruets are, improperly made of silver, as is now frequently the fashion. I have seen these acquire a thick coat of verdigrise on their inside, especially when they are made hollow with a narrow opening, so as to be with difficulty cleaned. This objection holds still stronger when the spout itself through which the vinegar is poured is made of silver.

Nor is less caution necessary with respect to common salt, which it is well known will corrode copper very powerfully. Several instances of the coppers, used in the navy, being greatly corroded, by boiling the salt provisions in them, and of the bad consequences thence accruing, are related in the second volume of the Medical Observations and Enquiries. Indeed, copper vessels are extremely improper for such uses, as being easily corroded by the muriatic acid; and as the attraction between copper and all the mineral acids is greatly increased by heat, Iron will answer all the purposes of copper for such uses, and if corroded, will not be of any ill consequences to the health of those who take it in.

The use of copper is extremely hazardous, in my opinion, in places where the water is saline, or brackish, as is frequently the case in places lying near the sea.

Common salt will likewise affect the copper alloy in silver. I have seen silver salt-sellers, in which the salt has been incautiously left, turned blue on their inside; and in several parts blue saline efflorescences projecting from the surface of the metal. On this account therefore the use of glasses, made to fit the inside of the silver salt-sellers, are very proper, and probably prevent many accidents which might happen from the copper being in this way mixed with our victuals.

From the great facility with which copper is dissolved in various menstrua, and from the effects it produces when taken into the body, great caution ought certainly to be observed in the using copper vessels for culinary purposes; and Dr. Falconer has performed a laudable service to the public, by endeavouring to excite their attention to a matter of so much importance to health.

11. *The following Anecdotes and characteristic Sketches of eminent Persons, will conclude our extracts from Lord Chesterfield's celebrated Letters to his Son.*

Lord AL—M—LE.

THIS Nobleman's good fortune and progress in the great world, are instanced as proofs of what may be done by address, manners, and graces only.

"What do you think (says Lord C.) made our friend, Lord Al—m—le, a colonel of a regiment of guards, governor of Virginia, groom of the stole, and ambassador to Paris, amounting in all to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year?—Was it his birth? No; a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his estate? No; he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities and application? You can answer these questions as easily, and as soon, as I can ask them. What was it then? Many people wondered, but I do not; for I know, and will tell you. It was his air, his address, his manners, and his graces. He pleased, and by pleasing became a favourite; and by becoming a favourite became all that he has been since. Show me any one instance, where intrinsic worth and merit, unassisted by exterior accomplishments, have raised any man so high."

Duke of NEWCASTLE.

In a letter addressed to Mr. Stanhope, then at Hanover, in 1752, Lord C. thus advises his son to get into the good graces of the Duke, then at the same place:

"Direct your principal battery, at Hanover, at the D— of N—'s: there are many very weak places in that citadel; where, with a very little skill, you cannot fail making a great impression. Ask for his orders, in every thing you do: talk Austrian and Antigallican to him; and, as soon as you are upon a foot of talking easily to him, tell him *en badinant*, that his skill and success in thirty or forty elections in England, leave you no reason to doubt of his carrying his election for Frankfort; and that you look upon the Archduke as his Member for the Empire. In his hours of festivity and commotation, drop, that he puts you in mind of what Sir William Temple says of the Pensionary de Wit; who, at that time, governed half Europe; that he appeared at balls, assemblies, and public places, as if he had nothing else to do, or to think of. When he talks to you upon foreign affairs, which he will often do, say, that you really cannot presume to give any opinion of your own upon those matters, looking upon yourself, at present, only as a postscript to the *corps diplomatique*; but that, if his Grace will be pleased to make you an additional volume to it, though but in *duodecimo*, you will do your best, that he shall neither be ashamed nor repent of it. He loves to have a favourite, and to open himself to that favourite; he

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has now no such person with him; the place is vacant, and if you have dexterity you may fill it. In one thing alone, do not humour him; I mean drinking; for as I believe you have never yet been drunk, you do not yourself know how you can bear your wine, and what a little too much of it may make you do or say: you might possibly kick down all you had done before."

In another place, speaking of the Duke's want of order, coolness, and method, in the dispatch of business, Lord C. observes, that "the hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business, but from his want of method in it." "Sir Robert Walpole (adds his Lordship) who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry, because he always did it with method." And our noble author adds this just reflection,—the head of a man who has business, and no method nor order, is properly that *radix indigestaque molei quæ dilatare solet*.

Sir WILLIAM Y\*\*\*.

This gentleman is brought in to exemplify Lord C.'s doctrine with respect to the power and effect of eloquence.

"Sir W— Y—, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thousandth part of your knowledge, has, by a glibness of tongue singly, raised himself successively to the best employments in the kingdom: he has been Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treasury, Secretary at War, and is now Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; and all this, with the most sullied, not to say blasted character.

Mr. PELHAM.

March the 8th, 1754.

"Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meant well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprising minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining ministers, like the sun, are apt to scorch, when they shine the brightest: in our constitution, I prefer the milder light of a less glaring minister.

PULTENEY, Lord BATH.

"The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the death and will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money, four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, & the Bradford estate, which he \* \*, is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his bro-

N

thes,

cher, General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The injuries he has left are triking, for, in truth, he cared for nobody; the words *give* and *bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother.

We have also, in one of these letters, a slight sketch of the late King of France; and a shrewd comment on the mysterious conduct of the celebrated Madame Maintenon.

#### LOUIS XV.

— attend particularly to the affairs of France; they grow serious, and, in my opinion, will grow more and more so every day. The King is despised, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about, so, he hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. His ministers are known to be, as disunited as incapable: he hesitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the ass in the fable, that starved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his mistresses to part with her, and too much afraid, for his soul, to enjoy her: jealous of the Parliaments, who would support his authority; and a devoted bigot to the Church, that would destroy it. The people are poor, consequently discontented: those who have religion, are divided in their notions of it; which is saying, that they hate one another. The Clergy never do forgive; much less will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them.

#### MADAME MAINTENON.

— I have read Madame Maintenon's letters; I am sure they are genuine, and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful lady; whom I am convinced, that I now know, much better than her *directeur* the Abbé de Fenelon (afterwards Archbishop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the 185th letter; and I know him the better too for that letter. The Abbé, tho' brimful of the divine love, had a great mind to be first Minister, and Cardinal, in order, *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at the time to Madame Maintenon, seemed to be a good step towards those views. — She put herself upon him for a faint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himself upon her for a faint too, which, I dare say, she did not believe; but both of them knew, that it was necessary for them to appear saints to Lewis XIV. who they were very sure was a bigot. It is to be presumed, nay, indeed it is plain by that 185th letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* some scruples of conscience, with relation to her commerce with the King; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only some scruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increase the desires of the King. The pious Abbé, frightened out of his wits left the King

should impute to the *directeur* any scruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the lady, writes her the above-mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not tease the King by advice and exhortations, but to have the utmost submission to his will; and, that she may not mistake the nature of that submission, he tells her, it is the same that Sarah had for Abraham; to which submission Isaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written a more seducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his penitente; who, I dare say, had no occasion for his good advice. Those who would justify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp, in this affair, must not attempt to do it, by saying, that the King and Madame Maintenon were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his *enigme*. This is absolutely impossible; for that private marriage must have removed all scruple between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, since it was kept private, and consequently prevented no public scandal. It is therefore extremely evident, that Madame Maintenon could not be married to the King, at the time when she scrupled granting, and when the *directeur* advised her to grant, those favours which Sarah with so much submission granted to Abraham; and what the *directeur* is pleased to call *le mystère de Dieu*, was most evidently a state of concubinage. The letters are very well worth your reading; they throw light upon many things of those times.

12. *The Country Justice, a poem. By one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Somerset. Part I. 4to. 2s. 6d.*

THE character of a country justice, like that of an alderman, or bookseller, has stood as a butt, for wits and witslings to shoot at, with the shafts of ridicule. But the times are changed. We have aldermen who possess as much wit as other folk; we have booksellers who can read; and we have conservators of the peace who can not only read but write: witness the pleasing piece of poetry now before us, published in honour of that order of magistracy of which the author declares himself to be a member; and addressed to the celebrated Dr. Burn, "by a truly affectionate Brother."

Our Somersetshire Bard opens with a retrospective view of the forlorn state of liberty and civil security; in this country, before the institution of justices of the peace, in the reign of Edward III. This most salutary and excellent 'appointment and its purposes,' are thus celebrated:

THE social laws from insult to protect,  
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;  
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,  
To smooth the bed of penury and gain;

The

The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,  
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;  
The thoughtless maiden, when subdu'd by  
Te aid, and bring her over to her hearth;  
Wild rose's voice with dignity to quell;  
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel;  
Wrest from revenge the meditated harm;  
For this fair Justice rais'd her sacred arm;  
For this the rural Magistrate, of yore,  
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.

The moral character of a country justice, such as that of every magistrate ought to be, is admirably drawn, in the following lines:

Thou' these fair valleys, stranger, hast thou stray'd,

By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade,  
And seen with honest, antiquated air,  
In the plain hall the Magist'ral chair?  
There Herbert sat—the love of human kind,  
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,  
In the free eye the featur'd soul display'd,  
Honour's strong beam, and Mercy's melting shade;

Justice, that, in the rigid paths of law,  
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain draw,

Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous tear,  
Ere his firm seal should force one Orphan's tear;

Fair Equity, and Reason scorning art,  
And all the sober virtues of the heart,—  
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail,  
Where statutes order; or where statutes fail.

The general motives for lenity in the exercise of the justice's office, are next laid down, and enforced with that energy and pathos which cannot fail of doing honour to the heart of the writer, as well as to his muse.

Be this, ye rural Magistrates, your plan:  
Firm be your Justice, but be friends to man.

He whom the mighty master of this ball,  
We fondly deem, or farcically call,  
To own the Patriarch's truth however loth,  
Holds but a mansion crush'd before the moth.

Frail in his genius, in his heart, too, frail,  
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,  
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,  
And give to life one human weakness more?

Still mark if vice or nature prompt the deed;  
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:  
On pressing want, or famine's powerful call,  
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.

His apology for vagrants is replete with benevolence, and comes farther recommended to us, by the additional charms of a flowing and elegant versification:

For him, who, lost to every hope of life,  
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,  
Known to no human love, no human care,  
The friendless, homeless object of despair;  
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,  
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.  
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought

Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;  
Believe with social mercy and with me,  
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore  
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;  
Who then no more by golden prospects led,  
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leasy bed;  
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her Soldier slain;  
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,  
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave the sad presage of his future years,  
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

We cannot resist the temptation to vilify the ingenious author of his declaration against that pernicious species of vagrants known by the name of Gypsies.

The Gypsy-race my pity rarely move  
Yet their strong thirst of Liberty I love.  
Not Wilkes, our freedom's holy martyr, more;  
Nor his firm Phalanx, of the common store.

For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,  
The sawny father with his offspring roves;  
When summer suns lead flow the sultry day,  
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,  
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,  
With this in ragged luxury they lie;  
Oft at the sun the dusky elfins strain  
The fable eye, then, struggling, sleep again;  
Oft, as the dew's of cooler evening fall,  
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

Far other cares that wandering mother  
wail,

The mouth, and oft the minister of fate!  
From her to hear, in evening's friendly shade,  
Of future fortune, flies the village maid,  
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold,  
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold.

But, ah! ye maids, beware the Gypsy's  
lures

She opens not the womb of time, but yours.  
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,  
Marian, whom Gay in sweetest strains has  
sung!

The parson's maid—fore cause had she to rage  
The Gypsy's tongue; the parson's daughter  
too.

Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to  
know

What Villain's spruce clerk, the Valley's  
Meant by those glances which at church he  
stole!

Her father nodding to the psalm's slow draw;  
Long had the sigh'd, at length a prophet  
came,

By many a sure prediction known to Fame:  
To Marian known, and all the told for true:  
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

Where, in the dawning morn, the moon's  
dim rays

Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horse chaise,  
Villaria sat, while faithful Marian brought  
The wayward prophet of the woe she sought.  
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,  
On either side, the crooked six-pence seek;

Twice were these hands withdrawn from either side.

To stop the titt'ring laugh, the blush to hide.  
The wayward prophet made no long delay,  
No novice she in Fortune's devious way!

' Ere yet, she cried, ten rolling months are  
o'er, [more.]

' Must ye be mothers; maids, at least, no  
' With you shall soon, O lady fair, prevail  
' A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.  
' To Marian, once of Colin Clout the scorn,  
' Shall Bumkin come, and Bumkinets be born."

Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd  
fore, [more;]

That ten short months had such events in  
But holding firm, what village-maids believe,  
That *bride with Fate is milking in a sieve*;  
To prove this prophet true, tho' to their cost,  
They justly thought no time was to be lost.

These foes to youth, that seek, with dangerous art,

To aid the native weakness of the heart;  
These miscreants, from thy harmless village drive,

As wasps felonious from the lab'ring hive.

We cannot take leave of the unknown author, without heartily thanking him for the pleasure he has given us in the perusal of this little though beautiful production; nor without expressing our hope that he will proceed in his laudable design, and completely finish the portrait of his worthy and amiable Country Justice. — *Monthly Review*.

13. *Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary in London, for part of the years 1773 and 1774. By John Cookley Lettson, M. D. F. R. and A. S. S.* 5s. bound.

THE General Dispensary is a most useful institution, designed not only for the relief of the poor at the Dispensary, but likewise at their own houses. It is kept in Aldergate-street, and is open for the reception of letters and patients every day at eleven o'clock, Sundays excepted. All who are recommended have the benefit of advice and medicines at the Dispensary; but no patients are to be visited at their own habitations, except those who reside within the city and liberties of London.

Dr. Lettson is one of the physicians appointed to attend the Dispensary, and he has favoured the public with the result of his observations during the last and part of the present year, under the title of *Memoirs of the General Dispensary*, as above.

The first section of these *Memoirs* contains *Observations on Fevers, with Symptoms of Putrefaction*. [13] For the Doctor's method of curing these fevers, see our last Miscellany, p. 22.]

SECT. II. *Speculations on Opium, with Cases and Reflections*.

Dr. Cullen, in his lectures on the *Materia Medica*, has introduced some distinctions

concerning the stimulant and sedative effects of opium. These ideas have been adopted by our Author, and he has endeavoured to point out, in what cases its stimulant, and in what its sedative powers are indicated.

### SECT. III. *Observations on a species of Leprosy.*

The *Lepra Ictiosa* of Sauvages is the species here intended; so called from its resembling the scales of a fish. Our author gives us three histories of this disease, in which the cure was effected by a decoction of the inner bark of the elm tree, after other very powerful remedies had been tried without success. This decoction has long been used in St. Thomas's, and some other of the London hospitals, in a variety of leprosy and other cutaneous affections. The formula used by Dr. Lettson, is the *Decoction ulmi Pharmacop. Noissem. Divi Thomæ*.

### SECT. IV. *A Defence of Inoculation.*

The most striking objection which has ever appeared against inoculation, is that of Dr. Raft of Lions. The objection is briefly this: "From a survey of the London bills of mortality for 42 years before inoculation commenced, and likewise for 42 years after this practice became general, it appears, that seventeen more burials in a thousand have been occasioned by the small-pox, since inoculation hath been generally adopted, than before." And consequently, that inoculation does more injury to the community by propagating the infection to many who might otherwise have escaped, than by conducting a few individuals more easily and safely thro' the disease.

Dr. Lettson endeavours to break the force of this objection, by suggesting, that the measles, and fevers in general, have gradually increased in fatality in nearly the same proportion with the small-pox. And he further remarks, that the spreading the infection, is rather to be attributed to the improved method of treating the accidental small-pox, than to inoculation.

### SECT. V. *Method of treating the confluent Small-Pox.*

The subject of this section is of a very serious nature. Dr. Lettson apprehends he has discovered, that mercury is an antidote to the variolous virus, and that it powerfully promotes suppuration in the confluent small-pox. It is certain that Boerhaave had a favourable opinion of mercury as a corrector of this particular virus\*. And Maitouin relates the case of a female who was under a course of mercury for several complaints, and had a mercurial plaister applied to the sacrum: she was at this time seized with the small-pox; her whole body was full, except the part to which the plaister had been applied, and here there was not a single pustule. On the

\* *Aphor.* 1892.

+ *Chem. Med. S. II.* p. 133.

the other hand, Gatti, Watſon, and many others have not found that thoſe who were prepared with mercurials had the diſeaſe at all more favourably, than thoſe who were prepared without. And it appears likewiſe, that when the ſmall-pox was epidemic at Edinburgh in the year 1733, the diſeaſe was fatal notwithſtanding the free uſe of mercurials].—And if we take Dr. Lettſom's caſes into the queſtion, we ſhall find them by no means concluſive in favour of mercury, either as a ſuppurative or an antidote.

*ſect. VI. Remarks on the Hooping-cough, King-cough, or Pertuſſis.*

Dr. Burton, of York, published his treatiſe on the non-naturals in the year 1738, and at the end has added an eſſay on the chin-cough.—The following was his method of cure in this diſeaſe: “I ordered, ſays he, a ſcruple of cantharides, and as much camphor, which when well mixed, I ordered to be mixed with three drachms of the extract of bark; of which mixture I gave the children eight or ten grains every third or fourth hour, according to the circumſtances of the caſes, in a ſpoonful of ſome ſimple water or julep, in which I had diſſolved a little balfam copaivi; the children's drink was emulſio communis, or the like. By following this method, I performed the cures very ſoon, ſome in five or ſix days.”

Mr. Sutcliff, of Settle in Yorkſhire, has for twenty years ſucceſſively adminiſtered Dr. Burton's medicine, with ſome little variation. He gives tincture of bark, tincture of cantharides, and elix. paregor. This compoſition was exhibited in ſmall quantities three or four times in a day; and the doſes gradually increaſed till a ſlight ſtrangury was produced; the doſe was then diminiſhed, or taken at more diſtant intervals.—“The whooping, ſays Mr. Sutcliff, generally ceases in three or four days, from the firſt exhibition of the medicine: ſometimes the paroxyſm recurs only once after the firſt doſe; but an expectorating cough frequently continues for a week or two afterwards.” This is doubtleſs a valuable diſcovery; and we are happy to find, that the experience of Dr. Burton and Mr. Sutcliff has been confirmed by a variety of caſes which have fallen under the care of Dr. Lettſom.—*Monthly Rev.*

† *Medical Eſſays, vol. III. p. 30.*

14. *An Enquiry into the Moving Powers employed in the Circulation of the Blood; in a Lecture delivered at Newcaſtle, the 28th of December, 1773, to a large Company of Gentlemen of the Faculty and others. By Andrew Wilſon, M. D. 11. 6d.*

THIS enquiry is divided into ſeven propoſitions, of which we ſhall give a general detail.

The firſt propoſition is, that the heart is not the fountain or origin of the motion of the animal fluids. According to this ingenious author, the circulation of the blood is

chiefly promoted by the fluids in the laſtes and abſorbent veſſels. But it is evident, that this hypotheſis does not account for the origin of the motion. For the circulation is carried on before any aliment has been received by the bowels, and the fluids muſt have been previously conveyed to the oriſices of the abſorbent veſſels before theſe return them to the large veins.

The ſecond propoſition is, that the blood, in being ſubjected to the contractions of the ventricles of the heart, acquires no quantity of motion that it was not poſſeſſed of before. In ſupport of this opinion, Dr. Wilſon argues, that as the heart tranſmits by its contractions no blood into the arteries, but what is received from the veins, ſo it cannot deliver it faſter, or with greater momentum. Our author even affirms, that the abſolute momentum of the blood moving in the vena cava and all the veins, is greater than the momentum with which it moves in the aorta and all the arteries. For, though the heart can deliver no blood to the arteries, but what it receives from the veins, yet the veins really receive as much reſiſtance to the motion of the blood in them, by every contraction of the auricles of the heart, as the arterial blood receives acceſſion of momentum by the contractions of the ventricles; excepting in ſo far as the muſcular vigour of the auricles and ventricles may differ from each other.

In the third propoſition it is affirmed, that the arterial motion of the fluids does not neceſſarily depend on the impulſes of the heart, but can be accompliſhed independent of any ſuch force. As examples in favour of this doctrine, the author mentions the circulation or progreſſive motion of the ſap in vegetables, which is conducted without any impulſe analogous to the action of the heart; the peculiar oeconomy of the liver; and the manner in which the blood is tranſmitted thro' the heart of the fœtus.

In the fourth propoſition the author endeavours to prove, that the muſcular power of the heart is not ſufficient to impreſs ſuch a momentum on the fluids as to carry them to the ultimate limits of the circulation. In the fifth, he maintains, that there are other powerful agents always acting in the animal oeconomy, which, by a mechanical neceſſity, influence the progreſſive motion of the blood, as well where the powers of the heart can be traced, as where they cannot poſſibly reach. Among theſe the author reckons a tendency to motion in the fluids themſelves. In the ſixth propoſition, he contends for the influence of another power, which he calls the principle of life; and in the ſeventh propoſition he declares himſelf of opinion, that both the primary and final intention of the agency of the heart in the animal oeconomy, muſt be ſomething very different from, and leſs obvious than, the ſupporting of the progreſſive motion of the blood.

Though the author of this enquiry has ſhewn

shewn just reasons for being dissatisfied with the common opinion respecting the power of the heart in conducting the circulation, yet it must be acknowledged, that of what he assigns as the causes of this motion, some are not sufficiently supported by the established principles of the animal economy, and others seem inadequate to the effect. On a subject of such importance, however, the exertion of so much ingenuity as Dr. Wilson here discovers deserves to be applauded; and though the hypothesis he endeavours to confirm, considered in all its parts, should not meet with numerous abettors among physiologists, even those who dissent from the author's doctrine will subscribe to the justness of his arguments against the validity of the received opinion with respect to the circulation of the blood.

*Critical Review.*

15. *The Graham; an Heroic Ballad. In Four Cantos. By Tho. Blacklock, D. D. 2s. 6d.*

THE subject of this poem is acknowledged to be entirely fictitious, and is well calculated to recommend the cordial union of South and North Britain, the moral which the author inculcates. This salutary admonition is delivered in the four last stanzas, which we shall quote as a specimen.

By sanguine proof, ye nations, taught  
What various ills from discord rise,  
Discord with all the curses fraught  
That earth can feel or hell devise;  
With sacred vigilance of thought,  
Your union cultivate and prize;  
Union, eternal source of joy,  
Which nought can lessen or destroy.

England! for industry and toil,  
Wisdom, and polish'd arts, renown'd,  
Whose happy clime and grateful soil  
Diffuse exhaustless plenty round;  
So from thy shores may foes recoil,  
Involved in shame, and grief profound,  
As thou behold'st with placid eyes  
Thy sister kingdom's glory rise.

Scotia! to earth's remotest verge,  
By each conspicuous virtue known,  
Whose glorious deeds, whose talents large,  
Enrich all climates but thy own!  
To him thy duty first discharge,  
From whose paternal hand alone  
Thy blessings, which no measure know,  
Thy freedom, wealth, and safety, flow.  
Nor let seductive pleasure's charms,  
From wisdom's ways thy soul allure,  
Nor quench thy generous thirst of arms,  
Nor all thy recent fame obscure:  
Thy breast, while noble ardour warms,  
For sacred faith, and virtue pure,  
Thy heaven and earth shall pass away,  
Thy glory ne'er shall feel decay.

*Poems, by Mr. Putter. 8vo. 3s. sewed.*

THE author of these poems is known to the literary world by a pretty descriptive piece called *Holkham*, the celebrated seat of Lord

Leicester; by *Kymber*, an encomium on the *Wodehouse family*, in the style and taste of Milton's *Lycidas*, and written with considerable spirit and enthusiasm; but, more particularly, by a beautiful farewell Hymn to the Country, in imitation of Spenser. With these poems, already published at different times, a few others of less character and consequence contribute to make up this volume.

*Monthly Rev.*

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**UNDRRESS.**—Blue frock, lappels, cuffs and collar the same; the collar to button to the lappels, lap over behind, white shalloon lining, buttons the same as the dress coat, gold embroidered button holes, as undermentioned, viz.—The Captains who have taken post three years or upwards, twelve holes in the lappels by threes, three in the flaps and three in the sleeves.—The Post Captains of less than three years standing, twelve holes in the lappels by twos; four holes on the flaps, and four in the sleeves, by twos.—For Commanders, twelve holes in the lappels, regular; three holes in the flaps and three in the sleeves.—Waistcoats and Breeches the same as for the dressed uniform.



## FLOWERS of PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

COLIN and SILVIA,  
A Pastoral Ballad.

[With an elegant ENGRAVING.]

THE noon-tide sun's resplendent beams  
His influence declare,  
And scarce a breeze refreshing moves  
To fan the vernal air.

Beneath a spreading beech reclin'd,  
Young Sylvia, with her swain,  
Beheld content the rural scene,  
Which mark'd the verdant plain.

To sportive innocence resign'd,  
Their flocks around them play;  
Soft wishes to the nymph impart,  
And make her bosom gay.

Love's softest notes—deluding them!  
The fleeting hours beguile;  
Enraptur'd Colin view'd success  
Imprinted on each smile.

Of late the youth his suit prefer'd,  
The maid as oft deny'd:  
A virgin's wishes rul'd her heart,  
Her tongue a virgin's pride.

Colin observ'd her eyes, and then  
Still unremitting strove;

'Twas there he saw, or else he thought  
He saw some signs of love.

"How sweetly, softly sing (he cries)  
"The birds on ev'ry tree!

"All nature smiles, but I have nought  
"But scorn and frowns from thee:

"Tho' smiles the earth, tho' sweetly sing  
"The birds on ev'ry tree,

"Yet nature frowns if I have not  
"Returns of love from thee.

"My offering is a faithful heart;  
"A richer can I make?

"If love can ask, can wish for more,  
"The richer offering take.

"These milk-white flocks, yon lowing  
herds,

"All, all I have is thine;

"Much more than these I should possess,  
"If Sylvia would be mine.

"Cease to be stubborn, cruel maid!  
"Hear and reward my truth!"

"Cease then to tease me, (she replied)  
"Colin, thou foolish youth.

"If nought but these complaining tales  
"We virgins hear from men,

"Th' better 'e'en to wed at once,  
"Than hear them o'er again."

TOASTS for the Month.

To TOLLIA.

IF I don't love you, MOLLY TOLL,  
With all my heart, with all my soul,  
Then, may this honest bumper be  
Fatal to Friendship, Truth, and Me!

To Mrs. VAUGHAN, of the Grove.

TO you sweet SAPPHO of the tuneful  
GROVE,  
To Genius sacred, and the Queen of Love,  
To you I fill the goblet to the brink,  
And Sapphic wit in brisk *Falernian* drink.  
Tho' *Phaon* turn'd on *Sappho* most unkind,  
The boy had lov'd you, had he not been  
blind!

You've all the genius of the Lesbian dame,  
With charms a thousand *Phaons* might inflame;  
Thus, while I drink, your virtues I rehearse,  
Queen of the Grove—and Goddess of my  
Verse.

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### V E R S E S

*Copied from the Window of an obscure Lodging-  
House in the Neighbourhood of London.*

STRANGER, whate'er thou art, whose  
restless mind,  
Like me, within these walls, is cribb'd, con-  
fin'd\*,

Learn how each want, that heaves our mu-  
tual sigh,

A woman's soft solitudes supply!  
From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,  
Or fly the circle of her magic arms;  
While souls exchanged alternate grace  
acquire,

And passions catch from passions glorious  
fire.

What tho' to deck this roof no arts com-  
bine,

Such forms as rival ev'ry Fair but mine;  
No nodding plumes our humble couch  
above,

Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;  
No silver lamp, with sculptur'd Cupids gay,  
O'er yielding Beauty pours its midnight rays:  
Yet Fanny's charms could Time's slow flight  
beguile,

Soothe ev'ry care, and make this dungeon  
smile;

In her, what Kings, what Saints have  
with'd, is given;

Her heart is Empire, and her love is Heaven!

\* *Macbeth.*

*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*



*Colin and Sylvia.*



## The FOX: AN ELEGIAC POEM,

*Sacred to the Memory of a late Right Honourable Personage.* 8vo. 1s. SNAGG.

THE conduct of the Right Hon. Personage, to whose memory this piece is devoted, has given an ample field for the abilities of our Author, who seems to have executed his task in a very masterly manner.—We find too often, that elegiac lays are either prostituted to the service of power, or made the instruments of private vengeance; in *one* instance bestowing unmerited praise, and in *another* magnifying the minutest foibles;—but here we find a happy medium, where neither interest nor malice guides the pen, and the character of the man is displayed in that light in which it has long been held by the people of this kingdom.—In reviewing the character of this once-distinguished Nobleman, the Author has omitted no particular that was worthy of attention; his *honesty*, and his *firminess* in his country's cause are there depicted; nor, in short, are any of those *amiable virtues* forgot, which so endeared him to his country.—In the following passages, perhaps, the Author is exceedingly great:

OFt has the thirst of gold so steel'd the heart,

To make it e'en rejoice at others' woe;  
Too soon from nature's social tie depart,  
And help a nation in her overthrow:

Tho' from each wound the vital currents run,  
And stain their fingers in the crimson flood;  
They smile to find, that while she is undone,  
They gain the profit of her richest blood.

SOME, whilst our troops with pious care pursue,

And fix their conquests on a foreign strand,  
Have robb'd the hardy vet'ran of his due,  
Hard earn'd by combat in a foreign land.

There are, again, who, careles of their trust;  
Pay no attention to the public good;  
Nor deem a robbery on her unjust,

Tho' thousands feel it in the want of food.

Ere long they'll feel the pangs of fell remorse,

And then, too late, recall their errors o'er;

Let such in H\*\*\*\*\* see fair virtue's force,  
By him resolve to act such scenes no more.

His HONEST heart ne'er knew the pow'r of  
guile,

CONSCIENCE with him directed ev'ry deed;  
At once the Son and Patriot of this isle,  
He'd sooner die than see his country bleed.

Draw near, ye future Ministers of State,  
And all ye AGENTS in a future war!  
If you would wish to stand sublimely great,  
To act like him be your peculiar care.

See his accounts in JUSTEST ORDER lie,  
APPROV'D and SETTLED to his master's  
Clear and perspicuous to the public eye, [will!  
They shew at once integrity and skill.

Well might the nation weep when he resign'd,  
And left, reluctant, England's future weal!

MISCEL. VOL. II,

Kings, Ministers, and Commons, all combin'd  
To mourn, when he his purpose did reveal.

OfT was he press'd the office to renew,  
As oft refus'd; like Cincinnatus fir'd,  
He went—but kept his country's good in  
view,

And to his old patrician fields retir'd.

He then describes the *good old man* in his retreat from the world, preparing for those blessings which "*ever wait on virtue.*" And his death, and the concern of his family, and his country, are mentioned in a very sensible and pathetic manner:

Soon the sad tidings reach the public ear,  
Melt in the eye, or murmur in the breast;  
Each bosom throbs with an unusual fear,  
And all the land is gen'rally distressed.

Where shall they find again so much desert,  
A mind so steady in his country's cause?  
Whene'er the call'd, so ready and alert  
To keep inviolate her sacred laws?

A dawn of hope breaks in upon their mind—  
His rising sons Britannia views with joy;  
And to their active genius resign'd,  
To cherish it becomes her chief employ.

The tributary tear is paid;—and now  
Let us pour out the measure of our praise;  
With pleasure to his gen'rous offspring bow,  
The joy and comfort of his latter days.

Like him in ev'ry act,—though not mature,  
Yet rip'ning on, and promising in time  
Within their breast each virtue to secure,  
That in their father's did so brightly shine.

That active zeal for Britain and her laws—  
That dread of indolence, and love of fame—  
That matchless vigilance in freedom's cause,  
The ELDEST holds, together with his name.

How frequent active has his little breast  
Dealt forth her eloquence to save the land!  
How vigil-like deny'd herself due rest,  
When slaves to pow'r 'gainst freedom made  
their stand!

For six long years he in the Senate *shone*,  
A patriot in the LOWER HOUSE approv'd;  
Like some great planet roll'd his orb alone,  
Alike admir'd, alike by all belov'd.

Now 'mongst the Peers and Patriots of this isle,  
Within the UPPER HOUSE he claims a seat;  
See Liberty pour forth her joy, and smile,  
To think how soon her foes will feel defeat.

Close at his heels his younger brother see,  
Of ev'ry darling virtue full possess!  
His father's ev'ry seed of honesty  
Is sown maturely in his pious breast.

So pure, so wise, and spotless is his mind,  
So free from perfidy, chicane, and noise;  
Search thro' the world, you'll scarce his equal  
find,

Who ev'ry hour, like him, to good employs.  
In vain Intemperance casts her luring smiles,  
He scarce has foibles,—and is FREE from  
vice;

His cautious soul avoids the harlot's wiles,  
In all his pleasures moderate and nice.

O

Averfe

*Averse to gaming,* and the wretched crew  
Who waste their time in basest arts and fraud,—

Who hapless inconsiderates pursue,  
And while they plunder, all their faults applaud.

After giving the characters of the two sons  
with whose fame the world resounds no less  
than with that of their father's) he thus concludes :

Thus far the Bard—when to his dazzl'd sight,  
In radiant majesty, lo ! TRUTH appears !  
Placing each object in its proper light,  
She fill'd his soul with jealousies and fears.

Mistaken man ! (in angry mood she spoke)

“ To let thy prejudice o'er reason sway !

“ Call in each fleeting passion to the yoke,

“ And let thy soul attentively obey.

“ Write down”—but ah ! the Muse declines  
the deed—

To own an error well becomes the wise ;

Mild CHARITY at ev'ry pore would bleed,  
Should I describe what pass'd before my  
eyes :—

Should I point out the pangs of fell despair,  
Which harden'd sinners on their death-bed  
feel, [care—

In vain their former lives seem'd free from  
Conscience is sharper than the pointed steel.

\*\*\*\*\*

### The F A R M E R.

O Happy he ! happiest of mortal men !  
Who far remov'd from slavery as from  
pride, [catch

Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to  
The gracious nothing of a great man's nod :

Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,

The purchase of his honour ; where deceit,

And fraud, and circumvention, dress'd in smiles,

Hold shameful commerce, and beneath the

Of friendship and sincerity, betray. [mask

Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,

Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,

Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye ;

Nor shining heaps of massy plate, unwrought

With curious, costly workmanship, allure.

Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of  
power,

Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines

Of grasping avarice, nor the poison'd sweets

Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot

With firmness on his own paternal fields,

And stands unshaken. There sweet pro-

pects rise

Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,

Green hills and dales, and cottages embow-

er'd,

The scenes of innocence, and calm delight.

There the wild melody of warbling birds,

And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring

springs,

Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind

From low pursuits, to meditate the God !

On Dr. TAYLOR's being made Oculist  
to their Majesties.

By the late Rev. Dr. DUNKIN.

THAT Fortune's blind, we plainly see,  
Or she had never fix'd on thee  
To serve the Royal Family.

Not Mercury, although a God,  
Could fend so many with his rod  
To darkness, and the land of Nod ;

As you have blinded through all nations,  
By caustics, pills, and fumigations,  
With other wicked preparations.

Enough to glut your bloody spleen,  
Of subjects have your victims been,  
And wo'nt you spare the King and Queen ?

“ Hold, Sir,” th' bold impostor cries,  
“ Both Kings and Queens, however wife,  
“ Still see with other people's eyes.”

\*\*\*\*\*

The MAN afflicted with the JAUNDICE.

A FABLE. Translated from the French.

WITH jaundic'd eye and yellow hue,  
A man a garden went to view ;  
Nor knew, when he the flow'rs survey'd,  
The malady which on him prey'd.

“ Look here, my friend, pray what dost  
think

“ Of this narcissus, that fine pink ?”

“ A yellow pink !—(the sick man cries)

“ Excites my wonder and surprize :

“ It gives me pleasure and delight

“ To gaze at such a wond'rous sight.

“ But—this narcissus !—strange, tho' true,

“ Is of the self-same colour too.”

His friend's astonishment is great,

To hear him talk at this strange rate.

“ And pray what think you of this rose,

“ Which blooms vermilion as it blows ?

“ Or of this lilly blooming by,

“ Whose dazzling whiteness strikes the eye ?

“ You cannot disagree with me,

“ In what thus plainly both may see ?”

He straitway answers—“ On my word,

“ That both are yellow, I accord :

“ Nor can I fail t' admire the order

“ Of all which blows in this same border,

“ Where not a single flow'r is seen,

“ Or white, or red, or pink, or green,—

“ Acknowledge, therefore—be sincere—

“ 'Tis yellow only blossoms here.”

Now, less astonish'd, he replies,

“ The fact is clear ;—let me advise—

“ The doctor see, engage his skill,

“ Believe me, friend, you're very ill.”

Thus when the passions, spite of sense,

Have spread their baneful influence,

We're like the sick man, whose disease

Can vary every thing with ease ;

In different lights we all things view,

And even Nature alter too.

To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.

SIRS,

MANY of your readers are well acquainted with the name of the late Rev. Mr. THOMAS BRADBURY. He shone greatly about the beginning of the present century, both as a wit and orator.—The following lines were composed by him, as I may say, extempore, and they have, I believe, never appeared in print. Should you think them worth printing in your Miscellany, they are at your service.—By way of introduction to them, your readers may be informed, that Dr. Wainwright, the person under mentioned, was a very eminent physician; he had been married many years without having a child, but at length, to his great joy, was blessed with a daughter. Mr. Bradbury, the first time he saw the Doctor, after this event, demanded *Beverage*, but the Doctor would have been excused, alledging, that considering his numerous acquaintance, he should find it too expensive, and might lay out all the money in *beverage*, which would be requisite for the support and education of the child. To set aside this objection, Mr. Bradbury told him he would give him a Receipt *in full*. The consequence was, they adjourned to a neighbouring tavern, and the following lines dropped spontaneous from the pen:

A RECEIPT given by the Rev. Tho. Bradbury to Dr. Jeremiah Wainwright, upon his paying Beverage on the Birth of his first Child.

THIS is to certify all whom  
It may concern, where'er it come,  
This 21st day of October,  
To keep the young demander sober,  
The year I cannot bring at large in;  
But it stands sneaking in the margin;  
On that same day the Doctor's wife  
Prepar'd to give forth a new life.  
Just after eight o'clock in th' morning,  
She gave the usual signs of warning,  
That all the house might busy themselves  
To call grave matrons and young damsels,  
That some thro' skill, and some thro' hope,  
Might help to hear the suff'rer up.  
Some few essays pass'd before dinner,  
But still the party grew no thinner:  
Meal time came on, with many a bit,  
But the right *pudding-time* not yet;  
'Till about four, as the folks deem all,  
She gave the world a little female.

'Tis not my work, as you'll discern,  
To write the praises of this *bairn*;  
That is a job for some great poet,  
That hath both head and heart to do it.  
Its head will fill a candle-cup,  
Its body's roll'd and bundled up;  
Its face (which will in time be winning)  
Is stuck fast in a heap of linen.  
But this is only skin and surface,  
To the main point we'll therefore pass,  
And write more fully to the purpose.

Be it known to ev'ry man that moves head  
That the year, month, and day abovesaid,  
The Doctor fully paid his due  
To three good honest men and true,  
So that to clear him of this debt,  
I have annexed a Receipt:

Receive'd of Jeremiah Wainwright,  
(I think I've hit the swinging name right)  
A moderate dose, as we could bear it,  
Of right, good, elevating claret;  
So that, to set things straight and plain,  
I sign him this release in grain,  
'Till *Hans en Celdre* comes again.

THO. BRADBURY.

### On FREEDOM.

FREEDOM's charms alike engage  
Blooming youth and hoary age;  
Time itself can ne'er destroy  
Freedom's pure and lasting joy:  
Love and Friendship never gave  
Half their blessings to the slave;  
None are happy but the free,—  
Bliss is born of Liberty.

### On FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is the joy of Reason,  
Dearer far than that of Love;  
Love but lasts a transient season,  
Friendship makes the bliss above.  
Who would lose the sacred pleasure  
Felt, when soul with soul unites!  
Other blessings have their measure,  
Friendship without bound delights.

### WHAT IS THAT TO YOU?

#### A favourite SCOTCH SONG.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd  
The live-long summer's day,  
'Till we were almost spoil'd,  
At making of the hay.  
Her kerchy was of holland clear,  
Tied on her bonny brow,  
I whisper'd something in her ear,  
But, what is that to you?  
Her stockings were of kersey green,  
As tight as any silk;  
O, sic a leg was never seen!  
Her skin was white as milk;  
Her hair was black as ane could wish,  
And sweet sweet was her mou';  
O, Jeany daintily can kiss!  
But, what is that to you?  
The rose and lily baith combine  
To make my Jeany fair;  
There is nae benefon like mine,  
I have amais nae care;  
But when another swain, my dear,  
Shall say, you're fair to view,  
Let Jeany whisper in his ear,  
"Pray, what is that to you?"



## A MAN in LOVE.

[By Lady M. W. Montague.]

THE man who feels the dear disease  
 Forgets himself, neglects to please :  
 The crowd avoids, and seeks the groves,  
 And much he thinks, when much he loves ;  
 Press'd with alternate hope and fear,  
 Sighs in her absence, sighs when she is near.  
 The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,  
 Those trifles pass unseen along ;  
 To him a pert, insipid throng. }  
 But most he shuns the vain coquet ;  
 Contemns her false affected wit :  
 The minstrel's sound, the flowing bowl,  
 Oppress and hurt the am'rous soul ;  
 'Tis solitude alone can please,  
 And give some intervals of ease :  
 He feeds the soft distemper there,  
 And fondly courts the distant fair ;  
 To balls the silent shade prefers,  
 And hates all other charms but her's.  
 When thus your absent swain can do,  
 Molly, you may believe him true.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 The BEAUTY of WHITNEY.

Written in April, 1774.

WHO can go to Whitney, and not deign  
 to call  
 And look at the beauty of old *Staple Hall* ?  
 Where proctors and students from Oxford  
 repair,  
 To gaze on her charms and her classical hair.  
 When first I beheld her, surpriz'd I withdrew,  
 For sure I'm too old for a beauty so new ;  
 Yet wherever I turn'd, still I found on each  
 glass,  
 Some scholar had scribbled a verse to this lass.  
 How shall I prevail on so classic a theme,  
 Or attempt, rapid Isis, to flow with thy stream,  
 When through the whole country there's yet  
 scarce a wall,  
 But shines to the beauty of old *Staple Hall* ?  
 Had Dan Chaucer beheld her, the primitive  
 bard,  
 Her charms had attracted the poet's regard ;  
 Nay Rosamond Clifford had peep'd from her  
 bower,  
 With envy, and star'd on this beautiful flower.  
 Be gone all my fears—it is beauty that leads,  
 And beauty will snatch from a hermit his  
 beads ;  
 'Tis beauty's my star, and sweet Alcey's my  
 strain, [swain.  
 And I challenge each college to sing like her  
 Of Hebe and Helen no more I'll be told,  
 They can't be so handsome, because they're  
 so old ;  
 She's fair as the blossom that's nurs'd by the  
 sun, [undone.  
 Which may ripen to fruit, or by blights be  
 Can she be undone whom I venture to praise,  
 The bloom of her race, and the pride of her  
 days ?  
 At her frown, if she frowns, ev'ry satyr shall  
 fall, [H. II.  
 While her smiles shall fix virtue at old *Staple*

Upon seeing Mr. TAYLOR's Pictures of BATH,  
 and hearing a Connoisseur swear that " they  
 were finely painted for a Gentleman."

[Written by D. GARRICK, Esq.]

TELL me the meaning, you who can,  
 Of " finely painted for a gentleman ?"  
 Is *Genius*, rarest gift of heaven,  
 To the hir'd Artist only given ?  
 Or, like the Catholic salvation,  
 Pal'd in for any class or station ?  
 Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,  
 Which works, and as it works, is paid ?  
 Is there no skill to build, invent,  
 Unless inspir'd by five per Cent. ?  
 And shalt thou, TAYLOR, paint in vain,  
 Unless impell'd by hopes of gain ?  
 Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,  
 That *Claude Lorraine* may yield to thee.

\*\*\*\*\*

## A PIOUS REFLECTION.

*Ab Jove principium, Musæ : Jovis omnia plena ;  
 Ille colit Terras.*—

LET Epicures their giddy schemes advance,  
 Religion scorn, and make a God of  
 Chance ;  
 Let Fate, eternal, fill the Stoic's breast,  
 That bane of pleasure, and of truth the pest ;  
 Let erring Sophists Providence deny ;  
 The wond'ring vulgar Gods unnumber'd spy ;  
 Let Egypt's sons the crocodile adore,  
 And artful priests delight in mystic lore ;  
 Let Western climes, a wild untutor'd race,  
 Invoke the rising sun, with prostrate face ;  
 Let ancient Britons fancied rites devise,  
 And paint their skins the colour of the skies ;  
 Let modern witslings sceptic dreams invent,  
 Abusing pow'rs, for nobler purpose lent ;—  
 I see a God confes'd in Nature's frame ;  
 A God of glory earth and heaven proclaim.  
 Essence divine ! A spirit wise and pure !  
 His power unequal'd, and his promise sure,  
 Infinite love throughout creation shines ;  
 Eternal mercy grav'd in sacred lines.  
 I fear a God, who gave to Nature birth ;  
 Heav'd the huge mountains, stubborn ribs of  
 earth ;  
 With pastures deck'd the humble vale below,  
 And taught the Ocean where his waves should  
 flow.  
 The sportive lambs that dance on yonder hill,  
 The drowsy murmurs of the falling rill,  
 The milky herds, that rove along the plain,  
 The scaly forms that gambol in the main,  
 The fleecy clouds, that float the dapp'd sky,  
 The feather'd swarms, that thro' the azure  
 fly,  
 Declare the Godhead to the list'ning ear,  
 In flame my love, and raise my holy fear.  
 Oh ! may that power, of ev'ry pow'r supreme,  
 Illume my footsteps with a heav'nly beam !  
 Conduct me safe thro' life's uncertain day,  
 And gild the evening with a glorious ray !  
 Then will I praise him to my latest breath,  
 And with his honours, when I sink in death ;  
 In future worlds the joyful theme pursue,  
 And rise to rapture, when I wake anew.

On GOOD HUMOUR.

[By the late Lord LYTTETLTON.]

**T**ELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this  
Which all admire, but few, too few  
possess?

A virtue 'tis to antient maids unknown,  
And prudes, who spy all faults except their  
own.

Lov'd and defended by the brave and wife,  
Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.  
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,  
What is the thing in which you most excell?  
Hard is the question, for in all you please,  
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;  
Secur'd by this your parts no envy move,  
For none can envy him, whom all must love.  
This magic pow'r can make e'en folly please,  
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,  
And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE underwritten lines are copied from the  
original Will of the late Nathaniel Lloyd,  
Esq; who died a few weeks since at his  
seat at Twickenham, in Middlesex.

**W**HAT I am going to bequeath,  
When this frail part submits to death;  
But still I hope the spark divine  
With its congenial stars will shine:  
My good executors, fulfil,  
I pray ye, fairly, my last will,  
With first and second codicil!

And first I give to dear Lord Hinton,  
At Twyford school now, not at Winton,  
One hundred guineas for a ring,  
Or some such memorandum thing;  
And truly much I should have blunder'd,  
Had I not given another hundred  
To Vere, Earl Poulet's second son,  
Who dearly loves a little fun.

Unto my nephew, Robert Longdon,  
Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done;  
Tho' civil law he loves to hush,  
I give two hundred pounds in cash.

One hundred pounds to my niece, Tudor,  
(With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her)  
And to her children, just among 'em,  
A hundred more; and not to wrong 'em,  
In equal shares I freely give it,  
Not doubting but they will receive it.

To Sally Crouch, and Mary Lee,  
If they with Lady Poulet be,  
Because they round the year did dwell  
In Twick'nham-house, and serv'd full well,  
When Lord and Lady both did stray  
Over the hills and far away;  
The first ten pounds, the other twenty;  
And, girls, I hope that will content ye.

In seventeen hundred sixty-nine,  
This with my hand I write and sign;  
The sixteenth day of fair October,  
In merry mood, but sound and sober;  
Past my threescore and fifteenth year,  
With spirits gay and conscience clear,

Joyous and frolicsome, tho' old,  
And like this day, serene but cold.  
To foes well wishing, and to friends most  
kind,  
In perfect charity with all mankind.

\*\*\*\*\*

On HAPPINESS.

**O** Happiness! where's thy resort?  
Amidst the splendor of a court!  
Or dost thou more delight to dwell  
With humble hermit in his cell,  
In search of truth? Or dost thou rove  
Thro' Plato's academic grove?  
Or else, with Epicurus gay,  
Laugh at the farces mortals play?  
Or with the Graces, dost thou lead  
The sportive dance along the mead?  
Or in Bellona's bloody car,  
Exult amidst the scenes of war?  
No more I'll search, no more I'll mind thee,  
Fair fugitive;—I cannot find thee!

\*\*\*\*\*

A S O N G.

**W**HILE beauty and pleasure are now in  
their prime,  
And folly and fashion expect our whole time;  
Ah! let not these phantoms our wishes en-  
gage, [age,  
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in  
Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us a  
while, [guile,  
Yet let not their flatt'ry our prudence be-  
Let us covet those charms that will never  
decay,  
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.  
How the tints of the rose, and the jasmine's  
perfume, [bloom,  
The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay  
Tho' fair, and tho' fragrant, unheeded may lie,  
For that neither is sweet when Florella is by.  
I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,  
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and  
health;  
Then richer than kings, and as happy as they,  
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away,  
When age shall steal on me, and youth is no  
more, [my door,  
And the moralist, Time, shakes his glass at  
What charm in lost beauty or wealth shall I  
find, [mind,  
My treasure, my wealth, is a sweet peace of  
That peace I'll preserve, then, as free as 'twas  
giv'n,  
And taste in my bosom an earnest of heav'n;  
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold  
scene,  
And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.  
And when long I the burthen of life shall  
have borne, [corn,  
And death, with his sickle, shall cut the ripe  
Reign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,  
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down  
and die.



## Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn, Stocks, &amp;c.

## MARRIED.

**THE** Right Hon. Lord Viscount Grimston, to Miss Walter, only daughter of Edward Walter, Esq; of Stalbridge in Dorsetshire, and member for Milbourn Port, Somerset.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carrick, to Miss Taylor, daughter of Edward Taylor, Esq; late of Akeating in Ireland.

Thomas Wharton, Esq; commissioner of excise, in Scotland, to the Right Hon. Lady Sophia Duff, sister to the Earl of Fife.

Sir John Fielding, Knight, to Miss Sedgley, of Brompton.

Thomas Fletcher, Esq; of Monmouth, to Miss Graves, daughter of the late Morgan Graves, Esq; of Mickleton, Gloucestershire.

The Rev. Mr. Henry Vaughan, vicar of Devenock, to Miss Parry, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Gregory Parry, of Llandeivialog in Breconshire.

Arthur Owen, Esq; captain of a company in the 3d regiment of guards, and second son of Sir William Owen, of Orielton, Bart. to Miss Thurstby, daughter of the late John Hervey Thurstby, Esq; of Abington in Northamptonshire.

James Dutton, Esq; eldest son of James Lennox Dutton, of Shireborne in Gloucestershire, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Coke, youngest daughter of Wenman Coke, Esq; member for Derby.

At Shirecoats in Nottinghamshire, \*\*\*\* Folljambe, Esq; of Aldwick in Yorkshire, to Miss Mary Thoinagh, daughter of John Hewet, Esq; member for Nottinghamshire, and niece to Sir George Savile, with a fortune of 70,000l.

At Bromyard in Herefordshire, Mr. Samuel Perkins, aged 80, to Miss Esther Perkins, aged 20.

At the Quaker's meeting-house in Alton, Charles Heath, of Andover, an eminent brewer, to Elizabeth Blofe, of Alton.

Mr. Fugion, of the Bank, to Miss Sparshot, of Southampton.

William Hufsey, Esq; of King-street, St. James's, brother to Lord Beaulieu, to Miss Byrne, daughter of Alderman Byrne, of Dublin.

The Rev. Mr. Steward, chaplain of Romford in Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Meredith, daughter of Richard Meredith, Esq.

James Clayton, Esq; late of Chichester in Sussex, to Miss Penn, only daughter of the late Hon. Richard Penn, Esq; one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania, and sister to the Hon. John Penn, Esq; one of the present proprietors, a lady of great merit, with a fortune of 30,000l.

William Hafel, Esq; eldest son of Edward Hafel, Esq; of Daleman, in Cumberland, to Miss Gaikeith, of Penrith.

At Rosebank, near Port-Glasgow, Dr. James Carmichael, to Miss Eleanora Ross.

At Barnwood near Gloucester, the Rev. Mr. Jones, minister of Norton, to Miss Heveningham.

Dr. James Williamson, professor of mathematics at Glasgow, to Miss Kitty Sutherland, daughter of the late John Sutherland, Esq; of Forfe.

The Rev. Mr. Bowden, rector of Cuxham, to Miss Goodenough, of Carswell, Berks.

The Rev. Mr. Bowen, fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, to Miss Conway, daughter of Michael Wilkins Conway, Esq; deputy-master of the Trinity-house.

Capt. Smith, of the Houghton East-India man, to Miss Sarah Summer, daughter of the late Provost of King's-College, Cambridge.

Capt. Ross, of the 20th regiment, to Miss Wharton, of Hackney.

At Chilsworth in Suffolk, Lieut. Col. Ainslie, of Elliot's light dragoons, to Miss Ann Sharpe, second daughter of Samuel Sharpe, Esq; of Bath.

At Malmesbury Abbey, Mr. Wm. Chamberlain, one of the burgesses of that town, to Mrs. Reeves. Their ages together make upwards of 152.

Mr. John Cridland, attorney, to Miss Wright, of Melverton, Somerset.

Dr. Wright, one of the physicians of the Bristol Infirmary, to Miss Ames, daughter of Mr. Ames, an alderman of that city.

At Headley Park, Hants, Walter Blunt, Esq; brother of Sir Charles Blunt, Bart. to Miss Gatehouse, only daughter of Sir Thomas Gatehouse.

Mr. Collins, clothier, of Witney, Oxon, to Mrs. Betty Collins, relict of the late Mr. Richard Collins, attorney, of Bath.

John Dutton Colt, Esq; of Leominster, to Miss Langley.

At the Quaker's-meeting, Mr. Tucker, haberdasher, to Miss Champion, sister to Mr. Richard Champion, merchant, of Bristol.

## DIED.

At Holland house, near Kensington, the Right Hon. Caroline, Lady Holland, Lady of the late Lord Holland. She was created Baroness Holland, in her own right May 6, 1762.

The Right Hon. Percy Wyndham O'Brien, Earl of Thomond in Ireland, Knight of the most noble order of the garter, and member for Winchelsea. He was second son of the late well known Sir William Wyndham, Bart. and uncle to the present Earl of Egremont. His Lordship's title is extinct.

At Scarborough, the Right Hon. John Lord Monson, a Baronet, L. L. D. and a vice president of the Lock hospital. He is succeeded in title and estate by his son, now abroad.

At the German Spa, Edward Hugh Boscawen, Esq; son of the late Admiral, nephew to Lord Falmouth, brother-in-law to the Duke of Beaufort, and member for Truro in Cornwall.

At his seat in Somersetshire, Edward Berkeley, Esq; a near relation to the late Lord Berkeley. By his death an estate of near 1000l. a year devolves to the Lady of Mr. Baron Buryland.

At his brother's house in Bristol, George Weston, Esq; of Berkeley in Gloucestershire.

The Rev. Mr. Walker, many years master of the Grammar school at Eaglescliff in Yorkshire.

In his 63th year, Wm. Cogan, Esq; an alderman of Hull.

In the Fleet prison, Lieut. Gen. Gansell, of the 55th regiment of foot.

In the Rules of the King's Bench, Mr. Tho. Percifall, who had been more than 30 years a prisoner there at the suit of the Crown.  
 At Chelmsford, Nathaniel Rogers, Esq.  
 In Upper Grosvenor-street, Cha. Field, Esq.  
 Aged 65, at his country seat near Liverpool, John Knight, Esq.  
 James Golding, D. D. of the University of Dublin.  
 Charles Wade, Esq; deputy comptroller of the Custom-house.  
 Mr. Carter, banker, opposite the Mansion-house.  
 The Hon. Sampson Wood, Esq; of Barbadoes.  
 Sir Henry Banks, an alderman of London.  
 Capt. George Haley, of the 1st reg. of foot.  
 Capt. Smithson, of the Britannia, in the African trade.  
 Mr. Samuel Hesse, a West-India merchant.  
 Mr. H. Jones, surgeon, of Bradford, Wilts.  
 Suddenly, at the preaching-house in Leeds, in the 67th year of his age, John Nelson, a preacher among the people called methodists.  
 Henry Williams, Esq; one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Radnorshire.  
 At Beverley, aged 74, Colonel Legard.  
 In Staples Inn, Charles Beaumont, Esq.  
 James Matthews, Esq; of Walthamstow, late an eminent Turkey merchant.  
 In the 82d year of his age, Robert Nettleton, Esq; governor of the Russia company.  
 On his return from the Hot Wells, Mr. Joseph Furnell, cheese-factor, of Newbury.  
 At Castle-Combe, Wilts, Mrs. Scrope, relict of the late Gorges Scrope, Esq.  
 Of a paralytic stroke, Miss Sarah Farley, of Bristol, who for many years conducted, with great credit, one of the Bristol Journals.  
 The Lady of Captain Dumaresq, of Southampton.  
 At Overton, Wilts, Oliver Calley, Esq.  
 Mr. Sutton, an eminent clothier of Devizes.  
 At Bath, Cornelius Norton, Esq; late of Wallingford, Berks.  
 At Sherborne, in his 82d year, John Hutchins, Esq; many years one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Dorsetshire.  
 Rev. Mr. Heaton, rector of Minchinhampton in Gloucestershire.  
 The Rev. Mr. Langdon; vicar of Mudford, Somerset.  
 At Bearton, Bucks, Mrs. Esther Stanton, lacewoman, who acquired about 1200l. in trade, which she left among the poor people who worked for her.  
 At Greenwich hospital, Lieut. George Grant, in the 75th year of his age.  
 At Boulogne in France, Edmund Bull, Esq.  
 Suddenly, the Rev. Mr. Hill, rector of Weston under Penyard in Herefordshire.  
 John Harvey, Esq; at his seat at Horkesley in Essex.  
 At Edinburgh, Wm. Mackenzie, of Balma-duthy, Esq; advocate, one of the commissaries of Edinburgh, and sheriff of Ross-shire.  
 Richard Lloyd, Esq; sealer to the Court of Chancery.  
 Suddenly, in the 63d year of his age, at his seat at Maperton in Dorset, Richard Broderip, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that county.  
 At Dunstable in Bedfordshire, Mrs. Prudence Hudson, aged 107; she spun for her living, and expired at her wheel.

At Swainfwick, in his 71st year, John Gunning, Esq.  
 The Rev. Mr. Morgan Powell, vicar of West Baham, &c. in Norfolk. He preached twice on the day preceding his death.  
 In the 74th year of his age, William Moody, Esq; of Wilton, near Salisbury.  
 The Rev. Mr. Ewings, rector of Feniton in Devonshire.  
 George Riddell, A. B. of Trinity college, Cambridge.  
 William Kelynge, Esq; one of his Majesty's justices for Middlesex.  
 Henry Shepherd, Esq; formerly a captain in the dragoon guards.  
 Aged 58, Mr. Joshua Jenour, printer of the Daily Advertiser.  
 Mr. Whittlebury, lately arrived from Philadelphia, one of the people called quakers, and an eminent speaker in that persuasion.  
 By a fall from his horse, Lieut. Col. Peter Campbell, of the 25th regiment of foot.  
 At Newcastle, the Rev. F. Chalmers, D. D.  
 George Green, Esq; aged 70, formerly a solicitor of great practice in Clement's Inn.  
 The Rev. Mr. Gough, vicar of Thorpe in Essex.  
 At Mildenhall in Suffolk, the Rev. James Ralph, A. M. rector of Fitz in Shropshire.  
 At Hemenhall in Norfolk, aged 78, the Rev. Joseph Parsons, M. A. 50 years vicar of that parish, and 49 years vicar of Beddingham.  
 The Rev. Samuel Smyther, late of North Petherton in Somersetshire.  
 At his seat at Dothill in Shropshire, Brook Forester, Esq.  
 At Arbury, near Coventry, Sophia, the Lady of Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart.  
 At his seat at Rhwlefs in Merionethshire, William Price, Esq; who employed a life extended to 85 years, in the constant exercise of charity, benevolence, and hospitality.  
 The Right Hon. the Lady Napier, at Lord Napier's house in the abbey of Holyrood-house in Edinburgh.  
 In the 85th year of his age, George Daubeny, Esq; of Caundel-Bishop in Dorsetshire, who was high sheriff for that county in 1729.  
 Sampson Furnall, Esq; a West-India merchant, in Great St. Helen's, formerly a member of the assembly-house at Barbadoes.  
 Mr. John Carpenter, postmaster, and senior alderman of Launceston.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Mr. Allanson, to a prebend in the Collegiate church of Ripon.  
 Rev. Mr. Wall, to the rectory of St. Margaret's in Canterbury.  
 Rev. Benjamin Blayney, B. D. to the rectory of Brinkworth in Wilts, vacant by the death of the late Rev. Mr. James Sparrow.  
 Rev. Mr. Story, to the living of St. Michael Coslany in Norwich, and Great Melton, near that city.  
 Rev. Mr. Whitley Heald, to the rectory of Northrepps in Norfolk.  
 Rev. William Nelson, to the rectory of Helgay in Norfolk.  
 Rev. Wm. Hopkins, to the rectory of Fittes, otherwise Fitz in Shropshire.  
 Rev. Mr. Ashby, B. D. and F. S. A. president of St. John's college, Cambridge, to the rectory of Barrow in Suffolk.

Rev. Mr. Warren, M. A. to the rectory of Romney in Kent.  
 Rev. George Marriott, to the rectory of Alphanthton in Essex.  
 Rev. Mr. Portal, M. A. vicar of St. Helen's in Abingdon, to be head master of Roy's free grammar school there.  
 Rev. Andrew Grant, to the rectory of Trof-ton in Suffolk.  
 Rev. Mr. Deafon, minor canon of Durham, to the rectory of Fordwick in Kent.  
 Rev. William Billingham, to the vicarage of Wenhamton in Suffolk.  
 Rev. Robert Campbell, M. A. to the vicarage of Much Marcle in Herefordshire.  
 Richard Palmer, Clerk, B. A. to the vicarage of Wigmore in Herefordshire.  
 Rev. Samuel Dennis, president of St. John's college, Oxford, to the degree of Doctor in Divinity.  
 Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Caulk, to the valuable rectory of Breadfall in Derbyshire.  
 Rev. Wm. Oldham, to the vicarage of Bun-gay Trinity in Suffolk.  
 Rev. James Parsons, to the rectory of Lar-ling, otherwise Larlingford in Norfolk.  
 Rev. Mr. Morgan, curate to the late Rev. Mr. Tindall, to the living of Chelmsford in Essex.  
 Cambridge, July 3. Tuesday last being Com-mencement-day, the following gentlemen were created in the several degrees hereafter mentioned:  
 Doctors in Divinity, 6. Dr. Gould, of Bene't-college, Dr. Bickham, of Emanuel, Dr. Woollaston, of Queen's college, Dr. Mar-rjot, of Pembroke-hall, Dr. Wigley, of Christ college, and Dr. Reycraft, of Ca-tharine-hall.  
 Doctor of Physic, 1. Dr. Rawlinson, of Queen's college.  
 Bachelors in Divinity, 6. Messrs. Ferris, Shepherd, Beresford, and Hutton, of St. John's college; Mr. Gould, of Clare-hall; and Mr. Yates, of Catharine-hall.  
 Colonel Fanning, of New York, to the hono-rary degree of LL. D.; and Mr. William Burlen, A. M. and Mr. George Osbaldis-ton, A. M. of St. John's college, ad eundem, in the University of Oxford.

#### CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

George Hayley, Esq; to be Alderman of Cordwainer's ward.  
 Capt. Edward Foy, of the Artillery, to be Lieutenant governor of New Hampshire in America.  
 Ensigning reg. dragoons, Lieutenant George Bernard, captain. Thomas Gore, lieu-t. John Baker, cornet.  
 1st reg. foot, 2d battalion, John Hill, major.  
 1st reg. foot, \*\*\*\* Roberts, ensign.  
 25th reg. foot, Alexander Rigby, lieutenant-colonel. Edmund Robinson, major. Wm. Price, capt. lieutenant. Joseph Stringer, lieutenant. \*\*\*\* Agnew, ensign.  
 26th reg. foot, Sewel Maunsell, lieu-t. James Douglas, ensign.  
 22d reg. foot, James Rigg, ensign.  
 Surgeon's Mate Andrew Anderson, to be sur-geon to the hospital at Dominica, vice John Boon, who returns to half-pay.  
 John Larpent, jun. Esq; to be a groom of his Majesty's privy-chamber.

From the London Gazette, July 30.

#### AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From July 18, to July 23, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.  
 s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

London 6 2 | 3 6 | 3 4 | 2 3 | 3 4

#### COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex	7 0			3 6	2 8	3 10
Surry	6 11	3 4			2 7	4 6
Hertford	7 4			3 10	2 6	4 3
Bedford	7 5	4 2	3 11		2 6	4 0
Cambridge	6 3	3 1			2 3	3 0
Huntingdon	6 11			3 5	2 4	3 9
Northampt.	7 7	5 2	4 0		2 4	4 2
Rutland	7 3			4 9	2 4	4 0
Leicester	7 8	5 4	4 9		2 5	4 1
Nottingham	7 0	5 0	4 6		2 5	4 3
Derby	7 10				2 9	4 4
Stafford	7 7	5 4			2 9	4 7
Salop	7 7	6 0	4 1		2 8	5 4
Hereford	7 6				2 11	
Worcester	8 0	5 4	5 2		3 0	4 8
Warwick	7 2				2 7	4 11
Glocester	7 4				2 4	4 8
Wiltshire	7 1		3 1		2 5	4 7
Berks	6 10		3 5		2 6	3 9
Oxford	7 5		3 8		2 7	4 2
Bucks	7 3		4 0		2 10	4 1

#### COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	6 5	3 6	3 5	2 4	3 6
Suffolk	6 1	3 0	3 3	2 2	3 1
Norfolk	6 2		2 10	2 4	3 2
Lincoln	6 10	4 1	3 9	2 3	3 9
York	7 2	5 4		2 6	3 8
Durham	6 9	4 6	3 4	2 8	4 1
Northum.	6 1	4 2	3 2	2 4	3 9
Cumberland	7 3	4 8	4 2	2 9	4 8
Westmorel.	8 3	5 3	4 2	2 9	3 9
Lancashire	7 9		3 3	2 6	4 2
Cheshire	8 0	6 1	4 11	2 9	
Monmouth	7 8		4 4	2 6	4 0
Somerset	7 2			2 3	4 0
Devon	6 5		3 1	1 9	
Cornwall	6 6		3 4	1 11	
Dorset	6 10		3 0	2 4	4 7
Hampshire	6 5		3 2	2 4	4 0
Suffex	6 0		2 10	2 3	3 6
Kent	6 5		3 9	2 3	3 2

From July 11, to July 16, 1774.

#### W A L E S.

North Wales	6 7	5 1	4 1	2 0	4 5
South Wales	6 5	5 5	3 6	1 9	3 9

#### Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.	5 8	3 9	2 10	2 5	3 2	2 5
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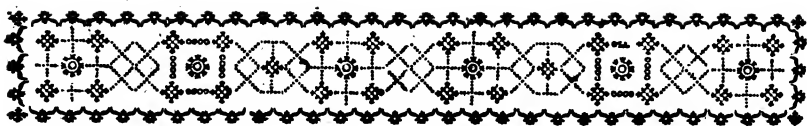
Published by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

#### PRICE of STOCKS, Aug. 9.

Bank stock, 143  $\frac{7}{8}$ . 4 per cent. conf. 52  $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
 3 1-half per cent. 1758, 89  $\frac{3}{4}$ . 3 per cent. conf. 88  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Ditto red. 88  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Ditto 1726, —. Long Ann. 25  $\frac{1}{2}$ . South Sea stock, —. 3 per cent. old ann. 87  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Ditto new ann. 86  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Ditto ann. 81  $\frac{1}{2}$ . India stock, 143  $\frac{1}{2}$ . India Bonds, 52 a 53 prem. Navy bills,  $\frac{7}{8}$  disc. Tickets, 131. cs. cd.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. Stock-Brokers.  
 At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Halborn.



T H E  
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,  
F O R  
S E P T E M B E R, 1774.

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The SCRIBBLER, Number X.

Of all the causes that conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

**T**HE above motto grac'd the head of a few sensible observations on Pride, sent me last week by an unknown friend, whose aim, he tells me, is to rescue an acquaintance from falling a victim to this destructive passion. But *Pride*, he observes, is not the vice of him alone; and as many likenesses may be found to the picture he has drawn, I the more willingly publish it, thinking myself honoured, at the same time, with the assistance of a writer who has *some good end in view*.

OBSERVATIONS ON PRIDE.

By G. P. S.

**T**HERE is not a foible human nature is subject to, so prevalent, or universal, as that of Pride; and its powerful influence, in spite of every effort made use of to conceal it, will, on the most transient reflection, appear to be the source of all our actions.

There is something in the quality of Pride, so congenial with the depravity of the human mind, as cannot fail to allure: 'tis like the voice of flattery; it throws a veil over the understanding, and too often meets with the approbation of the heart; or rather, 'tis the veil itself, without which

flattery would inevitably be detected, and appear naked and unadorned, in all its deformity.

If we consider with serious attention the original source from whence this prevailing passion flows, it will be found to arise from the great opinion we enjoy of our own accomplishments---however superficial they may be in reality---in contradistinction to the imperfections we think are conspicuous in others: the human understanding being so defective, as from a motive of vanity, to be ready on all occasions to listen to the flattering voice of self-approbation; making us view our own supposed perfections as in a concave mirror, which greatly enlargeth the object; whilst blinded by self-importance we behold the merits of another, as in a convex one, diminishing their value, so as to make them almost imperceptible.

To examine minutely the innumerable ways by which Pride operates on the mind, requires more time, and greater abilities, than the writer can conveniently spare, or boast of being possessed of; they being as various as the ideas of mankind are different from each other; for what one man pursues with the greatest avidity, and fixeth as the standard of true wisdom, another will despise and treat with the utmost contempt; following with the like

P eagerness,

eagerness, and paying the same adoration to something perhaps equally as trivial, and of as little importance, tho' diametrically opposite. Thus the penurious Miser, devoutly worshipping the god Plutus, hugs himself in the possession of his locked-up wealth, however infamous the means by which he has acquired them; heartily despising all those whose worldly acquisitions are inferior to his own, as persons devoid of merit, for not employing the whole of their time and attention in the amassing of riches, which he foolishly imagines to be the most valuable of all acquisitions: Whilst the Votary of Pleasure, despising the character of the Miser, vauntingly boasting of his more generous disposition, regardless of a future day, neglecting the present opportunity, and stimulated by a Pride equally as absurd, often profusely squanders away those possessions, which by a necessary economy would have supported him in his declining age, and rendered him respected and esteemed by that community, to which, in the evening of his days, he frequently becomes burthensome.

Pride, in fact, is so general a passion, that the whole human race, of every age, rank, or sex, in some degree or other, feels the effect of its prevailing influence, tho' it is not always so glaringly discovered in some persons as in others; for it as frequently, if not oftener, conceals itself under the mask of Humility, as it stalks forth in its proper habiliments, arrayed in self-importance, and clad in all the splendor of the gorgeous East.

To attempt an investigation of Pride, in all its variety of forms, would be an arrogance to assume, as might with propriety expose me to the suspicion of being strongly attached to that vice myself; I shall therefore conclude this Essay with a description of one species of it, that seems very common amongst us, known by the name of *Family Pride*; which seems to be as pernicious to its votaries, and equally as ridiculous, as any amongst the numerous class; by wholly engaging their attention in the pursuit of imaginary grandeur, making them neglect that more important concern of life---the improvement of the mind---by which alone true greatness can be attained.

And as a youth whom I greatly esteem, (who is a constant reader of your useful and entertaining Miscellany) is much addicted to this kind of Pride, I shall humbly endeavour to expose the folly of it, by drawing a small sketch of his Portrait, under the fictitious name of *Trifle*; not

doubting but he will have penetration enough to discover who is meant by so striking a likeness; and am in great hopes he will endeavour to profit by the hint.

Mr. Trifle is a young gentleman of a tolerable good capacity, and capable of improving it to almost any degree of perfection. His present situation in life, tho' not very advantageous in pecuniary circumstances, yet is such as might excite envy in many other respects, being engaged as a Clerk in a very considerable counting-house, where, by a diligent application, he may have an opportunity of acquiring an universal knowledge, both practical and theoretical, of trade and commerce: but sorry am I to observe, that instead of endeavouring to obtain the qualifications necessary to become great himself, he disregards the means, and is contented with boasting of the dignity of his ancestors, the greatness of his present connexions, and the gentility of his acquaintance---being so ignorant of the world, as vainly to imagine that all who speak but commonly complaisant, are upon the most friendly terms with him. In his common conversation he talks as familiarly of my Lord A. or Lady B. as if they were his intimate associates; and should the name of any young lady of fortune and family by chance be mentioned in his presence, should he fail in endeavouring to trace an affinity of blood, he declares he knows her well---has drank tea with her several times---she likes him much---she is dottingly fond of him---he can marry her any day in the week. These are his common expressions; and he has used himself to such kind of language so long, that to intimate the least diffidence of the truth of his assertions, would be affronting in the highest degree.

As the above Picture bears the resemblance of many others, I shall, therefore, to prevent Mr. Trifle's passing carelessly over it, without duly attending to it, add an Anecdote, by way of colouring the Piece---which being founded on fact, and very recent, may call forth his attention, and point out the person it was intended to represent.

Not long ago, as a gentleman of the most exalted merit, (in the opinion of Mr. Trifle) was walking on a principal road at the East end of the town, he joined company with two young Ladies; with one of which he before had some slight acquaintance, the other quite a stranger to him. This adventure was sufficient matter of conversation for him for several days; and he seemed to express himself

himself with rapture on the perfections of the latter, always concluding by observing, that she had 10,000*l.* in her own hands, and that he was so great a favourite, he was well assured she would think herself happy was he to pay his respects to her; which he would not have hesitated about, had he not, on further enquiry, found a deficiency of 7000*l.* in her supposed fortune; the remainder of which, tho' 3000*l.* he looked upon as inadequate to his merit and deserving (the whole of his own Patrimony); however, upon more mature deliberation, being much enamoured with the Lady, he was fully resolved to honour the fond fair with his affection, and as she was unfortunately gone out of town, proposed signifying his intentions to her in writing. Whether he did humble himself so much or not, I am yet ignorant; but if the affirmative took place, in all probability his epistle was to the following effect:

DEAR MISS,

WHEN I had the honour of walking with you a few evenings ago, your agreeable manner and behaviour made so great an impression on me, that I was determined, if on enquiry I found your for-

tune equal to my expectations, to pay my most profound respects to you; and notwithstanding my hopes in some measure have been defeated, by hearing that the whole of your possessions amount to no more than 3000*l.* (which, for a person of my great merit, and personal qualifications, your good sense will allow is so trifling as not to be worth notice) yet upon mature reflection, and meditating on your matchless perfections, disregarding any pecuniary emolument, I thus condescend to offer you my most humble respects; not doubting but your prudence will induce you to pay that proper acknowledgment to my generous proposal, as the greatness of the honour conferred on you demands; and hope, nay, am vain enough, from a knowledge of your wisdom, to be confident, that your answer will be a ready compliance with my desires; and therefore insist upon your immediately appointing some day within a fortnight for my waiting upon you to the Altar of Hymen; which will much oblige,

Dear Madam,

Your most respectful Lover,

J— T—

## A Genuine LETTER from a GENIUS of the FIRST RANK,

Who has kindly condescended to write a PUFF for this MISCELLANY.

SO then, Gents,---it's a Medal, is it, which you allot monthly to the writer who produces you the best penn'd Essay? More prompted by necessity than ambition, I am going to take aim at this distinguishing mark of your approbation; which I hope is of greater than mere honorary value; for my intention is to dispose of it as money to procure me for one while an extra refreshment of small beer daily, during my aerial lucubrations, as they may truly be stiled---for my residence, and the seat of my labours, is a Garret.

But, first, I have great news to tell you. The celebrated Junius himself is my neighbour, and occupies an apartment adjoining to, and upon the same floor with mine. Our joint labours have frequently co-operated for the public good; and we are at this very time, in conjunction, preparing a thundering letter---*To the worthy and independent Gentle-*

*men, Clergy, and Freeholders, of all the Counties in England---*on the subject of the ensuing General Election; wherein, amongst other matters, we mean to represent to them the folly, and even madness, of selling their votes, or perjuring themselves---*unless they can be very well paid for it.* And also, how improbable it is to suppose, that the necessary supplies for the advantage of *individuals*, should be voted for so strenuously by those of our Representatives, who are not inspired with a single wish---*for a share in their appropriation---*as those others, who---*receiving---distribute them again* liberally amongst us at Elections.

However, as this Address will shortly come forth, (and perhaps thro' the channel of your Miscellany) I shall conclude all further mention of it now, by just modestly announcing to you, that both my language and my wit will appear throughout the whole so greatly to eclipse Ju-

P 2

nus's,

nitus's, as to be easily discernible. My wit will be brilliant and dazzling indeed! and my style so nervous and majestic, as to make the ears of all that hear it read to tingle! Yet tho' I am so abundantly superior to my fellow-labourer in this business, I believe that (out of my extreme modesty) I shall quietly permit him to affix his own signature.

What a terrible disaster! My long digression has caused me to lose sight of the subject that I meant now in an *especial* manner to treat on, which was one of very great importance: and should it not again occur to me, the world will sustain an irreparable loss. Let me consider---mankind may rejoice, for I have got my matter once more in view---nay, have overtaken it; and lest a thing so volatile and difficult to retain should once again escape me, or totally evaporate, I shall haste to lay it before your readers in form and manner following; to wit---  
*To whomsoever these presents shall come, greeting:*

The EDITOR'S ADDRESS to the PUBLIC.  
*(Being a species of Puff, with which most periodical works, in their infancy, abound.)*

"We are firmly persuaded ourselves, and would persuade the whole world if

we could---that our MISCELLANY is the only one that ever appeared worthy of Public Patronage; inasmuch as we have had from the first, and shall continue to have for correspondents, a constant succession of rare and unparallel'd Geniuses; who spring up out of the ground like mushrooms, and furnish us with an inexhaustible supply in every species of wit and knowledge; to both of which articles, as well in ourselves as in others, we have (as plainly appears in our Miscellany) an exclusive and clear title.

In short, our Publication, as well as a Repository---may justly be term'd a Complete System of Human Learning,---and we will roundly assert, that a person in a single year's produce thereof, may find the sum of all that now lies dispersed throughout innumerable volumes and languages over the face of the whole earth.

If any one should refuse to admit this assertion in its fullest latitude, none can deny its truth who cherish the wise maxim, That the sum of all human learning is nothing---which (comparatively speaking at least) is the case."

Signed (for the EDITORS)

A J A X.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF

The PEOPLE, called QUAKERS;  
 Their DOCTRINES and DISCIPLINE.

A Religious Society began to be distinguished by this Name in England, where it first took its rise, about the middle of the last century.

In treating of this people, we shall deviate from the generality of those who have mentioned them in their writings; by exhibiting the account they give of themselves, without making ourselves answerable for their principles or practices.

William Sewel, a Dutchman, published in the year 1717 the history of this people. He was one of their own persuasion; a man of learning; and known to the public by his "Dictionary of the Dutch and English languages." He had access to all their records; corresponded with the most eminent; lived at the time when the facts he recorded were recent; and we have not heard that any part of his history has been controverted; and as we are informed, from good autho-

rity, that it has been published with the approbation of the quakers, we may therefore consider it as an authentic history of their rise, progress, and principal opinions.

George Fox (for whose birth and parentage see page 6 of Sewel's history, &c.) was the first of these people. He was of a grave, sedate turn, even from his infancy; always averse to the follies of youth; and desirous of nothing so much as to be preserved in innocence and simplicity.---He was early remarked as an example in these respects; and of inflexible integrity. When a youth, he was desirous, above all things, to please God; and cautiously avoided every thing, that either scripture, or the dictates of his own conscience, taught him to believe was *offensive*.---As he grew up, this disposition increased: it cost him much anxiety, and much distress.---But at length he was satisfied, in respect to many

many doubts he had admitted; and gained much experience by the things he had suffered.—This enabled him to instruct others: and about the year 1647, we find him travelling through several counties in England, seeking out such as had any religious tenderness, and exciting the enquiries of several concerning him.—Many embraced his opinions: and, indeed, he seems to have roused the public mind, as much as ever any individual did in those counties for the time, and under such circumstances. A man of low birth, without literature, merely by the sanctity of his life, and the simplicity of his doctrines, to have collected from all professions, and most ranks, men of character, fortune, and understanding, and embodied them as a religious society; to have instituted one of the best concerted plans of *civil discipline*; is a circumstance most true, and not unworthy the disquisitions of the ablest philosophers.

The name of *Quaker* was affixed to this people early, by way of reproach.---In their assemblies it sometimes happened that some were so struck with the remembrance of their *past follies*, and forgetfulness of their *condition*; others so deeply affected with a sense of God's *mercies* to them; that they actually *trembled and quaked*.---The nickname so suited the vulgar taste, that it soon became general. *Friends*, or the *Friends of Truth*, was the name they were commonly known by to *one another*: but the epithet abovementioned was stamped upon them by their adversaries, and perhaps indelibly.

The following abstract from the propositions of our countryman the eminent Barclay, will perhaps exhibit as clear a summary of their opinions, as can well be comprised within our present limits:

1. The height of all *happiness* is placed in the true knowledge of God.

2. The *true* knowledge of God is alone to be obtained by the revelation of the *spirit* of God.

3. The revelation of the *spirit* of God to the Saints has produced the scriptures of *truth*.

4. From whence it appears that mankind in general is *fallen and degenerated*.

5. That God, out of his infinite love, has offered *universal redemption* by *Christ*; who tasted death for *every man*.

6. That there is an evangelical and *saving light* and *grace* in all.

7. That in as many as *resist* not this

light, but *receive* the same, in them are produced holiness, righteousness, purity, and the fruits which are acceptable to God:

8. Even so, as to arrive at a state of *freedom* from actual sinning and transgressing the law of God.

9. Yet with a *possibility* of sinning.

10. That as all true knowledge in things spiritual is received by the *Spirit* of God; so by it every *true* Minister of the Gospel is *ordained* and *prepared* for the Ministry: and as they have *freely received*, so are they *freely to give*.

11. That the true *worship* of God is in *Spirit* and in *Truth*; not limited to *place* or *time*; nor subject to the intervention of any *person*; but is to be performed under the moving of the *Holy Spirit* in our *hearts*; yet without derogating from the necessity and utility of Public United worship; in which their sufferings and constancy have been remarkable.

12. That *Baptism* is a *pure and spiritual* thing; the baptism of the *Spirit* and of *Fire*.

13. That the communion of the *body* and *blood* of Christ is *inward and spiritual*.

14. That it is not lawful for any human authority to force the *consciences* of others, on account of difference in *worship* or *opinion*; except such opinions tend to the *prejudice* of one's neighbour in his life or estate, or are inconsistent with human society.

15. That as the end of Religion is to redeem man from the *spirit* of this *world*, and to lead into inward communion with God; therefore all vain customs and habits are to be rejected, which tend to *divert* the mind from a sense of the fear of God, and that evangelical spirit wherewith Christians ought to be leavened.

Such are the sentiments of this People, as proposed to the public by their Apologist: who has largely commented on these topics, in a work that has passed through no less than eight editions in English, and has been printed in most of the modern languages.

Their particularities of address, language, and behaviour; their declining the use of arms; their refusing to pay tithes, or contribute to the support of Ministers (as such) in any shape; likewise their refusing to swear or take an oath on any occasion whatever, have subjected them to much obloquy, and many grievous sufferings. On what *principles*, and by what *arguments*, they vindicate themselves from the objections raised against them by their adversaries, may be seen in this



this elaborate performance. Government has, however, in many instances, extended to this People great indulgences; convinced, no doubt, that their professions of conscientious scruples were sincere; and that nothing dangerous to society could be apprehended from a People, who disclaimed the use of arms both offensive and defensive.

The oeconomy of this society likewise deserves our notice. It appears by their history, that soon after the preaching of George Fox had drawn together in many parts of England considerable bodies of people professing the same opinions, he found it expedient, for their better government, to establish regular meetings for discipline. The following is, as nearly as we can collect, the Plan that is established amongst them:

Where there are any Quakers, they meet together once a month, to consider of the necessities of their poor, and to provide for their relief; to hear and determine complaints arising from among themselves; to enquire into the conversation of their respective members in regard to morality, and conformity to their religious sentiments; to allow the passing of marriages; and to enjoin a strict regard to the peace and good order of the society, the proper education of their young people, and a general attention to the Principles and Practices of their Profession.

In every country where there are Monthly Meetings, a meeting of the like kind, and for similar purposes, is held every Quarter. This meeting consists of Deputies sent from the several monthly meetings; who are charged with answers in writing, to queries proposed to them respecting the good order of the society. At these meetings appeals are received, in case of any disputes; and differences settled, if possible. Advices are given, as occasions offer; and assistances afforded to any of the monthly meetings, in case of a larger proportion of the poor, or any similar expences. As there are Quakers in most parts of England, there are few counties which have not these quarterly meetings: and from these are deputed four, six, or eight of their members once a year, to attend their annual assembly at London.

The annual assembly is commonly held in Whitsun week; not from any superstitious reference, as they say, to the effusion of the Holy Ghost at the time of Pentecost; but merely as it is a season most

convenient to the Body. At this anniversary meeting, consisting of members deputed from every quarterly meeting, and a number of the most judicious of their persuasion in London, (selected for the purpose of acting on all emergencies for the good of the society) accounts are received of the state of the society in every part of the world where it exists. The Deputies bring with them accounts, signed by the respective Quarterly Meetings, informing the Yearly Meeting if any disunion appears; if there is any neglect in the religious education of their youth; if the poor are well provided for; if they keep to their testimony against paying Tithes, and bearing of Arms; if they pay the King his duties, customs, and excise; and forbear to deal in goods suspected to be *run*. Appeals are there received, and finally determined; propositions received and considered; and rules formed on particular emergencies. And, lastly, such advices are sent to the subordinate meetings, as the particular or general state of the society requires.

Perhaps this is the only society in the world, that have allowed any share in the management of their affairs to the Female Sex; which they do upon the principle, that "Male and Female are all ONE in Christ." Accordingly we find them in every department of their institution. They have women preachers; for whom the celebrated Mr. Locke has made an excellent apology. These have also their meetings for discipline; in which the like care is taken with regard to the Female youth, and the good order of their sex, as is done by the Men in respect to their own. And when we reflect what a number of individuals of both sexes are kept in good order by the police of this society, how few of them are brought into courts of justice as delinquents, how peaceable their behaviour, and how exemplary their conduct; we cannot but think their principles deserve a more accurate examination than has hitherto been attempted; owing, perhaps, to the vulgar prejudices circulated against them.

We shall close this article with observing, that, according to the best of our information, neither their Ministers, nor those who have the principal care of the society, enjoy any pecuniary emoluments or advantages. A few clerks, only, receive salaries for keeping their records: so that, perhaps, there is not a religious society now existing, where **PRINCIPLES** have greater

greater influence in promoting the ends of their institution.

It is remarkable, that all the settlements of the Europeans in America, except the Quakers in Pennsylvania, "were made by force of arms," with very little regard to any prior title of the natives. The Kings of Spain, Portugal, France, and England, together with the States of Holland (then the only maritime powers) gave grants of such parts of America as their people could lay hold on; studying only to avoid interfering with their European neighbours. But Mr. Penn, being a Quaker, did not think his powers from King Charles II. a sufficient title to the country, since called Pennsylvania. He therefore assembled the Sachems, or

Princes, then in that country, and purchased from them the extent of land that he wanted.

The government of this country is mostly in the hands of Quakers; who never have any quarrels with the natives. When they desire to extend their settlements, they purchase new lands of the Sachems; never taking any thing from them by force. How unlike is this conduct to that of the Spaniards! who murdered millions of the natives of Mexico, Terra Firma, Peru, Chili, &c.! The barbarities used to the poor Indians, in conquering their country, and forcing them to discover their gold, are a reproach to Human Nature.

AN ACCOUNT OF

The SOCIETY of DUNKERS;  
A RELIGIOUS SECT, in NORTH-AMERICA.

**T**HERE is in North-America a religious sect of Christians, called DUNKERS, whose peculiarities have excited the attention of the public in that part of the globe. As they differ entirely from any society we have here, the following description, which may be depended on, cannot but be pleasing to our readers.

The village of Ephrata, or Dunkerstown, is situated on a beautiful little river, in a most romantic vale. This village and the adjoining lands are possessed by a religious sect called Dunkers, whose principles and manners are very singular: they are for the most part Germans. Their name, I am told, is taken from their mode of baptizing their converts, which is by dipping them in a river, as the Anabaptists do among us. Certain it is, that they took their rise in that place about 50 years ago, and did not, as a sect, emigrate from any other country. Their society, however, at present, seems to be upon the decline, not exceeding one hundred members, though they have been heretofore more numerous. Both men and women are dressed in white linen for the summer, and woollen for the winter season. Their habit is a kind of long coat or tunic, reaching down to their heels, having a sash or girdle round their waist, and a cap or hood hanging from the shoulders, not unlike the dress of the Dominican friars. The men do not shave the head or beard. They are,

in general, industrious, chearful, and extremely sagacious.

The men and women have separate habitations, and distinct governments: for these purposes they have created two large wooden buildings, one of which is occupied by the brethren, the other by the sisters of the society; and in each of them there is a banquetting room, and an apartment for public worship; for the men and women do not meet together, even at their devotions. The rest of the building is divided into a great number of small closets, or rather cells, each affording just room enough to accommodate one person. They live chiefly upon roots and other vegetables, the ruler of their society not allowing flesh except upon particular occasions, when they hold what they call a *love feast*; at which time the brethren and sisters dine together in a large apartment, and eat mutton, but no other meat. No member of the society is allowed a bed, but in case of sickness. In each of their little cells they have a bench fixed to serve the purpose of a bed, and a small block of wood for a pillow. The Dunkers allow of no intercourse betwixt the brethren and sisters, not even marriage; nevertheless, there are some that have ventured upon the conjugal state. The married persons, however, are no longer considered in full communion, or suffered to live under the same roof, no, nor in the same village with the unmarried, but are obliged

to remove to a place about a mile distant, called *Mount Zion*. They continue indeed to wear the habit, and in other respects are deemed members of the society. The principal tenet of the Dunkers is,---that future happiness is only to be obtained by penance and outward mortifications in this life. Nay, they go so far as to admit of works of supererogation, and declare that a man may do much more than he is in justice or equity obliged to do; nay, that his superabundant works may therefore be applied to the salvation of others.

Besides the two large buildings above mentioned, the Dunkers have several smaller ones, chiefly for the purpose of manufactories. They carry on several branches of business with great skill and industry. They have a convenient oil mill, paper mill, and printing press. They make parchment, tan leather, and manufacture linen and woollen cloth, more than sufficient to serve their own society. The sisters are ingenious at making wax tapers, curious paper lanterns, and various kinds of pasteboard boxes, which they sell to strangers who come to visit them. They likewise amuse themselves with writing favourite texts of scripture in large letters, curiously ornamented with flowers and foliage: these seem to be rather works of patience than of genius. Several of them are framed and hung up to decorate their place of worship. I shall remark but one thing more. We were invited into the sisters chapel, and they, ranging themselves in order, began to sing one of their devout hymns.---The music had little or no air or melody, but consisted of simple long notes, combined in the richest harmony. The counter, treble, tenor and bass, were all sung by women, with sweet, shrill and small voices, but with a truth and exactness in the time and intonation that was admirable. It is impossible to describe my feelings upon this occasion. The performers sat with their heads reclined, their countenances solemn and dejected, their faces pale and emaciated (from their manner of living) their clothing exceedingly white and picturesque, and their music such as thrill'd to the very soul.---I almost began to think myself in the world of spirits, and that the objects before me were ethereal; in short, the impression this scene made upon my mind continued strong for many days, and I believe will never be wholly obliterated.

*The following VERSES were sent from a young Gentleman at Philadelphia, to the Principal of the society of DUNKERS at Ephrata.*

TH' Eternal God from his exalted throne  
Surveys at once earth, heav'n, and worlds unknown:

ALL THINGS THAT ARE before his piercing eye

Like the plain tracings of a picture lie;  
Unutter'd thoughts, deep in the heart conceal'd,  
In strong expression stand to him reveal'd:  
Thousands and twice ten thousands every day  
To him or feign'd or real homage pay:  
Like clouds of incense rolling to the skies,  
In various forms their supplications rise:  
Their various forms to him no access gain,  
Without the heart's true incense, all are vain;  
The suppliants secret motives there appear  
The genuine source of every offer'd prayer.

Some place RELIGION on a throne superb,  
And deck with jewels her resplendant garb;  
Painting and sculpture all their powers display,  
And lofty tapers shed a lambent ray.  
High on the full-ton'd organ's swelling sound,  
The pleasing anthem floats serenely round;  
Harmonic strains their thrilling powers combine,  
And lift the soul to extacy divine.

In Ephrata's deep gloom you fix your seat,  
And seek RELIGION in the dark retreat;  
In fable weeds you dress the heav'n-born maid,  
And place her pensive in the lonely shade;  
Recluse, unsocial, you your hours employ,  
And, fearful, banish every harmless joy.

Each may admire and use their fav'rite form,  
If heav'n's own flame their glowing bosoms warm.

If love divine of God and man be there,  
The deep-felt want that forms the ardent prayer,

The grateful sense of blessings freely giv'n,  
The boon, unsought, unmerited of heav'n,  
'Tis true devotion---and the Lord of love,  
Such prayers and praises kindly will approve.  
Whether from golden altars they arise,  
And wrapt in sound and incense reach the skies;  
Or from your Ephrata, so meek, so low,  
In soft and silent aspirations flow.

Oh! let the Christian bless that glorious day,  
When outward forms shall all be done away,  
When we, in spirit and in truth alone,  
Shall bend, O God! before thy awful throne;  
And then our purer worship shalt approve  
By sweet returns of everlasting love.

LOVE



*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*



*Love and Generosity.*

For the MISCELLANY,  
**LOVE AND GENEROSITY;**  
 A TALE, founded on FACT.  
 (With an ELEGANT ENGRAVING.)

**I**N the neighbourhood of \*\*\*\*, in the county of Essex, there is a small but fertile manor, which had for ages been in the possession of the family of the B——s; but the last possessor having got rather too far into what is called *polite life*, and having frequented the places of public resort till his finances became nearly exhausted, he was reduced to the necessity of disposing of his estate, and the manor was purchased by Mr. Warner, a young gentleman of large fortune, and possessor of every requisite for adding to the felicity of mankind.

He had seen so much of the world, as made him no way inclined to follow the general pursuits of men.—The noisy scenes of riot and dissipation, which Oxford, as well as every other seminary produces, had driven him from thence with some kind of disgust: London was not more agreeable than Oxford had been; and thus he was in a manner *compelled* to take a retreat in the country, where he might live contented with himself, and in harmony with those around him. To this he was the more easily induced, by a fondness for rural pleasures; and it was a frequent amusement to him, at his new residence, to ride around his enclosures, and observe and encourage the labours of his servants. In harvest time he was a constant companion in the field, and took much delight in attending to the different operations of getting in the corn. He practised at the sickle, he bound up the sheaves, and was in fact rather a partaker than a superintendent of their labours.

One afternoon, during the first harvest of his being there, Mr. Warner observed a young woman about eighteen coming in at the gate of the field, with a little basket in her hand. He went to meet her, imagining her business was with him; and as they came near each other, he was astonished with the beauty of her person, and the modesty of her behaviour. She blushed, and dropped a profound curtsy, and when he enquired her errand, she told him that her father was in the field, to whom she was going to carry some refreshment.

“And pray, my dear, (said he) who is your father?”

MISCELL. VOL. II.

“Goodman Jones, Sir, (replied the blushing maid.) He was once a servant of Mr. B——, and afterwards made shift to purchase the house and land that he had rented: but he has been unfortunate in the world, and is now reduced to work for other folks.”

Many other questions followed, in answer to which Mr. Warner learnt, that Jones had once possessed lands to the value of 200*l.* a year, but that losses and misfortunes by fire, water, and other accidents, had fallen heavily upon him, and obliged him to take up with a little cot on the side of Mr. Warner's manor.

They then proceeded towards the reapers; and Mr. Warner, after complimenting the old man on having so fine a daughter, left him to his refreshment, and returned to his own house.

At home, this fair villager engrossed all his thoughts, and a thousand ideas crowded to his imagination. Her perfections recurred in their most lively colours; and he knew not whether most to commend her beauty, modesty, sense, or neatness. From Mrs. Grove, his housekeeper, he was informed that she had been educated at a genteel boarding-school, and that during her father's prosperity many young farmers, and other gentlemen, had paid their addresses to her; but that on a change of his condition, some of them forsook her, and others made use of the same circumstance, to further their base and dishonourable intentions; but that she seemed to give up the one class without any concern, and withstood the solicitations of the other with the utmost fortitude.

This was sufficient for Mr. Warner.—It rivetted his affections in the firmest manner, and he determined with himself to make proposals to her father the next day. Early in the morning, therefore, he went to their little cottage, and as he entered the gate that enclosed a garden-spot before the house, the door of their humble dwelling opened, and presented to him the object of his admiration. Without seeming to take much notice of the confusion his presence had occasioned in the countenance of poor Molly, he enquired for her father, and being told he

was

was gone into the harvest field, he desired they would send for him. When the good old labourer arrived, Mr. Warner begged they might be left alone, and then addressed him thus :

" I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to ask your opinion in an affair of some importance, and shall be glad if you will give it me impartially."

' Any thing that I can do, Sir, to be sure——

" Nay, I ask it not from you as a *servant*, but as a *friend*. You have got a daughter, Mr. Jones?"

' I have, Sir,' replied he, with some surprise.

" That daughter I yesterday had an opportunity of conversing with; and I honestly confess to you she has made a very forcible impression upon me. I am not used to ceremony, and shall therefore plainly tell you, that I have no motive but the gratifying a sincere and honourable affection, and if your daughter can think me worthy of being her husband, I shall think myself made happy by her acceptance of me."

' Dear Sir,----forgive me,----she is poor, and unworthy your attention. You cannot mean it, Sir---indeed you can't---and I hope you won't think of injuring my poor girl."

" Fear not, Goodman---I take no pleasure in a bad action, and shall never propose any thing dishonourable to you or your family. I would not repeat the story of your misfortunes. I know that she has not riches to recommend her, but she has virtues, Mr. Jones, which would add a grace to nobility itself. I give you my honour that I am serious, and beg of you to consult your daughter upon the matter."

The good man shed a tear of *thankfulness*,---but it was followed by another of *concern*. " I am afraid (said he) to tell you of her situation; but I know she never will be yours. But I will send her in to you, and you will perhaps learn it from herself." He then went into another room, and Molly soon after came out, trembling, pale, and dejected. Mr. Warner endeavoured to remove her fears, by telling her he came to ask nothing but what she might with the greatest freedom answer; and placing a chair for her by his own, he repeated his offer. Molly heard him with attention, and then, with a few interruptions of sighs and tears, she made him this reply :

" As I have no doubt, Sir, of the sincerity of your declarations, I am the

more concerned that I am not able to accept of them; and if the general opinion of the neighbourhood be true, that your humanity is equal to the dignity of your station, you will not be offended if I explain to you my present situation, and I hope I shall be entitled to your pity and forgiveness.

" When my parents were in their prosperity, and I had just returned from that part of education which their fondness had indulged me with, there were many young men of this neighbourhood, (and some by much superior to myself) who were pleased to flatter me for what they termed my *beauty*, and to declare their affection and regard for me. I was then too young to think of entering the world, and besides, I had no inclination to leave my parents; I therefore begged my suitors to desist from their proposals, giving them my reasons for declining any matrimonial connection; but they were not to be denied, and still continued to tease me whenever I went out.---There was *one* alone, who believ'd me when I denied him, and it is to *him*, Sir, (said she, faltering) that I now confess a particular attachment.---"

' Excuse my interruption,---said Mr. Warner---may I beg to know his name?"

" It is young Wilton, Sir, the son of one of your tenants. He had frequently declared an unalterable love for me, and tho' I had repeatedly given positive refusals to the rest of my admirers, yet,---I know not how it was,---he for some time paid his addresses to me without any hindrance. At length, he press'd me to tell him my opinion; and it was *then*, Sir, that I began to recollect myself. I was concerned that my imprudence had carried me so far, and intreated him to give up every thought of a connection, which I had unknowingly encouraged.---At these words he suddenly turned pale, and with a look of inward sorrow, left me. I must own I was sorry at his disappointment, and tho' I could almost have wished his return, yet I suffered him to go.---He took me at my word, and came no more, and I endeavoured entirely to forget him.

" About this time it was that my father's affairs took an unfavourable turn, and a succession of misfortunes obliged him to dispose of his farm, and retire to this little cottage. The insincerity of men's protestations now became sufficiently evident to me, and I learnt a severe but an instructive lesson. I disregarded the contemptuous sneers of those who had before been offering me their unmeaning adulations,

tions, but I was inconceivably hurt by the villainy of those who thought to take advantage of my distress, and to make my poverty a foundation for their iniquitous proposals.

"Some months passed in this state of uneasiness, when, as I was walking towards the valley by the water-side, I met poor Wilson, whom I had not seen, but at a distance, since I refused his addresses.---

"At first he would have avoided me, but seeming to recollect himself, he came directly to me. Some indifferent conversation passed, when he introduced his former subject, and addressed me in terms which I believe I shall never forget.---

"You must excuse me, Molly, (said he) if I now begin a subject which you once forbid me to think of. I have told you, in the most serious and solemn manner, how much I esteem and love you; and tho' you have once rejected the offering I would make you, I cannot be happy without again repeating it. The situation of your family affairs has given me much anxiety, and God knows, had it been in my power, I would have eased you of every burden; but I am not a favourite of fortune, and all I can now offer you is, an honest, faithful heart, that will leave nothing untried that may make you happy."

"Much discourse of this kind he went on with, more than I ought to trouble you with repeating. I confess I listened to him; and really he had so much openness and honesty in his manner, that I felt a prejudice in his favour, and could not but assent to a renewal of our acquaintance. We see each other every day, and only wait till our circumstances will enable us to combat the cares of life together. I see him always busied in some useful and laudable employment, and so observing is he of whatever may promote our mutual interest, that I should be ungrateful indeed not to return so sincere a

youth's affection. His father's corn not being very forward, he is at present working among your reapers; and when you were pleased to converse with me last night, I was carrying some refreshment to my father and himself.

"This, Sir, (continued she) is the story of my present connection, which I should not have presumed to trouble you with, but from the hope that you will not attribute my refusal of your goodness, to any want of respect, but to its real motive, an affectionate esteem for Mr. Wilson's son."

Having so said, she was going to retire, but Mr. Warner called her back, and kissing her, said, that he was charm'd with her ingenuousness, and could not refuse her any assistance that it was in his power to bestow. He then desired them to send for Wilson, and as his Molly was conducting him along, Mrs. Jones with her husband and Mr. Warner went out to meet him. The generous 'Squire took the hands of the two lovers, and joining them in the presence of the old people, told them that he was then making a sacrifice of his own heart, but was glad, nevertheless, that he could by that means add to the happiness of two deserving young people. He further told them to let the marriage take place immediately; that he would give away the old man's daughter, and would present her with root to begin the world with. The young couple expressed their fervent gratitude to Mr. Warner; and the old man, with tears of joy trickling down his cheeks, fell upon his knees, and prayed to heaven to pour its blessings on their indulgent master. The mother was happy in her turn; their labour was suspended, and the marriage instantly took place; and Mr. Warner confess'd that that was the happiest day he had ever spent in his life,

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## A new Method of ASSAYING or TRYING GOLD and SILVER,

By a short PROCESS, in a few Minutes;

Discovered, and now communicated to the PUBLIC, by  
FRANCIS SPILSBURY, Chymist, Mount Row, Westminster Bridge, Surry.

**I**N the year 1773, when the Gold Act took place, (a very necessary regulation) it occasioned a great scrutiny in the Coin, relating to the weight and intrinsic value. Many Assays, particularly Gold, were brought to me at that time, to try;

and frequently gentlemen, not knowing the nature and general custom of only delivering Assays out once a day, viz. at six o'clock in the evening, importun'd me to try them sooner, and induced me to make trials of Assaying Gold by a short process,



cess, *without the aid of a furnace*, which took four or five hours in heating, with much expence and trouble.

After several experiments; I accomplished it; but before I made it public, was willing to have the opinion of other Assayers concerning it. At first I desir'd some persons to enquire of the Assayers at *Goldsmith's Hall*, and in that neighbourhood, whether they could Assay *Gold* without the aid of a *furnace*, or in about half an hour's time? but they in general deem'd it impracticable. Thus having their opinion, I then signified to several persons, that it *was* practicable; much contention thereupon arose; and one Assayer in particular, who had much business in that art, because he could not comprehend it, deem'd it an absolute falsehood; alledging that if there was any *Copper* mixed with the Assay, it could not be extracted; ---a weak and futile reasoning! when it is well known by those that are the least acquainted with Assaying, that *Aqua-fortis* will dissolve *Copper*; or will any Assayer be so bold as to affirm, that the art of Assaying is brought to that perfection as needs no further improvement?

Whence is it, that from one piece of bullion you have frequently three different reports from the same Assayer, or from other hands? Assaying of *Gold* and *Silver* is no more than the art of refining those metals in miniature, by destroying the base parts, and leaving those precious metals in their pure state.

The general mode of Assaying *Gold* and *Silver* at the public offices, is by trying a number together, under a muffle, in a furnace, which is generally three or four hours in the operation; but as this doth not enter into the present design, I shall pass it over.

When first I endeavoured to try *Gold* in a small space of time, I considered that as *Aqua-fortis* destroys all metals, excepting *Gold*, if I mixed the proper quantity of *Silver*, by melting it together in one mass, and then dissolved it in *Aqua-fortis*, it would answer the same purpose. I did so several times; but the Assay piece, when finished, was neither *Gold* nor *Silver*, but a motley of both; from appearances; therefore, I concluded that the *Gold* and *Silver* were not thoroughly incorporated; I then tried the following: I took fine *Silver*, and flatted it; I then took the *Gold*, and flatted that; after heating them, I rolled them up together, and then laid them on a piece of coal, and with a blow-pipe and lamp melted

them into one fluid state. After letting it chill on the coal, I turned it again, making it spin round with the heat of the lamp; then flatted it again, and by dissolving it in *Aqua-fortis*, have obtained a good Assay in every respect as true and as fine a colour as by the usual process. Where the flating of the *Silver* and *Gold* is not perform'd, I melt them three times on the coal; turning them each time, that they may thoroughly incorporate.

After succeeding so well with *Gold*, I turned my thoughts on *Silver*; tho' I despaired of meeting with the like success; as the trying of *Silver* is more intricate by short methods, because we are not yet acquainted with any fluid that will dissolve *Copper*, and not the *Silver*. After making several unsuccessful experiments, I tried the following: I took a very small crucible, and placed a cople in the mouth, and then put coals around the crucible. I then placed my *Silver* Assay in the cople, after it was red-hot, and with hand-bellows gave the Assay so much air as is necessary to precipitate the *Lead* into the cople, and leave the *Silver* pure. There is some skill required in these processes, which are learned only by experience; and which a few trials will convince; but on the whole I aver, that the difficulties this way are no greater than what attend the long process, which is most proper for a great number, the other method for a few. The chief obstacle here to guard against is making the Assay too hot with coals on the top, so that the small particles will fly off; and by these means the *Silver* will be reported worse than it is.

As these operations may be of great service to the public, I am ready to give up every private emolument, and will therefore minutely explain the process.

#### PROCESS for ASSAYING GOLD.

IN order to Assay *Gold*, you must be provided with a pair of fine scales, (in a square glass lanthorn) which should weigh to the hundredth part of a grain, and a set of weights in miniature, divided as follows:

24 carats \* make one ounce troy.

20 grains troy make a carat.

Now one carat must be divided into four grains; so that each carat grain will be five grains troy; half a carat grain will be two grains and a half troy;

\* The carat is a weight which seems to take its derivation from the Arabic word *Kirat*. It is here equal to the Apothecary's Scruple, or 20 grains troy.

and

and a quarter of a carat grain will be one grain and a quarter troy; 22 carats of fine *Gold*, and two carats of fine *Silver* or *Copper*, make standard *Gold*.

Your ounce troy, or 24 carats, for these short methods, should not weigh more than 6 grains troy; but whatever it weighs, all the other weights must be exactly proportioned and marked.

#### EXAMPLE of ASSAYING GOLD.

Suppose you have a piece of coin, or an ingot of *Gold* to try. Cut a little piece off, and reduce it by a file or sheers till it balances in your scale against the ounce weight; for *Gold* is bought and sold by the ounce: then add three times the quantity of fine *Silver* flatted thin, to the *Gold*; which *Silver* must have been assayed before, to see that no *Gold* is amongst it; and as the ounce weighs six grains, so the *Silver* will be 18 grains. The reason why *Silver* is added to the *Gold* is; because, unless it exceeds the *Gold* by two and a half or three times as much, the *Aqua-fortis* will not have the proper effect, so as to destroy all metals but the *Gold*;\* and therefore this method of mixing *Silver* with the *Gold*, and then separating it by *Aqua-fortis*, is called in Latin *Quartatio*.

Your *Gold* and *Silver* being thus carefully weighed, wrap the *Gold* up in the *Silver* (for which purpose its being flatted was intended) and lay it in a little hole dug in a piece of charcoal, which may be held in the hand, or placed in a small crucible; and with a lamp and blow-pipe, (such as the jewellers use) give it a strong heat, so that when it is in effusion it may appear of a clear whitish brightness. Then let it rest till it is solid, and with small nippers turn it, after which repeat the melting on the coal, as before; and this must be done twice, if the *Gold* and *Silver* were both flatted, but if not, three times, keeping it each time in a fluid state for a quarter of a minute. If the *Gold* appears to be bad, add a few grains of borax, and it will melt sooner.

After the assay is thus melted into one piece, flat it between the rollers, or beat it out thin with an hammer, till it is al-

most as thin as common writing-paper; then Neal it, to burn out any grease or dirt it may have contracted, and which would hinder the *Aqua-fortis* from penetrating. Then put the assay piece rolled up (which now looks like all *Silver*) into a small separatory cucurbit, † and pour thereon weak † *Aqua-fortis*, above one inch high; after letting it stand to heat gradually, make it boil, and when that liquor will dissolve no more (which is known by the little sparkles not rising to the top) pour it off into an earthen pan, and add to the assay, pure strong *Aqua-fortis*, and repeat the same ebullition; then pour it off, and add boiling water, to wash the assay piece (which now appears a soft thin black substance, of the same shape it went into the glass, if a rich assay and good gold; but if otherwise, it will be small dust) from any acid salts the *Aqua-fortis* leaves behind; repeat the pouring on boiling water, till the water appears clear in the glass, taking care that no particles of the *Gold* are poured off with the *Aqua-fortis*, or the water.

Now pour the assay into a small white clear crucible, and Neal it red hot, carefully keeping the dust from it; and now your assay piece appears of its true majestic yellow colour, and any assayer can tell by its appearance, if what remains be pure *Gold*.

When the assay is cold, place it carefully in one of the small pans in the scale, which the scale-maker will give you with your scales, and in the other scales your standard gold weight, viz. 22 carats; and then you will see how much your *Gold* is worse or better; as for example: Your piece of *Gold* weighed at first one ounce, and now will not weigh the standard of 22 carats; therefore you put in, to make it even, suppose 1 carat 2 grs. 3-4ths, then is the *Gold* reported worse than standard, by 1 car. 2 gr. 3-4ths; but if the *Gold* assay be heavier than the standard you put in the standard scale, suppose 1 car. 1 gr. 1-4th, then it is reported so much better than the standard. And thus by the weights being made in miniature, the assayer at once knows the report, without the trouble of long calculations.

\* All metals, before their true value can be obtained, must be reduced, as *Gold* by *Silver*, *Silver* by *Lead*, and *Silver*, *Copper*, and *Tin* ores by proper fluxes. It is erroneous, therefore, to use the common method of rubbing gold on a flint, and pouring on *Aqua-fortis*; for if the piece be only half *Gold*, it will defend the other parts from being eat away by the *Aqua-fortis*.

† The Cucurbit must be of thin transparent glass, about four or five inches long, and about 3-4ths of an inch over at the top, and may be made globular or flat at the bottom. The thinner they are, the better they stand the fire.

† Weak *Aqua-fortis* is made of one third of strong *Aqua-fortis*, and two thirds of water.

## PROCESS for ASSAYING SILVER.

The weights to try *Silver* by are different from those of *Gold*, particularly in the Assaying; and they are divided according to the following table:

24 grains make one pennyweight.

20 pennyweights one ounce.

12 ounces one pound troy.

Now your pound weight in miniature, for these short processes, should not be more than 12 grains; and all your ounces and pennyweights, even to a half pennyweight, must be equally divided, and marked thereon with your standard weight 11 oz. 2 dwts.

## EXAMPLE of ASSAYING SILVER.

Take a piece of *Silver*, and reduce it till it balances your pound weight; then wrap it up in about six times the quantity of thin milled lead, that has been assayed, to see that there is only a small quantity of *Silver* in it, so as it may not affect your report; for in all *Lead* there is some *Silver* left, that will not pay the expence of getting it out. Besides, there may be some *Tin* in it, which is troublesome, and will require a larger quantity of *Lead* to evaporate it.

After heating your copple red hot, (fixed in the mouth of a small crucible, surrounded with charcoal) put your Assay thereon, and by a gentle blast with hand bellows, you will bring the whole into fusion, and then the Assay will brighten and begin to flow, and continue to do so till all the *Lead* is precipitated into the copple (and, was it worth while, might be extracted from thence again); when it is nearly finished, it must be kept in a strong heat, because the *Silver* being now almost fined, will require a greater heat to keep it in fusion, and entirely to divest itself of the *Lead*.

Your Assay being finished, let it stand on the copple in the fire a minute; then take the head of *Silver*, which is now pure, and of a fine bright colour, in the shape of a small pea cut in two, and its size is bigger or less, in proportion to the richness of the *Silver* there is in the ingot you have assayed; likewise, if done right, it will easily separate from the copple; then give it a blow with a hammer, to take off any small particles that may adhere to it.

Observe, that the greater quantity of base metal is mixed with *Silver*, as *Copper*, *Tin*, &c. the greater is the quantity of *Lead* required to refine it; thus, *Copper* takes sixteen times the quantity of *Lead* to precipitate it into the copple,

## Of REPORTING the SILVER ASSAY.

As *Silver* is made up of a certain standard \* of goodness, by which it is reported, 11 oz. 2 dwts. of fine *Silver*, and 18 dwts of *Copper*, making 1 lb. troy; you must therefore put in one scale the standard weight, and in the other the Assay piece, and if deficient, put in as many ounces, pennyweights, &c. as are sufficient to balance; thus there is in the scale with the *Silver* 1 oz. 3 dwts. and a half;

\* When Sheffield and Birmingham first petitioned for an Assay Act, in the year 1773, much conversation passed at the House of Commons, concerning the standard of *Silver*; but I do not remember any gentleman asking the question, Which was the proper standard by which *Silver*, considering its nature, should be made into wrought plate? Whether that which the laws prescribe, 11 oz. 2 dwts. or that which custom has adopted, 11 oz. owing to *Silver* in general not being so refined, or rather to be met with, better than 16 dwts. Messrs. Boulton and Garbett, of Birmingham, afterwards made a few ingots of fine *Silver*, (for experiments, in order to see how fine *Silver* could be made) which I assayed, and delivered in the reports of 17½ dwts. better, and with which the Tower reports exactly corroborated. The variation which custom has introduced in London is small, and, to appearance, was well intended; but since that good intention has been defeated, I could wish, for the dignity of these kingdoms, that no wrought plate was passed under the standard 11 oz. 2 dwts. which was made in King Richard the First's reign, and continued till another standard was introduced of finer *Silver*, viz. 11 oz. 10 dwts. fine *Silver*, 8 dwts. of *Copper*, called new Sterling, and marked with a Britannia; which standard was discontinued in the reign of William the Third, when the duty of 6d. per oz. was levied on all wrought plate; and in order that it might not affect trade too much, the standard of *Silver* was again lowered; then the old standard of 11 oz. 2 dwts. took place again. There might perhaps be another reason urged why the old was introduced, viz. the softness of the *Silver*, for fine *Silver* is almost as soft as *Lead*, and consequently would be more liable to wear out in the cleaning, and thereby soon deface the beauty of the workmanship. To this objection I answer, that Plate made of that fineness, called new Sterling, would not require cleaning more than once, where the old requires it six times; and whatever waste it might incur by its being fine and soft, was amply made up by its superior wire; for who can help taking notice, when they meet with a piece of new Sterling Plate, which, however battered and bruised it may be, still retains a dignity in its peculiar brightness over the other; or, if health is consulted, this must have the preference—for the less *Copper* the better. But I will shew it in a stronger light, for if Plate is made up of Dollars, which is about 5 dwts.

half; then is your *Silver* reported worse by 1 oz. 3 dwts. and a half; on the other hand, if the Assay is heavier than the standard, you put in weight enough to make them balance, and report the *Silver* better by that additional weight which you put in. If they balance even of themselves, the report is standard; and if you have only 2 oz. left of your Assay, then report it two ounces of fine *Silver* in the pound.

*Gold* is generally done this way in the furnace; by mixing it with a proper quantity of *Silver*, and adding *Lead* to refine it on the copple, may be done easily by this short process. Likewise *Gold* partings and common partings should be performed by these operations, and then finish the process as before, subtracting the *Silver* from the *Gold*. Also Metal Assays, containing only 10 dwts. of fine *Silver* in a pound of *Copper*, are done in sixteen minutes; *Silver* Assays nearly standard in eight minutes; *Silver*, 2 oz. worse than standard, in ten or twelve minutes; and *Gold* in twenty minutes.

Sometimes, for amusement, I have taken a piece of uncertain *Silver*, just 12 grs. and by a pair of scales that will only turn to the 10th part of a grain, have been enabled to ascertain the value by this short process in a few minutes, to the nicety of 2 dwts. in the pound. Sir John Pettus, in the first book of his *Fleta Minor* on *Silver* Ores, says, "If you are in a place where no Assay Ovens are, and yet would make a few Assay trials in haste, you should place a few tiles together in a square, leaving in the sides wind-holes, and in the fore-part a mouth-hole; and with a pipkin cut in two, make a muffle in it. In such furnaces, Assays and trials may be well performed." How much easier is my method with a copple, a small crucible, and a handful of charcoal.---

For a more particular account of Assaying Metals and Ores at large, see *Cramer on the Art of Assaying*.

#### A few GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The copples, made of bone ashes in a mould, for these processes, should be about an inch over, and made some time before they are wanted. A copple serves but once.

For short processes, half Assays are best, being least trouble, and equally accurate if done right.

In order to judge of the goodness of *Silver*, break it, that the grain may be seen; *Gold*, if fine, or nearly standard, will cut soft.

To recover your *Silver* dissolved in the *Aqua-fortis*, pour six or eight times the quantity of pure water to it, and throw in a piece of *Copper*, and you will soon see the *Silver* fall to the bottom. But there are other ways of precipitating the *Silver*, as by fixed alkalis and absorbent earths; but by *Copper* it is commonly performed.

Much of the counterfeit Yorkshire *Gold* was worth from 3l. 12s. to 3l. 15s. per oz. by the Assay.

There are several other observations in the art of Assaying, which can only be learnt by a little practice, and which will be no obstacle to a person who is inclined to learn this pleasing and useful art.

By an attention to these instructions, the Refiners, who are liable to be daily imposed upon, may make their own Assays, and try any ingots of *Gold* or *Silver* in a few minutes. Artificers in *Gold* and *Silver* will not be obliged to wait those tedious delays, so destructive to business; nor need the Country Shopkeeper, who perhaps lives one hundred miles from an Assay Office, be any longer obliged to wait for several days before he knows the value of any metal that may be offered him, or purchased by him; and a person who trades in foreign countries may by this means easily know the true value of his bullion, before he brings it home, only by the help of a small apparatus.

Thus have I given to the public the simple process of trying *Gold* and *Silver* in a few minutes; the discovery of which I may in some measure impute to the ungeni- teel behaviour I have received from persons, whose stations and connections might have taught them better: And as I have no view to my own emolument in making this public, but rather for the benefit and information of the community, if any gentleman is desirous of knowing the

nature

nature of Assaying *Gold* and *Silver* by the furnace, in winter, I will very readily oblige them with the use of my apparatus; and should I, in the course of any other experiments, meet with any thing

that may be of general utility, it shall immediately be laid before the public, by

Their humble servant,

F. SPILSBURY.

MEMOIRS OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS of the late Lord LYTTLETON.

THE family of this accomplished Nobleman has been distinguished in this kingdom for many centuries past. His ancestors had possessions in the vale of Evesham, in the reign of Henry III. particularly at South Lyttleton, from which place some antiquarians have asserted they took their name. There were two grants of land belonging to Evesham-abbey, in the possession of the late learned Mr. Selden, to which one John de Lyttleton was witness, in the year 1160. The great judge Lyttleton, in the reign of Henry IV. was one of this family, and from him descended Sir Thomas Lyttleton, father of the late Peer, who was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in the year 1727; which post he resigned many years afterwards, on account of the bad state of his health.

This Gentleman married Christian, daughter to Sir Richard Temple, sister of the late Lord Viscount Cobham, and Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, by whom he had six sons and six daughters, the eldest of which was George, afterwards created Lord Lyttleton, who was born at Hagley in Worcestershire, one of the most beautiful rural retirements in this kingdom, in the year 1708.

He received the elements of his education at Eton-school, where he shewed an early inclination to poetry. His Pastorals and some other light pieces were originally written in that seminary of learning, from whence he was removed to the University of Oxford, where he pursued his classical studies with uncommon avidity, and sketched the plan of his *Persian Letters*, a work which afterwards procured him great reputation, not only from the elegance of the language in which they were composed, but from the excellent observations they contained on the manners of mankind.

In the year 1728, he set out on the tour of Europe, and, on his arrival at Paris, accidentally became acquainted with the Honourable Mr. Poyntz, then our Minister at the Court of Versailles,

who was so struck with the extraordinary capacity of our young traveller, that he invited him to his house, and employed him in many political negotiations, which he executed with great judgment and fidelity.

Mr. Lyttleton's conduct, while on his travels, was a lesson of instruction to the rest of his countrymen; instead of lounging away his time at the coffee-houses, frequented by the English, and adopting the fashionable follies and vices of France and Italy, his time was passed alternately in his library, and in the society of men of rank and literature. In this early part of his life, he wrote a poetical epistle to Dr. Ayscough, and another to Mr. Pope, which shew singular taste and correctness.

After continuing a considerable time at Paris with Mr. Poyntz, who, to use his own words, behaved like a second father to him, he proceeded to Lyons and Geneva, from thence to Turin, where he was honoured with great marks of friendship by his Sardinian Majesty. He then visited Milan, Venice, Genoa and Rome, where he applied himself closely to the study of the fine arts, and was, even in that celebrated Metropolis, allowed a perfect judge of painting, sculpture and architecture.

During his continuance abroad, he constantly corresponded with Sir Thomas, his father, several of his letters are yet remaining, and place his filial affection in a very distinguished light. He soon after returned to his native country, and was elected representative for the borough of Okehampton in Devonshire, and behaved so much to the satisfaction of his constituents, that they several times re-elected him for the same place, without putting him to the least expence.

About this period he received great marks of friendship from Frederic Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty; and was, in the year 1737, appointed principal secretary to his Royal Highness, and continued in the strictest intimacy with him till the time of his death. His

atten;

attention to public business did not, however, prevent him from exercising his poetical talent. A most amiable young lady, Miss Fortescue, inspired him with a passion, which produced a number of little pieces remarkable for their tenderness and elegance; and he had a happy facility of striking out an extempore compliment, which obtained him no small share of reputation. One evening being in company with Lord Cobham and several of the nobility at Stowe, his Lordship mentioned his design of putting up a bust of Lady Suffolk in his beautiful gardens, and, turning to Mr. Lyttleton, said, George, you must furnish me with a motto for it. I will, my Lord, answer'd Mr. Lyttleton, and directly produced the following couplet:

Her wit and beauty for a Court were made,  
But truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

When Mr. Pitt, the present Earl of Chatham, lost his commission in the Guards, in consequence of his spirited behaviour in Parliament, Mr. Lyttleton was in waiting at Leicester-house, and on hearing the circumstance immediately wrote these lines:

Long had thy virtue mark'd thee out for fame,  
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;  
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find,

So mean a post disgrace that noble mind;  
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand  
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

In the year 1742, he married Lucy, the daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Filleigh, in the county of Devon, Esq; the Lady abovementioned, whose exemplary conduct, and uniform practice of religion and virtue, established his conjugal happiness upon the most solid basis.

In 1744, he was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and during his continuance in that station, constantly exerted his influence in rewarding merit and ability. He was the friend and patron of the late Henry Fielding, James Thomson, author of the Seasons; Mr. Mallett, Dr. Young, Mr. Hammond, Mr. West, Mr. Pope, and Voltaire. On the death of Thompson, who left his affairs in a very embarrassed condition, Mr. Lyttleton took that poet's sister under his protection. He revised the tragedy of Coriolanus, which that writer had not put the last hand to, and brought it out at the Theatre-Royal at Covent-Garden, with

a prologue of his own writing, in which he so affectingly lamented the loss of that delightful bard, that not only Mr. Quin, who spoke the lines, but almost the whole audience spontaneously bursted into tears.

In the beginning of the year 1746, his felicity was interrupted by the loss of his wife, who died in the 29th year of her age, leaving him one son, Thomas, the present Lord Lyttleton, and a daughter Lucy, who some time since married Lord Viscount Valentia. The remains of his amiable Lady were deposited at Over-Arley, in Worcestershire, and an elegant monument was erected to her memory in the church at Hagley, which contains the following inscription, written by her husband:

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes:  
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty,  
wife;

Polite, as all her life in Courts had been;  
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;  
The noble fire of an exalted mind  
With gentlest female tenderness combin'd.  
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,  
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;  
Her eloquence was sweeter than her long,  
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong.  
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,  
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Besides those beautiful lines, Mr. Lyttleton wrote a monody on the death of his Lady, which will be remembered while conjugal affection and a taste for poetry exist in this country.

His masterly observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul were written at the desire of Gilbert West, Esq; In consequence of Mr. Lyttleton asserting that, beside all the proofs of the Christian religion, which might be drawn from prophecies of the Old Testament, from the necessary connection it has with the whole system of the Jewish religion, from the miracles of Christ, and from the evidence given of his resurrection by all the other Apostles, he thought the conversion of St. Paul alone, duly considered, was of itself a demonstration sufficient to prove Christianity to be a divine revelation; Mr. West was struck with the thought, and assured his friend, that so compendious a proof would be of great use to convince those unbelievers that will not attend to a long series of arguments; and time has shewn he was not out in his conjecture, as the tract is esteemed one of the best defences of Christianity which has hitherto been published.

In 1754 he resigned the office of Lord of the Treasury, and was made Cofferer to his Majesty's household, and sworn of the Privy Council: previous to which, he married, a second time, Elizabeth, daughter of Field Marshal Sir Robert Rich, whose indiscreet conduct gave him great uneasiness, and from whom he was separated by mutual consent, a few years after his marriage.

After being appointed Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Court of Exchequer, he was, by letters patent, dated the 19th of November 1757, 31st of George II. created a Peer of Great Britain, by the title and title of Lord Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley, in the county of Worcester. His speeches on the Scotch and mutiny bills in the year 1747, on the Jew bill in 1753, and on the privilege of Parliament in 1763, shewed sound

judgment, powerful eloquence, and inflexible integrity. During the last ten years he lived chiefly in retirement, in the continual exercise of all the virtues which can ennoble private life. His last work was Dialogues of the Dead, in which the morality of Cambray and the spirit of Fontenelle are happily united.

He was suddenly seized with an inflammation of the bowels, in the middle of July 1773, at his seat at Hagley, which terminated in his death, on the 22d of that month. His last moments were attended with unimpaired understanding, unaffected greatness of mind, calm resignation, and humble, but confident, hopes in the mercy of God. As he had lived universally esteemed, he died lamented by all parties.

[Univ. Mag.]

#### A DESCRIPTION OF

### The PERSON and BEHAVIOUR of OMIAH;

Who was lately brought to ENGLAND by Capt. FOURNEAUX, from Otabeite, a new-discovered Island, in the South Seas.

HE is about five feet ten inches high, rather lusty, and strong made, tho' not in the least heavy. His complexion much resembles that of an European accustomed to hot climates; his features are regular, and agreeable by a simile, which the pleasures he enjoys seems to produce. His hair is yet black, shining, and strong, and clubbed since he came over; he was dressed in a reddish brown coat and breeches, with a white waistcoat, made in the English taste, in which he appeared perfectly easy. His hands are *tataowed*, according to the mode in his native country. It is usual there to mark the right hand in a particular manner, upon occasion of taking a wife; and Omiah, who appears to be about eighteen years old, has been honoured with about eight or ten sets of these marks, having already had as many wives. He is also marked of *tataowed*, in some other parts; but they are hidden by his cloaths.

His company he is easy and polite, and behaves so at table, handles his knife and fork well, and conducts himself in every respect with great decency, cleanliness, and void of awkwardness. He is not confined to any regimen, but eats heartily of pudding, potatoes, and other vegetables; and he is fond of meat, and particularly

of ham; but, with regard to its quantity, he is rather abstemious.

Omiah is so far from shewing such marks of simplicity and ignorance, as have been mentioned in the different accounts of him (published in the news-papers) that his deportment is genteel, and resembles so much that of well-bred people here, as to make it appear extraordinary to those who have known how little a time it is since he left the South-Sea islands, where the manners are so totally different from those of the polished people in Europe.

A few common expressions he pronounces with fluency, such as, "How do you do?" &c. As the whole language of an Otahaitian, which is the same as that of the natives of Ulathiah, does not exceed a thousand words, he is extremely at a loss for terms to express the new ideas he has acquired, and objects, he has seen in this country. As these southern people have only three quadrupeds, the dog, the rat, and the hog, he has no term of describ-

† When presented to the King, it was in these words Omiah saluted him.

† Does not this circumstance, that these islands were peopled, and furnished with their stock of animals, by some vessel formerly wrecked upon these coasts.

ing.

ing a horse, but that of "a great hog that carries people;" or a cow, by that of "a great hog that gives milk," &c.

The fruits in these southern islands are almost equally limited in number; and nothing affords Omiah more amusement than a garden, and the fruit on the trees against the walls. The plants and shrubbery for ornament, he says, he would take away, and replace them with others that bear something to eat.

When he first saw a house, it was matter of astonishment, as it must naturally prove to a person who had never seen any thing but huts, and low covered rooms. Carriages drawn by horses were also wonderful to him once: but now he sees them without any marks of surprise.

In the southern isles abovementioned, no person is buried, but laid to rot above ground in a *Morai*. The other day Omiah was at a funeral at Hertford; but he was incapable of seeing it finished: he wept upon the occasion, and went from so painful a scene. When he first saw the churchyard at Hertford, and was told that people were buried in it, he asked if all the people buried there died by inoculation.

He evidently has an affable, as well as a tender disposition; he possesses likewise much discernment and quickness. A mark of sensibility he shewed very lately. He was observing some anglers fishing near Hertford, and was pleased to learn in what manner they were employed; but, when he saw the hooks baited with a live worm, he turned away to avoid a sight so disagreeable, and declared his antipathy to eat any fish taken by so cruel a method. An instance of his discernment and quickness he exhibited when he was introduced to the Duchess of Gloucester, previous to his going to Hertford. The Duchess not being prepared with a present proper for Omiah, it occurred to her, that a pocket handkerchief, embellished with her coronet, might be acceptable to him: it was presented to him. Omiah immediately kissed the coronet, and made a most complaisant bow to the Duchess. As this mark of his attention, politeness, and quickness, was unexpected, it gained him the good graces of all present.

Similar to this, Omiah distinguished himself when he was introduced to Lord Sandwich. He first pointed to the butler, and said, "He was king of the bottles;" that Capt. Fournaux "was king of the ship;" but Lord Sandwich "was king of all the ships."

He has relinquished several of his wives on account of their sterility; but he still

retains some; and has intimated, that although he was happy in England, he should certainly be happier, had he a wife in this country also. Capt. Fournaux took up Omiah from Ulateiah; but his father, who is a man of very great consequence, owns large possessions in Otahite, as well as in that island, and Omiah was born at Otahite, where he had seen Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, and knew them again when he arrived here. He was designed for the priesthood; and his friends, who entertained the highest esteem for him, used every argument they could suggest against his venturing with Capt. Fournaux: they observed, that none of their friends had ever been brought back—and that they had certainly been killed and eaten: in which they were confirmed by seeing some salted beef on board the English ships; for, as these natives had never seen any quadrupeds, except those before enumerated, they were persuaded the salted meat could not be any of them, and therefore must have been human. They said likewise, that these ships sailed from place to place, and thus the sailors supported themselves among the islands, for that they had not any home of their own. But all these tremendous suggestions, had no effect upon Omiah; he was resolved to die, or know the truth for himself.

Perhaps, if the history of his countrymen be considered, the doubts that must naturally be presented to him, and the circumstances of his independence, family, and popularity, there is not in any history of the world a much greater instance of resolution, intrepidity, and curiosity, if a parallel, to what Omiah has evinced.

He has lately been inoculated by Baron Dimisdale, at Hertford; and since his recovery has been entertained by Lord Sandwich at Hinchinbrooke, and several others of the Nobility. He is now on a tour to the North of England.

\* It is a melancholy fact, that cannibals exist. When Captains Cook and Fournaux lay off New Zealand, near Cook's Straits, which divides this country into two islands, a boat was manned with eleven men, armed by Capt. Fournaux's vessel, who were sent on shore; but they never returned. The next day another boat was manned, and at a cave near these Straits, they found some of the limbs, shoes, and heads, &c. of their murdered and eaten fellow-seamen; but they could never discover the boat. This so enraged the survivors, that they fired upon a large number of natives gathered on the shore, and killed about 18 before the rest dispersed.



## RECOVERY of STRANGLED PERSONS.

**M**ONS. Janin, a member of the Royal College of Surgery in Paris, has lately published a memoir on the causes of violent and sudden death; wherein it is proved, that those who become victims to it, may be recovered. The reflections it contains are those of a good citizen, an intelligent naturalist, and an attentive observer, who, perceiving the great analogy between the *drowned* and *strangled* person, would have the same helps administered to the latter, which experience has found serviceable to the former. He cites a number of cases, but the following is a very powerful instance, and does M. Janin much honour.

A nurse had once the misfortune to stifle her nurse-child in its bed. Her husband ran immediately to entreat Mons. Janin's assistance, and there was not a moment to be lost, as the man could not inform him at what time the child died. On his arrival, he found the little victim in its cradle, without any signs of life, no pulsation in the arteries, no respiration, the face livid, the eyes open, dull, and tarnished, the nose full of snivel, the mouth gaping; in short, he was almost cold. While some linen cloths and a parcel of ashes were warming, he had him unwashed, and laid upon his side in a very warm bed. He then was rubbed all over with very fine linen, for fear of fretting his tender and delicate skin. As soon as the ashes had received their due degree of heat, M. Janin buried him in them, all except the face, (placing him on the opposite side to that on which he lay in the bed) and covered him with a blanket. He happened to have a bottle of Eau de Luce in his pocket, which he put to the child's nose from time to time, and between whiles, some puffs of tobacco were blown up his nostrils. To these succeeded the blowing into his mouth, and squeezing tight his nose. Animal heat began thus to be excited gradually; the pulsations of the temporal artery were soon felt; breathing became more frequent and free, and the eyes closed and opened alternately. At length the child fetched some cries, expressive of his want of the breast, which being applied to his mouth, he caught at it with avidity, and sucked as if nothing had happened to him. An attention and care, which scarcely lasted half an hour, was sufficient to recall this poor innocent to life. Though the pulsations of the arteries were very well re-established, and it was hot weather, the

child was still left three quarters of an hour under the ashes. He was afterwards taken out, cleaned, and dressed as usual, and a gentle sleep succeeding, the child required nothing further, and grew up full of health and vigour.

Mons. Janin adds, that it would be difficult to describe the despair and consternation the poor nurse appeared in, when he entered the house; much more the excess of joy that she felt, on seeing her nurse-child brought to life. How delicious were the tears she then shed! They succeeded to tears of bitterness and grief.

This ingenious author also relates an instance of a young man, who had hanged himself through despair, and who was recovered by means similar to the preceding.

These two examples are sufficient to prove, that it is possible to bring back to life, not only *drowned* persons, but those also who are *stifled* and *hanged*. This should therefore make us conceive the best hopes of administering help to persons struck with sudden death, or in other such accidental distress. Mons. Janin admits but two general causes which may deprive us of life. The first of these is the perversion or total putridity of the humours; the second, the destruction of some one of the viscera, or principal organs, or a great hurt in those parts; or, lastly, the embarrassment or obstruction they may be under, from some acting cause. The author hence concludes, that as often as one of these causes takes place, it is impossible to restore breath again to a man who has lost the play of the organs of respiration; and in consequence of this principle, it is very easy to conceive, what a number of unfortunate persons must have fallen victims to the precipitation of burying them.

Amongst the historical facts relative thereto, Mons. Janin has not omitted to relate the melancholy end of Cardinal Spinola, who had contracted an illness thro' vexation of mind, occasioned by some ill-treatment he had received. The Cardinal on a sudden fell into fainting fits; one of which operated so strongly upon him, that he was supposed to be dead. His people, from an imprudent haste, ordered his body to be immediately opened, and embalmed; but his lungs were scarce opened, when it was perceived that his heart still beat, and the unfortunate man, by the pain of the operation, came to himself, and had strength enough to stretch forth

forth his hand, towards the surgeon's instrument, and push it back; but it was too late; the mortal wound had been given him, and he was gone past all recovery.

Our own observation must have pointed out to us many instances similar to this, and the reflection of such shocking scenes is a strong accusation of our neglect in seconding the resources of nature.

A REMEDY FOR THE  
POISONOUS BITE of a MAD DOG.

**T**HERE is nothing, perhaps, so much to be dreaded as the bite of a mad dog, for the poison is so very infectious and penetrating, that it takes effect thro' the cloaths, without fetching blood; by the breath of the animal drawn into the lungs; by a touch of the tooth, if recent; and applying it to the lips or tongue, when it has been long dried; by handling the wound, or instrument, which was the death of the animal; or by handling things which have been infected by any of the former means.

To prevent the fatal consequences that too often attend these accidents, the following, (which is the famous East-India Specific) is recommended to be given in a glass of brandy.

Take Native Cinnabar, and Cinnabar Faciti, of each twenty-four grains, Musk sixteen grains, make it into a powder, and give it in one dose, as it was given in the following case:

A poor man was bit by a mad dog, and after using divers medicines, was invaded with a strong hydrophobia, and being confined at Greenwich, was treated with the above medicine as follows: his teeth being forced asunder with a knife, he took one dose; three hours after the hydrophobous symptoms were abated; when he swallowed a second dose, which by the next morning almost totally recovered him; he took a third dose in a fortnight, and a fourth in a month after, and never felt more of his complaint.

The ADVANTAGES of PLANTING WHEAT.

**M**ANY of those writers who have made husbandry their study, have said much in favour of the practice of *planting* Wheat, in preference to that of *sowing* it; alleging that the ears would thus grow stronger, the corn more plentiful, and that both the farmers and the community in general would be considerable gainers by it. As the proper season for that purpose is now approaching, permit me to state a few facts, which may probably serve as an inducement for beginning this laudable work.

All farmers know, that in a statute acre there are 160 square perches; but all farmers may not have attended to the division and subdivision of that space so minutely, as to ascertain the precise number of grains that are sufficient to replenish it with seed. This task, therefore I shall endeavour to demonstrate, and shall submit my calculations to the judgment of the intelligent reader.

Let it then be remembered, that in 160 square perches there are 4840 square yards, and 43,560 square feet. Then if the grain was to be planted regularly, in rows six inches asunder, and each grain six inches

apart in the rows, then 174,240 grains, equal to two gallons two quarts and half a gill of seed, would plant an acre, and each grain would have a portion of earth to nourish it, equal to 36 square inches superficial, and in depth the whole staple of the land to that extent, or in proportion to the depth of the tillage.

But that no fallacy may be apprehended from a wrong calculation, in a matter of the utmost consequence to millions, it may be necessary to explain the data I have adopted.

To enable me to proceed with the greater accuracy, I consulted Chambers's Dictionary, where it is said that 24 grains of wheat are said to be the standard penny-weight, and the foundation of all other weights and measures used throughout England; but I was very much astonished, on referring to the Statutes at Large, to find Mr. Chambers's assertion to be erroneous; for by Stat. 12. of Hen. IV. cap. 4. thirty-two grains of wheat are made the standard penny-weight, 20 pennyweights the ounce troy, 12 ounces the troy pound, 8 lb. the wine gallon, and 8 wine gallons the bushel, the 8th part of a qtr. of wheat.

From these premises I calculate, that in every gallon there are 69,240 grains of wheat, and that in two gallons two quarts and two ounces, there are 174,400 grains of seed; or 160 more than are absolutely necessary to plant an acre; for I believe it will scarcely be objected, that the space I have allotted for each grain to grow to maturity, is more than is necessary for its nourishment.

This point being settled, I shall now proceed to shew the advantages that would arise from this method of planting wheat, instead of the random practice of throwing it away.

It is agreed by the practical writers on husbandry, that two bushels and a half are

the medium quantity of wheat sown upon an acre throughout England; and if we allow two millions and a half of acres to be the medium quantity of land annually employed in the culture of that grain, it will follow, that in the first instance there will be a saving of seed, amounting to 644,500 quarters of wheat, which, at the rate of 40s. a quarter, come to 1,289,000l. sterling, and yielding bread for 850,000 persons, at one pound a day for each.

Let the public then judge what influence such a quantity of wheat would have on the price, were it to be brought to market, instead of its being wasted upon the ground.

[Gent. Mag.]

## SAYINGS and SENTIMENTS of WISE MEN,

### On EXCESSES in EATING and DRINKING.

#### MOSES.

**I**F the parents shall say to the elders of the city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he is a glutton and drunkard: All men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die.

#### SOLOMON.

When thou sittest to eat with a Ruler, consider diligently what is before thee; and put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man of appetite. Be not desirous of his dainties, for they are deceitful meats.

Be not amongst wine-bibbers, amongst riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

He that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father.

The earth cannot bear a fool, when he is full of meat.

Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contentions, who hath babblings, who hath wounds without cause, who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder: Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

#### ISAIAH.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.

#### SON OF SIRACH.

By surfeiting many have perished, but he that taketh heed prolongeth his life.

#### JESUS.

If the evil servant shall say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming, and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken: The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour when he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness; and so that day come upon you unawares,

#### PAUL.

Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness: But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.

Whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, whose glory is their shame.

The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this world.

I have written to you, if any one that is called a brother be a drunkard, with such an one not to keep company, nor to eat with him.

Drunkenness, revellings and such-like, of which I tell you, as I have often told you

you in time past, that they that do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

H O M E R.

Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,

And drank oblivion of their native coast.  
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,

To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives. POPE.

P Y T H A G O R A S.

Drunkenness is the study of madness.  
Chuse the best kind of life, and custom will soon make it agreeable.

Z E N O.

A wise man will drink wine, but will not suffer himself to be intoxicated by it.

H I P P O C R A T E S.

If a man eat little and drink little, he brings no disorder upon himself.

It is very injurious to health to load the body with more food than it is able to bear, and use no exercise to carry off this excess.

It is also prejudicial to swallow a variety of heterogeneous food; for the discordant qualities of such dissimilar aliment create intestine commotion, and are digested, some sooner, others later.

P L A T O.

On my arrival in Sicily, that life, vulgarly pronounced happy, was a perpetual round of Italian and Syracusan luxury, was by no means agreeable to me--to eat to satiety twice in one day---never to sleep alone. This is a way of life in which no person will ever become wise.

A N A C H A R S I S.

This famous Scythian philosopher, being asked how it was possible a person might contract a dislike to wine, answered by beholding the indecencies of the drunken.

S O C R A T E S.

Nature's real wants are few; but the cravings of fancy are infinite.

E P I C U R U S.

Give me but bread and water, and I will dispute the point of felicity with Jupiter himself.

C I C E R O.

Temperance is the source of great peace and tranquility to men, for it brings their desires and aversions under the laws of reason.

S E N E C A.

Inebriety is nothing else than a voluntary insanity.

C O R N A R O.

O wretched and unhappy Italy! canst not you see, that intemperance murders every year more of your subjects, than

you could lose by the most violent plague, or by fire and sword in many battles?—Those truly shameful feasts, now so much in fashion, and so intolerably profuse, that no tables are large enough to hold the dishes, which renders it necessary to heap them one upon another; those feasts, I say, are so many battles; and how is it possible to live amongst such a multitude of jarring foods and disorders? Put a stop to this abuse for God's sake, for there is not, I am certain of it, a vice more abominable than this in the eyes of the Divine Majesty, nor more pernicious to yourselves.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

O Temperance, thou virtue without pride, and fortune without envy. That givest indolence of body, and tranquility of mind. The best guardian of youth, and support of old age. The precept of reason as well as religion, and physician of the soul as well as the body. The tutelary goddess of health, and universal medicine of life. That clears the head, and cleanses the blood. That eases the stomach, and purges the bowels. That strengthens the nerves, enlightens the eyes, and comforts the heart; in a word, that secures and perfects digestion, and thereby avoids the fumes and winds, to which we owe the cholic and spleen, those crudities and sharp humours, that feed the scurvy and gout, and those slimy dregs, of which the gravel and stone are formed within us—diseases to which mankind is exposed rather by the viciousness than by the frailty of our nature; and by which we often condemn ourselves to greater torments and miseries of life, than have perhaps been yet invented by anger or revenge, or inflicted by the greatest tyrants upon the worst of men.

A D D I S O N.

It is said of Diogenes, that, meeting a young man, who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the glutteny of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions, and counterferments must such a medley of intemperance

rance produce in the body! For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Temperance, says Mr. Addison, has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions; at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise hrows off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives Nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

H O F F M A N.

Intemperance may be properly termed the executioner of mankind [*generis humani carnifex*.]

D r. C A D O G A N.

However common it may be for men, that suffer, to complain of the evils of life, as the unavoidable lot of humanity, would they stop but for a moment to consider them in the light of reason and philosophy, they would find little or no foundation for them in Nature; but that every man was the real author of all or most of his own miseries. Whatever doubts may be entertained of moral evils, the natural, for the most part, such as bodily infirmity, sickness, and pain; all that class of complaints which the learned call chronic diseases; we must undoubtedly bring upon ourselves by our own indulgences.

D r. P R I C E.

I have represented, particularly, the great difference between the probabilities

of human life in towns and country parishes; and from the facts I have recited it appears, that the further we go from the artificial and irregular modes of living in great towns, the fewer of mankind die in the first stages of life, and the more in its last stages. The lower animals (except such as have been taken under human management) seem in general to enjoy the full period of existence allotted them, and to die chiefly of old age; and, were any observations to be made among savages, perhaps the same would be found to be true of them. Death is an evil to which the order of Providence has subjected every inhabitant of this earth; but to man it has been rendered unspeakably more an evil, than it was designed to be. The greatest part of that black catalogue of diseases which ravage human life is the offspring of the tenderness, the luxury, and the corruptions introduced by the vices and false refinements of civil society. That delicacy which is injured by every breath of air, and that rottenness of constitution which is the effect of intemperance and debauchery, were never intended by the Author of Nature; and it is impossible that they should not lay the foundation of numberless sufferings, and terminate in premature and miserable deaths. Let us then value more the simplicity and innocence of a life agreeable to Nature, and learn to consider nothing as savageness but malevolence, ignorance, and wickedness. The order of Nature is wise and kind. In a conformity to it consist health and long life; grace, honour, virtue and joy. But Nature turned out of its way will always punish. 'The wicked shall not live out half their days.' Criminal excesses im-bitter and cut short our present existence; and the highest authority has taught us to expect, that they will not only kill the body, but the soul, and deprive us of an everlasting existence.

[*Univ. Mdg.*.]

## Description of the SUPERB PIECE of PLATE,

Lately presented to Lady LEWES.

**T**HE Ladies of Worcester, in compliment to Sir Watkin Lewes, Knt. the late patriotic Candidate for the City of Worcester, have presented his Lady with an elegant Piece of Plate, adorned with many curious devices; of which the following is an exact description.

The field, or ground for the ornaments, is a *Shield*, surrounded with a wreath of palm, inclosing the following groupe of figures:

I. In the middle, *Fortitude*, the principal figure, standing on a rock, as helmet on his head, and leaning against a pillar, whose

whose top reaches to the extremity of the shield, and seems there as if lost in the clouds.

II. Beneath *Fortitude* is *Britannia*, with her usual emblems, and *Magna Charta* in her hand.

III. *Justice* descending in a cloud, armed with a *thunderbolt*, and *lightnings* flying from her, as destroying *Bribery*, a groveling figure, which lies struck to the earth; a bag of money in his hand, the money falling out.

IV. *Temperance* chaining down *Licentiousness*, represented by a *Satyr*, in whose hand is a goblet inverted, the liquor pouring from it.

#### SUPPORTERS.

I. *Eloquence*, on the right side, standing in the attitude of an *Orator*; her left hand flat on her breast, as holding her loose flowing robe together; her right hand extended; at her feet a *Caduceus*.

II. On the left, *Hope*, an exact figure, standing in front; her head inclined towards the shield, looking forwards, her eyes rather elevated; in her right hand a *cup*, with this inscription — *Spes P. B. pr, The Hope of the People of Britain*; her left hand leaning upon an *Anchor*.

#### C R E S T.

*Fame*, beautifully surrounded by a *Glory*.

On the base, on the right side, in an oval compartment, a *Dove*, perched on an *Olive Branch*, and a *Cornucopia*.

On the left, in an oval compartment, *Three Pears*, depending from one very slight thread, a *Sword* in a hand in armour held over them in a threatening posture, as just ready to cut them off.

MOTTO, in an oval compartment,  
*Firm in the Glorious Enterprize.*

#### I N S C R I P T I O N.

“The Ladies of Worcester present to Lady Lewes this mark of their esteem, in acknowledgment of the noble and disinterested efforts of Sir Watkin Lewes to destroy the influence of bribery and corruption in the Election of Members to represent their county in Parliament; and particularly to restore to the Citizens of Worcester their rights and privileges.”

With the above piece of plate was presented a rich and complete set of Worcester China, of a very curious pattern, and manufactured solely for the above purpose.

[West. Mag.]

### The various PURSUITS of MANKIND, In their SEARCH after PLEASURE,

THE world in general build all their happiness on the pursuit of their pleasures; and those pleasures to the human mind are as different as their complexions. There is no defining what Pleasure is; for what gives rapturous satisfaction to one, is a dull, tedious unimportant scene to another. Perhaps, the Deity of Nature in our very formations intended this general difference; for the human mind is of that motley cast, that few things strike two minds alike. What is highly pleasing to one, to another is irksome and tedious. It is thus in regard to beauty. One man will be all agony, rage, fury, and love for an object; while another will look upon the virgin without desire or emotion. One man will pursue the chase with unrelaxed ardour, while another hates the yell of a hound and the jolt of a horse. Another, again, is indefatigable in shooting, while his brother detests the smell of gunpowder. Some with unrelaxing assiduity will hold the trembling rod over the brook for hours, without the satisfaction of a bite; the

very confinement to a spot would drive another distracted. So that there is no defining what Pleasure really is; for what is one man's gratification in this, may be said to be another's detestation.

The Antients were not less absurd than ourselves; that is, if we have any right to fix a standard for Pleasure, and call any thing absurd because it gives another pleasure, and we do not like it ourselves; for they had as extravagant ideas as any men since, and their pleasures were as absurd and extraordinary. Domitian the Emperor amused himself, in preference to any other thing, in catching flies; Augustus, to play with nuts amongst children. Alexander Severus was often pleased to play with whelps and young pigs; and at this time there is a Lord, an Admiral to George the Third, who takes more pleasure in the company of his pig than his lady. Perhaps some may not wonder at this.

Cæsar, Lepidus, and Anthony, used to pass their time in gathering shells on the

sea shore. The Ladies of Turkey, who are mewed up from those recreations which Ladies of other countries enjoy, pass most of their leisure hours in dalliance with their favourite cats, as more modern dames do with monkeys, squirrels, and Italian dogs.

There is such a variety of Pleasures, that there is no fixing upon one as universal; for whatever amusement one half the world may follow with the utmost eagerness, the other half will as earnestly despise.

Some have such a thirst of pleasure, united with knowledge, that we see them exploring the burning latitudes of India, and the intense frosts of Iceland, only in pursuit of some natural rarity, as shells and butterflies, and plants and animals.

One Mr. Leslie, a man of very considerable fortune, is just returned from China, where he went in his fortieth year to see the manners and customs of the Chinese; nay, so very great is his thirst, that he means to make a second expedition.—There are men who prefer the converse of dead authors to that of the living; while others live in the smoke of tobacco, and the noise of a skittle-ground, and prefer it to the voice of Linley, and the catgut of Giardini.

Some, more refined in their ears, pursue sweet sounds all over the globe, and are as much bewildered as Prospero's friends led astray by the invisible Ariel.—Other men have souls so crusted with dullness, that it is not in the power of Music to awaken their senses. Many men most rationally pursue the study of Gardening, while others look on the fairest plant, or the most blooming flower without emotion. Some devote their time to collect old medals and rusty bits of ancient helmets, hilts of swords, and other antiquated utensils; while an Egyptian vase is looked upon by another with coolness and contempt.

I remember the story of a great Florist, who had got a prodigious beautiful blow of tulips; when, amongst the rest of his visitors, there came a Student of Insects; and while the Florist was expatiating with rapture on the beauty of his flowers, the Naturalist suddenly discovered a fine butterfly among the tulips, and springing over the bed, in extacy cried out, "An Emperor, an Emperor!" and trampled down his flowers, regardless of oaths and blows, till he left the ground in pursuit of the object of his favourite study.

I have known a lady go through the hot fatigue of a week's washing, for the

pleasure of hanging out the linen, and taking it in, when dry, from the hedge: she would often declare, that the smell of it fresh from the thorn, was more grateful to her senses, than any other fragrance or sensation.

In the early part of life, and in the maturer too, we find people pleased with various narrations that even terrify them: such as murders, ghosts, and demons; and express so much anxiety on the subject, that when you cease to fright them, they will keenly importune you to pursue the story.

There was an extraordinary character, belonging to Drury-Lane Theatre, (his name was Clough) who had not missed an execution for thirty years. He once walked up from Portsmouth, when he belonged to that company, to see the execution of two criminals on Kennington-Common; but their being relieved so disappointed his promised *pleasure*, that he was heard to go away swearing in an uncommon language. He used to be frequently attended by a brother Comedian, on whom he called one morning to go with him to an execution; but his friend not being willing to rise, he exclaimed in a great rage, "D—n it, Jemmy, you have no true taste for pleasure!"

This same Mr. Clough, when in the last sickness, which put a period to his days, was very desirous of attending an execution to Tyburn; and though in so weak a condition as hardly to be able to speak, he took a chair, and went to Newgate. One of the criminals was in hopes of a pardon; and seeing a sedan coming in this manner through the mob, they concluded the joyful tidings were therein contained; when, lo! to their astonishment, he came from the chair in the press-yard, saying, with a faint and languid voice, "I'm just come, my boys, to have the *pleasure* of seeing your irons knocked off."

The human mind is of so motley a complexion, that it is difficult to define what is pleasure to it. I should conclude that there are certain things which would be equally pleasing to every rational mind; but every day, in the common occurrences of things, we are convinced to the contrary. Every mind forms its own ideas of pleasure; and according to the strength of genius, and the power of fancy, ideal pleasures are the stronger painted; and few men have been so fortunate as to have the possession of any pleasure equal to the colouring of fancy before it was possessed.

Perhaps

Perhaps I may venture to say, that the first rapturous pleasure of this life, is the meeting of two lovers with a mutual zeal and affection; which meeting is highly improved by being clandestine. If these expecting fair ones have a few days to pass before the happy moment arrives, does not the joys, the bliss, the rapture, and incantation which the mind so lively delineated, exceed far the tumult of their joys when possessed? This, again, depends upon the vigour of the mind and the

constitution; and therefore people of a poetical fancy and ability must certainly doubly enjoy every pleasurable scene of this life above all other minds.

The Poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth  
to heaven;

And as Imagination bodies forth

The form of things unknown, the Poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy  
Nothing

A local habitation and a name.

[*West. Mag.*.]

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

KINGDOM OF POETRY.

THE kingdom of Poetry is very large and well peopled, bordered on the one side with Rhetoric, on another with Statuary and Painting, and on the other with Music. This country is divided into high and low, after the manner of several other populous regions. High Poetry is inhabited by a sort of grave, four-looking, melancholy people, whose language, compared with the other provinces, is as Welsh to the English. The men are generally heroes by profession, and make nothing of cleaving a giant armed capapee, if he falls in his way, down his backbone at one stroke. As for the women, the sun itself must not be compared to them, tho' they have never so little beauty. The very horses within this division out-run the wind, and the trees shoot their summits into the clouds.

The capital of this province is named Epic Poem, built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few have attempted to cultivate. This city is reported to be more extensive than Nineve, and tires most travellers that attempt to survey its utmost dimensions; and its natives, and generally the inhabitants of the whole kingdom, pay little regard to truth, entertain their guests with feigned stories, and are very careful to conduct the curious traveller to the antient Mausoleum of Homer, and the modern superb monument of the Episcopal author of *Telemachus*, lately finished, and highly embellished with the trophies of a French politician. But what renders it most disagreeable, are the continual quarrels, fightings, and murders we meet with in our way out of this city. However, its most extensive suburbs, which is called Romance, and by far exceeds the city, take off much of the terror of their neighbours; for be-

ing filled with the most beautiful and accomplished people in the world, great travellers, and very passionate lovers, they are always full of mirth, and seldom permit their guests to go away without the regale of a marriage feast. Here I was informed that a certain Westminster Justice of the Peace had agreed for a piece of ground to erect a monument in memory of Tom Jones, a foundling, in these parts, in gratitude for the favours received by his friendship. From hence you discover the mountains of Tragedy, which are very high craggy hills, with many dangerous precipices, and make up the greatest part of this country, are chiefly adorned with the beautiful ruins and remains of some ancient cities, and inhabited by a set of people, whose very women delight so much in blood, that they are often seen to laugh and clap their hands for joy, when some wretch is executed, or kills himself. In the same province there was formerly a gaudy enchanted castle, called Opera, contrived by an Italian magician, in such a manner, that, like the house of Loretto, it was moveable into all parts of the universe; but time and chance having defaced its beauty, and weakened its garison, it has been forced to yield to the wooden sword of Harlequin, who has given to his new foundation the name of Farce, as more agreeable to its situation on the borders of Low Poetry, whose chief city is Burlesque, and its inhabitants either stand mute, like statues, run about like merry-andrews, or detain you two or three hours with an idle story, that has not the least word of truth.

In the neighbourhood of Farce is situated, in a much better and pleasanter place, the ancient city of Comedy, whose inhabitants are very good painters, did



they not sometimes give too pleasing images of Vice in their pictures: and they have an excellent talent at laughing others out of their faults, had they but conduct enough to keep themselves blameless; yet with all their imperfections, they must be allowed to be, the best Moralists in the world. This city has five wards, at the entrance of each the traveller is always received with a band of music, and sometimes entertained with a dance: the avenues to this place of mirth and morality is defended by a castle, which the natives call Prologue, from whence you are informed of the merits of the place, before you gain admittance into the city, and are humbly intreated to behave with civility during your abode therein; and, if possible, to keep but the nation of Critics, who are a captious people, and generally at war with Poetry. It is but a step from this to a small hill, inhabited by persons of the best rank and fashion, who have long endeavoured to eclipse the last-mentioned city, with a new foundation called Tragedy.

Between High and Low Poetry lies a vast desert, called the Solitudes of Good Sense, in which is neither city, town, nor village, only a few huts dispersed up and down on the plain, which is the most pleasant part of the kingdom; and affords whatever the heart can wish; which scarcity of inhabitants is generally attributed to the narrow, difficult, and rugged ways that lead to it, and to the want of sufficient guides. Besides, it borders on the province of False Thoughts, where people are lulled asleep with ease, and the enchantments of pleasures; so that few or none take pains to travel through to the Solitudes of Good Sense. Elegy is the capital of this province, and is surrounded with woods, rocks, brooks, and caves, where the inhabitants always walk solitary, make them the confidants of their amours, and are so afraid of being betrayed or overheard, that they used to enjoin them an eternal silence.

This kingdom of Poetry is watered by the rivers of Rhyme and Reason. The former springs up at the foot of the mountains of Thoughtfulness, and entertains great numbers of travellers in the palace of Trifling, which is finely built on her banks. The latter is contained within the limits of the Solitudes of Good Sense, and therefore not so much frequented.

In Poetry is the dark forest of Nonsense, whose trees are so thick, bushy, and entangled in one another, that neither

the sun beams, nor light itself was ever known to penetrate into it. It is so old, that men have made it almost a point of religion not to meddle with its trees; nor is there any hopes that ever any will dare to follow the example of the Dunclad in weeding and clearing it. On this borders the large province of Imitation; which is very barren, and produceth nothing, and in consequence its inhabitants are extreme poor; and though they get their bread by gleaning in their neighbour's field, and sometimes grow rich by that trade, have not the gratitude to acknowledge the kindness.

Poetry is very cold towards the north, and inhabited by people of low stature, finical and affected to such a degree, that, according to their own wills, they would always converse with you in the Latin tongue; and confine the sense of their discourse within the narrow boundaries of some favourite word or name. Here is the city of Acrostic and Anagram; and several others of like sort. But what is most remarkable, there is scarce an old face to be seen throughout the whole province.

This province, however, is bounded on one side by the ocean of Learning, in which lies the isle of Satyr, under the absolute jurisdiction of the kingdom of Poetry. It much resembles the Isle of Wight, on the Hampshire coast, for situation and fertility; but the inhabitants are more of the cast of your Flint-skimmers, and are as revengeful and malicious as the islanders in Man. It is surrounded with a bitter sea, and abounds very much with a black sort of soil, which is supposed to influence their inclinations, to be humourfome, blunt, and so conceited of their own wit and abilities, that they scruple not to sacrifice their friend to their jest. However, here is a state anciently ruled by one Juvenal, while Poetry was under the Roman dominion, but of late years reduced under the British yoke by Mr. Pope, where the people are generally of greater capacity, and despising the little arts of Punning and Repartee, set themselves fairly to correct their neighbours, and do all in their power to remove their vices.

Near this island is the Peninsula of Epigram; it hath a sharp point, and though it is but of a very small extent, is most pleasantly situated, but has been long neglected. If death had not deprived us of Dr. Goldsmith, there was an intention, we hear, to have erected a castle on this promontory, to be called the Laureate.

Laureat, and to be given to the Doctor to guard the coast from the shoals of Songs, Sonnets, Catches, Odes, &c. which being the emptiest things in the world, float up and down continually, and are bold enough sometimes to attempt a descent on the confines of Good Sense, which terminates in this neck of land.

There are several other provinces in this vast empire, which I have not yet had time to survey; nor indeed have I, at present, sufficient leisure to delineate all the beauties and curiosities of those parts we have gone through; but at some future time I may probably send you a more accurate description.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

## A N E C D O T E S.

### The EPICUREAN PRINCE.

**S**OLYMAN the Great, at the commencement of his reign, was more luxurious than became so wise a Prince. One might have judged of the vastness of his empire by the variety of dishes at his table: some were sent from the Tigris; some from the Euphrates; others from Oxus and the Caspian sea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his Nobles, Mustapha, Keeper of the Three Tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the sanctity of his office; but instead of falling to, and eating heartily, as holy men are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and fell a weeping. Solyman, amazed at his behaviour, ordered him to explain it to the company.

“Know then, (said he) O Monarch of the Earth, that when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather a vision; which was sent me from the Prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the moon Rhamazân, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when methought the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and, in a few moments conveyed me to the lowest heavens, where the Messenger of God (on whom be peace) was sitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals, of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against Solyman, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand. It was alleged by them that ten or twelve of them were often murdered to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate; some gave their tongues only, some their bowels; some their fat; and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared such constant waste was made of them, that, unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy glut-

tony. The Prophet hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six vultures to fetch thee alive before him: they instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, to see whether it was bigger or more capacious than those of other men; which it was found to be just of the common size. He permitted all the animals to make reprisals on the body of their destroyer; but, before one in ten thousand could get at thee, every particle of it was devoured; so ill proportioned was the offender to the offence.”

This story made such an impression on the Monarch, that he would not suffer above one dish of meat to be brought to his table ever after. [*Univ. Mag.*]

LADY C\*\*\*\* and DR. \*\*\*\*.

**P**ERHAPS Nature never exhibited a stronger instance of credulity, than she did in Lady C-----; but the most remarkable part of her character was, a persuasion that every man who saw her was in love with her. It will easily be imagined, that such an idea was the cause of many singular embarrassments, either to herself or her visitors. The following is related as an instance of it.

A well-known Doctor, who from a walking Physician is transformed into a walking Author, having written a treatise upon the virtues of Mustard Seed, was ambitious of the honour of dedicating it to Lord C-----, which favour he hoped to gain through the influence of his lady. Accordingly, having brushed up his suit of fable, he one morning waited upon her Ladyship at C----- house, and requested an audience upon an affair of consequence. The Doctor was admitted; and the first salutation being over, he proceeded to assure her how much he was her Ladyship's humble servant; which she, as usual, mistaking for a regard for her person, asked him with a tremulous accent, where he had seen her before?—“Madam, (replied the Doctor) to the best of my knowledge this is the first time I ever had the honour

of seeing your Ladyship." "Perhaps then you have heard me described; I have read of astonishing effects from such a circumstance." "Yes, (answered the author) I have frequently heard your Ladyship's character painted in the most amiable colours." "Well, Sir, and what would you have me do for you?" "Why if your Ladyship would but indulge me so far, as to grant me the favour"—*Grant you the favour?* (interrupted the Lady) Merciful Heaven! what have I done to deserve such usage? From your appearance, Sir,

I expected at least common civility; but I find I am deceived. However, I consider it more my misfortune than yours, and I insist that you immediately quit my presence."—In vain did the astonished investigator of mustard-seed endeavour at an explanation; in vain he affirmed he had no intention of offending her Ladyship; she was deaf to all his remonstrances, and he was forced to take his departure without an opportunity of boasting of her Ladyship's favours.

[West. Mag.]

## NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

### HAY-MARKET.

#### The WATERMAN;—a BALLAD OPERA.

THIS little musical piece is the production of Mr. Dibdin, and for a Ballad Opera, indeed it has great merit—the plot, exclusive of the airs, being extremely pretty and natural. The principal characters of the piece are Tug, an honest young Waterman, and Robin, a kind of Macaroni Gardener, who has made himself master of a few theatrical and romantic speeches, which he lets off at pleasure, as proofs of his wit and sense. These two young fellows are suitors to Wilhelmina, the daughter of Mr. Bundle, a Battersea Gardener, with whom Robin works, and the solicitations of each to obtain Wilhelmina's favour, (Tug assisted by the father's interest, and Robin by Mrs. Bundle's) afford much entertainment. The following extract will give a specimen of their endeavours.

#### WILHELMINA.

*Two youths for my love are contending in vain,  
For do all they can,*

*Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain;*

*Which, which is the man*

*That deserves me most? let me ask of my heart;*

*Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart?*

*Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?*

*Which, which is the man?*

*Indeed to be prudent, and do what I ought,*

*I do what I can;*

*Yet surely papa and mama are in fault;*

*To a different man*

*They, each, have advis'd me to yield up my heart;*

*Mama praises Robin, who dresses so smart;*

*Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan;*

*Which, which is the man?*

*Behind then, my heart, and but point out the jewel,*

*I'll do what I can,*

*His love to return, and return it with truth;*

*Which, which is the man?*

*Be kind to my wishes, and point out my heart,  
Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart?  
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?*

*Which, which is the man?*

Enter Tug.

Tug. Take my advice, Miss, and let it be honest Tom.

WIL. Oh, you brute! did you hear me?

Tug. Why, Miss, suppose if I did, you a'n't afraid of speaking your mind, be ye?

WIL. My mind! why you have not the assurance to pretend, that I said any thing in favour of you?

Tug. Why no, I can't say directly that you said as how you'd have me; but I'm sure you can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little that way.

WIL. And do you imagine then, I cou'd prefer you to Robin, sweet Robin, as the song says, that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding?

Tug. For my part, I makes no comparisons, as a body may say; but I'd be sorry, Miss, if there was not others as agreeable, and well behaved as he, however.

WIL. What, yourself I suppose?—Do you know, you odious creature, that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similes to me?

Tug. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you.

WIL. Oh! hold your filthy tongue: Did you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lilies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow drops, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose trees in the morning—what would you say then?

Tug. Ah! but you know, Miss, that's all in his way.

WIL. Then he writes verses, Oh, dear me! the author of the opera book, in the parlour window, is a fool to him for writing. Oh! he's a very Ovid's Metamorphose!

Tug.

TUG. Why, for the matter of that, Miss, there are other folks that can write as well as he; what would you say now, if I had wrote something about and concerning my falling in love with you?

WIL. I should then begin to have some hopes of you.

TUG. Shou'd you?—Why then I have.

WIL. Oh, dear! let's see it.

TUG. It's a song, Miss; I'll sing it to you, if you please.

### S O N G.

*And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,  
Who at Black-friars bridge used for to ply;  
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and  
dexterity,*

*Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:  
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,  
The maidens all stuck in his boat so readily,  
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming  
an air,*

*That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.*

*What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his  
wherry,*

*'Twas clean'd out so nice and so painted with-  
all;*

*He was always first oars when the fine city ladies,  
In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.*

*And oftentimes would they be giggling and leer-  
ing,*

*But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and  
jeering,*

*For loving, or liking, he little did care,  
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.*

*And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;  
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,  
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,  
That she smiled, and so straitway in love he  
did fall;*

*And wou'd this young damsel but banish his sorrow,  
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow:*

*And how should this waterman ever know care,  
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?*

Well, Miss, how do you like it?

WIL. Like it! why it is the very moral of yourself!—If you had not pass'd half your time between Wapping and the Tower Stairs, you could never have wrote such a song.

TUG. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing?—Well, now, I hope you will consent!

WIL. Consent to what?

TUG. Why, to marry me: To be certain you won't find me like your Mr. Robin, an inconsiderative puppy, that will say more in half an hour, than he'll stand to in half a year! I am a little too much of an Englishman, I thank you, Miss, for that; my heart lies in the right place, and, as we say, 'tis not always the best looking boat that goes the safest.

WIL. And so, Mr. Thomas, you really think by all this fine talking to make me dying for love of you?

TUG. Why, Miss, for the matter of that, I don't see why I shou'd not.

WIL. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you ever expect to have any thing to say to me, you must kneel at my feet, k<sup>iss</sup> my hand, swear that I'm an angel, that the very sun, moon, and stars are not half so bright as my eyes; that I am Cupid, Venus, and the three Graces put together.

TUG. Why, to be sure, all this may be very fine: but why should I talk to you in a lingo I don't understand?

WIL. This, as my dear Robin says, is the only language of true lovers, and if you don't understand it already, you'll learn it for my sake.

TUG. I'll tell you what, Miss, if you don't marry me, till I make such a fool of myself, 'tis my mind you'll never marry me at all. I love you, to be sartin; there's no body can say to the contrary of that; but you'll never catch me at your Cupids and Wenisses; I am plain, and downright; I'd do all that in my power lay to make you happy, if you'd have me, and if you won't, I have nothing to do but to cast away care, and go on board a man of war; for I could never bear to stay here if you was married to another.

WIL. What, then, you'd leave England and all for the love of me?

TUG. That's what I wou'd, Miss.

WIL. Well, that wou'd be charming! Oh! how I shou'd doat upon it, if I was to hear them cry through Battersea streets, "The unfortunate sailor's lamentation for the loss of his mistress!"

TUG. I'll stick to my word, I assure you! if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man of war.

*Then farewell my trim-built wherry,  
Oars, and coat and badge, farewell;  
Never more at Chelsea ferry.*

*Shall your Thomas take a spell.*

*But to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I go;  
Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,  
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.*

*Then may-hap, when homeward steering,  
With the news my mess-mates come;  
Even you, the story bearing,  
With a sigh may cry—poor Tom!*

[Exit.

WIL. Well, 'tis a most charming thing to plague these creatures—die for me!—if I had not given myself some airs to him, he never could have thought of such a thing; but that's the way, if one does not use them like dogs, there's no getting any thing civil from them—but here comes Robin, I must plague him in another way.

Enter ROBIN.

ROB. Miss Wilemina, may I have the unspeakable happiness to tell you, how much words fall short of the great honour you wou'd prefer upon me, if you wou'd grant me the request, of favouring me with your hand this evening at the hop.

WIL. Why, Mr. Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

WIL.

ROB. What inclination, Miss! ask the plants why they love a shower? ask the sun-flower why it loves the sun? ask the snow-drop why it is white? ask the violet why it is blue? the trees why they blossom? the cabbages why they grow? 'tis all because they can't help it; no more can I help my love for you.

WIL. Lord, Mr. Robin, how gallant you are!

ROB. Oh, my Wilelmina! thou art straighter than the straightest tree! sweeter than the sweetest flower! thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as sweet as honey-suckles! and when you speak, grace is in all your steps! heav'n in your eye! in every gesture—Oh dear!

WIL. Lord, Mr. Robin, you have said that so often.

ROB. Well, you never heard me say this in your life—now mind. My heart is for all the world just like a hot-bed, where the seed of affection, sown by your matchless charms, and warmed by that sun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is just now full blown; and all I desire, Miss, is that you'll condescend to gather it and stick it in your bosom.

WIL. And what pretensions have you to think I shall ever consent to such a thing.

ROB. Pretensions, Miss! because my love is boundless as the sea, and my heart as full of Cupid's arrows, as a sweet-brier is full of thorns.

WIL. But I am afraid, if I was foolish enough to believe you, you would soon forget me.

ROB. Forget you, Miss! 'tis impossible! sooner shall asparagus forget to grow, seed forget to rise, leaves to fall, sooner shall trees grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilelmina.

WIL. Well, I do declare there's no resisting you.

ROB. Resisting me, Miss! no, I don't know how you should; my heart is stock'd with love, as a flower garden is stock'd with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes and taken shelter there, are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips; you are to me what the summer is to the garden, and if you don't revive me with the sunshine of your favour, I shall be over-run with the weeds of disappointment, and choak'd up with the brambles of despair.

WIL. That would be a pity indeed.

ROB. So 'twould, indeed, Miss.

WIL. Do you really love me then?

ROB. Love you!

*Eid the blossoms ne'er be blighted,  
Birds by scare-crows ne'er be frighted,  
From the firm earth the oak remove,  
Teach the jessamine how to blow,  
Teach the holy-oak to grow,  
Trees bear cherries,  
Hedges berries,  
But prithee teach not me to love.*

*Grass shall grow than cedars higher,  
Pinks shall bloom upon the brier,  
Lilies be as black as jet,  
Roses smell no longer sweet,  
Melons rip n without heat,  
Plumbs and cherries,  
Taste like berries,  
When Wilelmina I forget.*

[Excuse.]

The Gardener and his wife bear a considerable share in the quarrels which this piece affords, as Mrs. Bundle (who to a love of vociferation, has added a smattering of high life, and an itch for hard words, plays, and novels) is perpetually endeavouring to further the marriage of Robin with her daughter---nay, even commands it to be done; while Bundle as earnestly, tho' with rather more privacy, exerts himself in favour of the Waterman. The girl, however, resolves to consult her own heart upon the subject, and to give her hand to him alone who shall do something to deserve her.

At length the first of August comes, when the Coat and Badge, left by a Mr. Dogget, is annually row'd for by young Watermen; and Wilelmina is pressed by Tug to see the shew from the New Swan; to which place she is also invited by Robin for the same purpose, where Mrs. Bundle intends they shall have a dance in the evening. She goes with the latter, accompanied by her father and mother, and the rowers presently make their appearance. They approach, and Tug is found to be the winning man.

Immediately on getting on shore, he comes to the Swan, and is asked by Wilelmina why he was one of the candidates; to which he replies in the following

A I R.

*I row'd for the prize,  
To receive from those eyes  
A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile;  
But lest I should lose,  
And you for that fault your poor Tom should  
refuse,  
My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.  
Wh-n we came to the pull,  
How I handled my skull,  
'Twould have done your heart good to have  
seen us;  
There was never a boat's length between us.  
But the Swan once in view,  
My boat how it flew,  
And verily I lieve 'twas all thinking of you.*

Wilelmina thereupon gives him her hand, to the satisfaction of Mr. Bundle, but to the utter mortification of his wife, and Robin.

## The L I T E R A R Y R E V I E W.

ART. 17. *An Address to the Public on the frequent and enormous Crime of Suicide: Delivered at the Old Jewry on the 2d of Jan. 1774. By John Herries, M. A. 4to. 1s.*

THE Revd. Author, in treating this awful subject, has, in the first place, considered the character and disposition of those who are guilty of Suicide; under the second head, he has taken notice of the most plausible arguments that are usually urged in its defence, and has concluded the whole with some serious admonitions to dissuade from the commission of it.—Under the first head, the Doctor says:

“In order to consider the character and disposition of those who have been deluded into this crime, it may be proper to mention a few examples.

Such, however, do not frequently occur in the sacred writings. It is somewhat remarkable, that in the Mosaic dispensation, which contains almost every kind of precept relating to our conduct in life, there is not found one prohibition against Self-murder. Hence we may infer, that such a crime was judged to be so contrary to nature, that it was hardly probable it would ever be attempted. And, indeed, if it was not so frequently committed, it would scarce appear credible.”

He then instances the several persons who are recorded in the Bible to have been guilty of this crime, viz. Sampson, Saul, Achitophel, and Judas. And also Cato, Brutus, Anthony, and Nero, who either from mistaken pride, or from the agonies of guilt and despair, were prompted to this violent and irretrievable act; but where, says the Doctor, is there in reason or in religion one pretext or palliation of this crime?

He then observes that the commission of this crime is contrary to the strongest law of nature, self-preservation; that it indicates a weakness and timidity of mind, a want of fortitude to resist or support the calamities of life; that it discovers an indolent, uninspiring mind; a want of ambition to be either great or useful; that it proceeds from want of benevolence, or concern for the good of society; of gratitude to his creator by abusing his most precious gift; and then goes on as follows:

“This crime proceeds frequently from a gloomy and misguided imagination, by which a man is tempted to distrust Providence and almost to accuse it of cruelty and injustice. He imagines that he is now as miserable as he can be, and that his Maker has no more

happiness in store for him. How weak and fallacious is such a conclusion! Tell me the situation when any of you has a right to say, “Now I am arrived at the utmost crisis of distress, and the enjoyment of life is for ever fled.” Have not you often found, that when your heart has been sinking in sorrow, and your officious imagination has presented before you the most unpleasing prospects, that in a short time the cloud was removed, and the dawn of hope arose upon your soul? This life is a varying scene of suffering and of pleasure. Nothing is fixed and permanent. Let us therefore be cautious of indulging a desponding temper. Though “weeping endures for a night, yet joy may come in the morning.” Shall we not wait at least till that morning arrive? Shall we put it out of the power of Omnipotence itself to make us happier in the present state? What though you are ignorant of the hour to come, have you not reason to believe that every thing is conducted for the best? Wait therefore on the Lord, and do not mistrust his administration. Have you not heard of men, who, on some distressful tidings which concerned their fortune or other views, have given themselves over to despair, and instantly put an end to their life? And yet, in a short time, perhaps the very next day, the face of things was changed, and Providence was ready to pour down the richest blessings on him who was then incapable of receiving them! on him who was lying a cold and senseless corpse! Had he lived that day longer, he might have possessed greater success and happiness than his most sanguine hopes had anticipated.

Examples of this melancholy nature happen frequently, and should teach us not to be premature in our conclusions, but to wait with resignation till the gloom of adversity be dispelled. Such fatal rashness is highly impious, as it proceeds from a stubborn unwillingness to submit to the supreme disposal.

We should likewise consider, that the most violent mental pain is seldom of long continuance; that it carries its own remedy along with it; and that it often terminates in that serene tranquility which is more desirable than pleasure itself.

We should consider, that even our happy moments receive their highest relish from the experience of past pain; that our very errors are often the occasion of our virtues; and that, on the knowledge of our former follies, we raise the structure of our future wisdom. In short, we should consider that apparent evil often ends in real good; that the most beautiful

tiful order springs out of a seeming confusion; and that health, fortune, joy, are often the result of sickness, poverty, and anguish. There is no one in this audience who can look back upon his past life without acknowledging the truth of these reflections. If, therefore, our present state is full of unforeseen vicissitudes, let us hope and endeavour for the best, and beware lest we totally extinguish the lamp of life, instead of waiting till it burn brighter.

His most atrocious crime comprehends in it likewise a want of submission to the Judge and Arbitrator of Human Affairs. He it is who "does his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of this lower earth. None can stay his hand from working, or say unto him, What dost thou? It is his prerogative to wound, and to heal; to kill, and to make alive." Wilt thou, O blind man, assume *his* right, disputing (as it were) his authority and challenging him to do his worst? Does he not see thy repining thoughts? Is he not a witness of thy impious resolution? Dost thou know what vengeance he has in store for such presumptuous offenders? How canst thou withstand the terrors of his indignation? Learn then to tremble at the thought of offending him who is the potentate of heaven, earth, and hell; at whose imperial mandate the various ranks of being, bow adoring!

In the last place, the self-murderer appears to be totally unimpressed with that reverence and awful dread which ought to attend the thoughts of a future state.

Remember, O man, that the soul, which now animates thy frame, is destined to survive the pang of dissolution. Allow me therefore to reason a little with thee before thou committest the act of frenzy. Pause, ponder. Where art thou? Whither art thou going? What wilt thou soon be? Thou art about to launch into that awful ocean, whose domains are unbounded and unknown! Thou art standing on the very brink of eternity. Eternity! what art thou? Our weak faculties are lost in the contemplation of thee. We soar; we stretch; but all is dark beyond! No one is permitted to return and bring us tidings of thee. Yet let us not be presumptuously inquisitive. A short time hence and we shall explore thy vast dominions. We then shall know what it is to die. But, O thou all-wise Disposer, forbid that the solemn hour should find us unprepared; much less that we should accelerate its approach. No! "all the days of our appointed time we will wait till our change come."

In considering the most plausible arguments urged in defence of this crime, our Author says, addressing himself to the Reasoner:

"Perhaps thou wilt advance a motive which impells thee to the fatal resolution, that thou art surrounded by indigence and distress, by means of the cruelty or fraud of others; that sharp hunger gnaws thy vi-

tals; that the scanty garment scarcely covers thee; that balmy sleep denies its visits; and, to add to thy anguish, that thou beholdest an helpless offspring pouring out their souls in unavailing tears. To thee they cry, on thee they depend, and yet thou art unable to relieve them. Thou feelest the pang of nature; paternal affection yearns within thee; it almost rends thee to distraction. But hold—Suppress the wild idea.—If thou hast one spark of affection for these shivering, defenceless babes, it will prompt thee to preserve thy life for their sake. Wilt thou abandon them to a cruel, inhospitable world, where they may have cause to imprecate vengeance on thy head? If thy departed spirit be allowed to visit earth, must it not behold with compassion and remorse those wretched relicts who by thy crime are perhaps deprived of the necessities of life; seduced into the snares of the abandoned; lost to every noble and generous feeling, and breathing their last in the agonies of remorse and despair? It was thy cruelty, thou unnatural father, which reduced them to this deplorable state. Methinks I behold them standing along with thee before the tribunal of God: they give in their evidence; they accuse thee as the voluntary author of all their woes, in deserting them in their utmost need, at a time when there was none to help them. How could'st thou bear a reproach so inconceivably bitter, and yet so just? Learn then, that every argument for suicide drawn from indigence and distress, is weak, delusive, and wicked.

What, likewise, though thou art languishing on a bed of sickness, or even tortured with the keenest pain; be taught by religion, that every affliction comes from the hand of an affectionate Father, who wounds only that he may heal, who chastens that he may save for ever; who will not punish his creatures more than they are able to bear; but in his own good time and manner will relieve them from all their distresses. Wait, therefore, his all-ruling will, and forbear to murmur at his disposal. The noblest duty of man is to be grateful for what he enjoys, and acquiescent in what he suffers.

But, perhaps, thou wilt urge in thy vindication, that the retrospect of thy past life distracts thee with horror, and that thou art unable to bear the reflections of thine own mind. This indeed is a most dreadful situation. But where is the remedy? What medicine can soothe thy mental pain? I am afraid that even the sleep of death will render it more acute! Dost thou not tremble at the thought of rushing into Eternity

'With all thine imperfections on thy head.'

Learn, therefore, first to secure peace with that power within, which is thy kind monitor, thy strict witness, thine impartial judge, and most bitter tormentor. Learn to silence its sharp upbraidings. How?—By obeying its friendly dictates. The more thy past life

hath

hath been polluted with guilt, thou hast need of a longer time to erase the impression. Begin, therefore, by inspecting that inveterate wound which gnaws thine heart; probe it to the quick; the balm of penitence will soon give it ease, and health and joy be restored to thy soul. But if, in this state of agitation, thou perpetratest the hell-prompted deed, thou wilt act the part of a madman, who, when he finds his house in disorder, instead of repairing it, pulls it down upon his own head."

The Doctor afterwards concludes his discourse in the following pathetic address:

"Let me conjure each individual in this large audience, by all that is dear to you in time or eternity, to "consider those things that belong to your peace, before it be too late, and they be for ever hid from your eyes." Reflect on the indispensable duty of preserving your health and your life. If you be distressed in mind, Live! serenity and joy may yet dawn upon your soul; if you are contented and cheerful, Live! and diffuse that happiness to others.—If misfortunes have befallen you by your own misconduct, Live! and be wiser for the future; if they have befallen you by the fault of others, Live! you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself.—If you are indigent and helpless, Live! the generous heart will relieve you; if you are rich and prosperous, Live! and enjoy what you possess.—If another has injured you, Live! his own crime will be his punisher; if you have injured another, Live! and recompense it by your good offices.—If your character be attacked unjustly, Live! time will remove the aspersions; if the reproaches are well founded, Live! and cease to deserve them for the future.—If you are at present obscure and undistinguished, Live! to be one day more conspicuous; if you are already eminent and applauded, Live! and preserve the honours you have acquired.—If you have been negligent and useless to society, Live! and make amends by your future conduct; if you have been active and industrious, Live! and communicate your improvements to others.—If you have spiteful enemies, Live! and disappoint their malevolence; if you have kind and faithful friends, Live! to bless and protect them.—If hitherto you have been impious and wicked, Live! and repent of your errors; if you have been wife and virtuous, Live! for the farther benefit of mankind. If you disbelieve a future state, Live! and be as useful and happy in this as you can; if you hope for immortality, Live! and prepare to enjoy it.

Thus it is, that in whatever condition you are placed, Reason informs you that it is your duty to do all the good you can to society, and to fulfil the intention of your Creator, by enjoying with gratitude the blessings he has sent. This is the only life of wisdom, utility, and inward peace."

18. *An History of the Earth, and animated Nature.* By Oliver Goldsmith. In eight vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s. boards. Nowise.

A judicious system of natural history, blending entertainment with information, has hitherto never appeared in the English language, nor indeed been accomplished in any other. The several works of this kind that have been published originally in our own tongue, are universally defective with respect to the essential quality which alone can render the study of natural knowledge both useful and agreeable. The only book on this subject, in which the author has endeavoured to unite philosophy with description, is la Pluche's *Nature Displayed*. But even this justly admired work is far from being void of imperfections. Though it presents us with a pleasing idea of natural history, it is too superficial, and it receives an air of puerility from being written in the form of dialogue. To these objections we may add, that it contains many dissertations entirely foreign to natural history, gives no account of the latter improvements that have been made in the science, and is raised upon the foundation of the exploded systems of the Cartesian and Ramistic philosophy.

Many of the defects of *Nature Displayed* are carefully obviated in the work now under our consideration, in which Dr. Goldsmith appears to have exerted great application, and to have consulted the whole accumulated tribe of the writers on natural history; particularly Buffon, Linnæus, Duhamel, Hales, &c. &c.

In the beginning of this work, we are presented with a Sketch of the Universe, or the Solar System; to which succeeds a Short Survey of the Globe, from the Light of Astronomy and Geography; with a View of the Surface of the Earth. The author then delivers a concise account of the different theories of the earth, the most conspicuous of which are those of Burnet, Whiston, Woodward, and Buffon. Though these systems be merely imaginary, we agree with the author, that it is incumbent on the natural historian to be acquainted at least with the out-lines of them; as such a knowledge may prevent his indulging himself in similar speculations, from the idea of their being his own invention. For this reason we shall lay before our readers a part of each of these systems.

"The first who formed this amusement of earth-making into system was the celebrated Thomas Burnet, a man of polite learning and rapid imagination. His Sacred Theory, as he calls it describing the changes which the earth has undergone, or shall hereafter undergo, is well known for the warmth with which it is imagined, and the weakness with which it is reasoned, for the elegance of its style, and the meanness of its philosophy. The earth, says he, before the deluge,



was very differently formed from what it is at present: it was at first a fluid mass; a chaos composed of various substances, differing both in density and figure: those which were most heavy sunk to the center, and formed in the middle of our globe an hard, solid body; those of a lighter nature remained next; and the waters, which were lighter still, swam upon its surface, and covered the earth on every side. The air, and all those fluids which were lighter than water, floated upon this also; and in the same manner encompassed the globe; so that between the surrounding body of waters, and the circumambient air, there was formed a coat of oil, and other unctuous substances, lighter than water. However, as the air was still extremely impure, and must have carried up with it many of those earthy particles with which it once was intimately blended, it soon began to defecate, and to depose these particles upon the only surface already mentioned, which soon uniting together, the earth and oil formed that crust, which soon became an habitable surface, giving life to vegetation, and dwelling to animals.

“This imaginary antediluvian abode was very different from what we see it at present. The earth was light and rich; and formed of a substance entirely adapted to the feeble state of incipient vegetation: it was an uniform plain, every where covered with verdure: without mountains, without seas, or the smallest inequalities. It had no difference of seasons, for its equator was in the plain of the ecliptic, or, in other words, it turned directly opposite to the sun, so that it enjoyed one perpetual and luxuriant spring. However, this delightful face of nature did not long continue the same, for, after a time, it began to crack and open in fissures; a circumstance which always succeeds when the sun dries away the moisture from rich or marshy situations. The crimes of mankind had been for some time preparing to draw down the wrath of heaven; and they, at length, induced the Deity to defer repairing these breaches in nature. Thus the chasms of the earth every day became wider, and, at length, they penetrated to the great abyss of waters; and the whole earth, in a manner, fell in. Then ensued a total disorder in the uniform beauty of the first creation, the terrene surface of the globe being broken down: as it sunk, the waters gushed out into its place; the deluge became universal; all mankind, except eight persons, were punished with destruction, and their posterity condemned to toil upon the ruins of desolated nature.”

— “The next theorist was Woodward, who, in his Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth, which was only designed to precede a greater work, has endeavoured to give a more rational account of its appearances; and was, in fact, much better fur-

nished for such an undertaking than any of his predecessors, being one of the most assiduous naturalists of his time. His little book, therefore, contains many important facts, relative to natural history, although his system may be weak and groundless.

“He begins by asserting that all terrene substances are disposed in beds of various natures, lying horizontally one over the other, somewhat like the coats of an onion; that they are replete with shells, and other productions of the sea; these shells being found in the deepest cavities, and on the tops of the highest mountains. From these observations, which are warranted by experience, he proceeds to observe, that these shells and extraneous fossils are not productions of the earth, but are all actual remains of those animals which they are known to resemble; that all the beds of the earth lie under each other, in the order of their specific gravity; and that they are disposed as if they had been left there by subsiding waters. All these assertions he affirms with much earnestness, although daily experience contradicts him in some of them; particularly, we find layers of stone often over the lightest soils, and the softest earth under the hardest bodies. However, having taken it for granted, that all the layers of the earth are found in the order of their specific gravity, the lightest at the top, and the heaviest next the centre, he consequently asserts, and it will not improbably follow, that all the substances of which the earth is composed, were once in an actual state of dissolution. This universal dissolution he takes to have happened at the time of the flood. He supposes that at that time a body of water, which was then in the center of the earth, uniting with that which was found on the surface, so far separated the terrene parts as to mix all together in one fluid mass; the contents of which afterwards sinking according to their respective gravities, produced the present appearances of the earth. Being aware, however, of an objection that fossil substances are not found dissolved, he exempts them from this universal dissolution, and, for that purpose, endeavours to shew that the parts of animals have a stronger cohesion than those of minerals; and that, while even the hardest rocks may be dissolved, bones and shells may still continue entire.

“So much for Woodward; but of all the systems which were published respecting the earth's formation, that of Whiston was most applauded, and most opposed. Nor need we wonder; for being supported with all the parade of deep calculation, it awed the ignorant, and produced the approbation of such as would be thought otherwise, as it implied a knowledge of abstruse learning, to be even thought capable of comprehending what the writer aimed at. In fact, it is not easy to divest it of its mathematical garb; but those who have had leisure, have found the

the result of our philosopher's reasoning to be thus. He supposes the earth to have been originally a comet; and he considers the history of the creation, as given us in scripture, to have its commencement just when it was taken by the hand of the Creator, to be more regularly placed as a planet in our solar system. Before that time, he supposes it to have been a globe without beauty or proportion; a world in disorder; subject to all the vicissitudes which comets endure; some of which have been found, at different times, a thousand times hotter than melted iron; at others, a thousand times colder than ice. These alternations of heat and cold, continually melting and freezing the surface of the earth, he supposes to have produced, to a certain depth, a chaos entirely resembling that described by the poets, surrounding the solid contents of the earth, which still continued unchanged in the midst, making a great burning globe of more than two thousand leagues in diameter. This surrounding chaos, however, was far from being solid: he resembles it to a dense though fluid atmosphere, composed of substances mingled, agitated, and shocked against each other; and in this disorder he describes the earth to have been just at the eve of creation.

"But upon its orbits being then changed, when it was more regularly wheeled round the sun, every thing took its proper place; every part of the surrounding fluid then fell into a situation, in proportion as it was light or heavy. The middle, or central part, which always remained unchanged, still continued so, retaining a part of that heat which it received in its primæval approaches towards the sun; which heat, he calculates, may continue about six thousand years. Next to this fell the heavier parts of the chaotic atmosphere, which serve to sustain the lighter: but as in descending they could not entirely be separated from many watery parts, with which they were intimately mixed, they drew down a part of these also with them; and these could not mount again after the surface of the earth was consolidated: they, therefore, surrounded the heavy first descending parts, in the same manner as these surround the central globe."

— "Mr. Buffon begins his system by making a distinction between the first part of it and the last; the one being founded only on conjecture, the other depending entirely upon actual observation. The latter part of his theory may, therefore, be true, though the former should be found erroneous.

"The planets, says he, and the earth, among the number, might have been formerly (he only offers this as conjecture) a part of the body of the sun, and adherent to its substance. In this situation, a comet falling in upon that great body might have given it such a shock, and so shaken its whole frame, that some of its particles might have been driven off like streaming sparkles from red

hot iron; and each of these streams of fire, small as they were in comparison of the sun, might have been large enough to have made an earth as great, nay many times greater than ours. So that in this manner the planets, together with the globe which we inhabit, might have been driven off from the body of the sun by an impulsive force: in this manner also they would continue to recede from it for ever, were they not drawn back by its superior power of attraction; and thus, by the combination of the two motions, they are wheel'd round in circles.

"Being in this manner detached at a distance from the body of the sun, the planets, from having been at first globes of liquid fire, gradually became cool. The earth also having been dashed obliquely forward, received a rotatory motion upon its axis at the very instant of its formation, and this motion being greatest at the equator, the parts there acting against the force of gravity, they must have swollen out, and given the earth an oblate or flattened figure.

"As to its internal substance, our globe having once belonged to the sun, it continues to be an uniform mass of melted matter, very probably vitrified in its primæval fusion. But its surface is very differently composed. Having been in the beginning heated to a degree equal to, if not greater than what comets are found to sustain; like them it had an atmosphere of vapours floating round it, and which cooling by degrees, condensed and subsided upon its surface. These vapours formed, according to their different densities, the earth, the water, and the air; the heavier parts falling first, and the lighter remaining still suspended.

"Thus far our philosopher is, at least, as much a system-maker as Whiston or Burnet; and, indeed, he fights his way with great perseverance and ingenuity through a thousand objections that naturally arise. Having, at last, got upon the earth, he supposes himself on firmer ground, and goes forward with greater security. Turning his attention to the present appearance of things upon this globe, he pronounces from the view that the whole earth was at first under water. This water he supposes to have been the lighter parts of its former evaporation, which, while the earthy particles sunk downwards by their natural gravity, floated on the surface, and covered it for a considerable space of time."

After exhibiting the above mentioned theories, which, as being an history of opinions rather than things, the author has related succinctly, he proceeds to give a short account of those animal productions that are found either on the surface of the earth, or at different depths below it. These are shells, and other extraneous fossils, the existence of which within the bowels of the earth, has afforded ample subject of speculation to natural historians. The philosophers of this class have for a long time considered these marine substances

substances as productions, not of the sea, but of the earth; though, upon closer examination this opinion has at length been exploded; it being found that such shells have, in every respect, the properties of animal and not of mineral nature. In consequence of this discovery, some extraordinary conjectures have been formed, respecting the means by which those fossils have been deposited in the earth. Our author observes, that an Italian supposes this deposition to have been made at the time of the Crusades, by the pilgrims who returned from Jerusalem.

"But, says he, this conjecturer seems to have but a very inadequate idea of their numbers. At Touraine, in France, more than an hundred miles from the sea, there is a plain of about nine leagues long, and as many broad, from whence the peasants of the country supply themselves with marle for manuring their lands. They seldom dig deeper than twenty feet, and the whole plain is composed of the same materials, which are shells of various kinds, without the smallest portion of earth between them. Here, then, is a large space, in which are deposited millions of tons of shells, which pilgrims could not have collected though their whole employment had been nothing else. England is furnished with its beds, which though not quite so extensive, yet are equally wonderful."

"In several parts of Asia and Africa, travellers have observed these shells in great abundance. In the mountains of Castravan, which lie above the city Barut, they quarry out a white stone, every part of which contains petrified fishes in great numbers, and of surprizing diversity. They also seem to continue in such preservation, that their fins, scales, and all the minutest distinctions of their make, can be perfectly discerned."

The following remark is so pertinent on this subject, that we cannot omit quoting it.

"From all these instances we see in what abundance these petrifications are to be found; and, indeed, Mr. Buffon, to whose accounts we have added some, has not been sparing in the variety of his quotations, concerning the places where they are mostly to be found. However, I am surprized that he should have omitted the mention of one, which, in some measure, more than any of the rest, would have served to strengthen his theory. We are informed, by almost every traveller, that has described the pyramids of Egypt, that one of them is entirely built of a kind of free-stone, in which these petrified shells are found in great abundance. This being the case, it may be conjectured, as we have accounts of these pyramids among the earliest records of mankind, and of their being built so long before the age of Herodotus, who lived but fifteen hundred years after the flood, that even the Egyptian priests could tell neither the time nor the cause of their erection; I say it may be conjectured that they were

erected but a short time after the flood. It is not very likely, therefore, that the marine substances found in one of them, had time to be formed into a part of the solid stone, either during the deluge, or immediately after it; and, consequently, their petrification must have been before that period. And this is the opinion Mr. Buffon has all along so strenuously endeavoured to maintain; having given specious reasons to prove, that such shells were laid in the beds where they are now found, not only before the deluge, but even antecedent to the formation of man, at the time when the whole earth, as he supposes, was buried beneath a covering of waters."

The deposition of these extraneous fossils is now generally ascribed to the sea by the writers on natural history; and undoubtedly this conjecture appears to be the best supported. The author of the work before us, however, makes one remark which tends to invalidate this opinion. It is, that we find fossil trees, which no doubt once grew upon the earth, as deep and as much in the body of solid rocks, as these shells are found to be; and that some of the former have lain at least as long, if not longer, in the earth than the latter; being found sunk deep in a marly substance, composed of decayed shells, and other marine productions. Mr. Buffon, he observes, has proved that fossil shells could not have been deposited in such quantities all at once by the flood; and, from the above instance, the author of the History thinks it is plain, that, in whatever way they were deposited, the earth was covered with trees before their deposition: consequently, that the sea could not have made a very permanent stay; as he supposes, for the same reason, that the earth was habitable, if not inhabited, before these substances were deposited.

"How then shall we account, says he, for these extraordinary appearances in nature? A suspension of all assent is certainly the first, although the mortifying conduct. For my own part, were I to offer a conjecture, and all that has been said upon this subject is but conjecture, instead of supposing them to be the remains of animals belonging to the sea, I would consider them rather as bred in the numerous fresh water lakes that, in primæval times, covered the face of uncultivated nature. Some of these shells we know to belong to fresh waters: some can be assimilated to none of the marine shells now known; why, therefore, may we not as well ascribe the production of all to fresh waters, where we do not find them, as we do that of the latter, to the sea only, where we never find them? We know that lakes, and lands also, have produced animals that are now no longer existing, why, therefore, might not these fossil productions be among the number? I grant that this is making a very harsh supposition; but I cannot avoid thinking, that it is not attended with so many embarrassments

ments as some of the former, and that it is much easier to believe that these shells were bred in fresh water, than that the sea had for a long time covered the tops of the highest mountains."

After conjectural subjects, the author advances to the internal structure of the earth, which is described in the subsequent chapter.

The first layer that is commonly found at the surface where it has not been washed off by rains, or removed by some other external violence, is a light coat of blackish mould, which seems to have been formed from animal and vegetable substances. Under this mould there generally lies gravel or sand, then clay or marle, next chalk or coal, marbles, ores, sands, gravels, and thus an alternation of these substances, each growing more dense as its situation is deeper. Such in general is observed to be the disposition of the different materials where the earth seems to have remained unmolested; but this order is frequently inverted, whether in consequence of original formation, or from accidental causes. In our next review we shall finish the entertaining account which the author has delivered of the earth.—*Crit. Rev.*

19. *Virtue in humble Life: Containing Reflections on the reciprocal Duties of the wealthy and indigent, the Master and the Servant: Thoughts on the various Situations, Passions, Prejudices, and Virtues of Mankind: Fables applicable to the Subjects: Anecdotes of the Living and Dead: In a Dialogue between a Father and his Daughter, &c.* By Jonas Hanway, Esq. 8vo. 2 Vols. 12s. Doddsley, &c.

MR. Hanway is entitled to the acknowledgments of the public for the uncommon application with which he has endeavoured to render them service in a variety of respects. The pamphlets, and larger works, which he has published, amount to a considerable number; and it must afford him great satisfaction to be able to say, as he does in the introduction to the present performance, "All the tracts which I have introduced into the world, my travels not excepted, have been designed for purposes which I apprehended might be for the public welfare, or for the benefit of public charities, or to be given to the individual. These offerings were made with a view to promote a sense of religion and morality, in which many of our fellow-subjects seemed very deficient."

Mr. Hanway appears to be aware, that his writings may, by some readers, be deemed "too diffuse and prolix;" and thus he answers the objection:

"It is the property of fancy, says he, to enlarge, and the office of judgment to contract: but amidst such a diversity of subjects calculated to entertain and instruct, I found it difficult to say less, and at the same time familiarize my thoughts to my unlettered readers. As this book is branched out luxuri-

antly, and will probably be the close of my labours of this kind, I hope it will be generally useful, and serve as a library to such, whose reading is within a small compass.—In every view, this book is the best legacy which I shall be in a capacity of leaving, either to those who want, or to them that abound; and if they think it good, they will seek it."

The following paragraph is intended as an answer to a farther objection to this publication; "I am sensible, observes our Author, how subject a work of this kind is to be treated as an ebullition of pious zeal; nor should I be surprized to hear it said by a female acquaintance, perhaps in most respects highly valuable, "Lord! what good will you do, by taking so much pains to build this monstrous pile of piety?" My answer is, "Your ladyship will be best able to determine this question, if you should condescend to read what I have written; otherwise I can possibly do you no good: your women servants may perhaps become the better for it, and you may reap some benefit from their virtues. If any one proves an example of piety, you will secretly blush and amend your ways.—You will not be surprized that I should preach: I am descending into the vale of years; you are going up the hill, to take a view of what I have often seen. Many a long day have I beheld the vanities of the world! Many of the faults of others are obvious to me;—and so are some of my own. Things wear a different aspect in your eyes:—If I now officiously intrude on your gay hours, I remind you that it is not always spring nor summer. You wish in due time to reach the winter of your days; and what do you imagine will then contribute most to your comfort, and brighten your prospect beyond the grave?—You have my sincerest wishes that your hopes may always blossom in the fullest charms of vernal beauty, till in the great progress of human wisdom, your passions being lulled to rest, your enjoyments may become pure as the limpid stream, bright as the meridian sun, and calm as a summer sea. Some degree of sorrow is the lot of every mortal; but I trust that your prosperity will never be impaired by the want of virtue, nor your adversity be devoid of consolation. Ere long you must deliver up your material part to be the sport of elements; but as Nature, in her yearly course, restores the beauty of the fairest flowers, though appearing irrevocably lost, your frame being dissolved will again unite with your angelic spirit: and may you now look up to heaven in such humble purity and elevation of heart, as will render you acceptable to the great Lord of all, without whose favour there can be no happiness in either world."

The dialogues contained in these two volumes turn upon a great variety of important subjects, on which we find many useful reflections and admonitions, enlivened by a number

number of characters, stories, fables, &c. adapted to interest the reader in the different topics offered to his consideration. Altho' it is a kind of work which does not well admit of extracts, we shall present our readers with one short passage, and two of the fables.

The passage we shall insert is in the seventh conversation of the first volume, where the daughter converses with her father about opinions in religion: it is as follows:

"D. How comes it, my father, that wise men puzzle their brains so much about religious doctrines and opinions? I have heard that there are millions of books written on such subjects, and that some are on points which the authors themselves never comprehended.

"F. I cannot tell thee much about persons whom thou callest *wise men*; or, as I suppose, thou meanest, *learned men*; only that I think, thou art happier than those who take pains to perplex themselves. Do thou endeavour to please God in that which thou perceivest to be right; and whenever thy conscience even whispers thee that any thing is wrong; whenever there is any doubt, which affords a presumption, that what thou art about to say, or do, will be displeasing to God, forbear and avoid it.—I am under no anxiety on thy account, but that thy life be *virtuous*; the rest will follow: for whilst thou art good, thou never wilt be forsaken of God, or toally rejected by thy fellow creatures: but if thou shouldst become *wicked*, even though the world should smile on thee with all its blandishments; though all things should wear a pleasing aspect, yet in the end, as surely as the wicked will be punished, thou wouldst be miserable."

One of the fables is against the unwarrantable pursuit of pleasure: "Two bees went in quest of honey: one was an epicure, the other temperate; or we may call him a philosopher.—At length they found a wide-mouth'd phial, hanging beneath the bough of a peach tree. It was enchanting to the eye and to the smell, for it was filled with honey ready tempered. The epicure, in spite of the remonstrances of his friend, ventured in to indulge himself. The philosopher, suspicious of the danger, flew off to fruits and flowers, where the moderation of his meals improved his relish of the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, returning that way home to his hive, he found his friend surfeited with sweets, as unable to leave the honey as to *scarf* on it; his wings were clogged; his feet enfeebled; his whole frame was enervated and unhinged; he was only able to bid his friend a last farewell, lamenting that he was too late sensible of the good advice which had been given him; acknowledging that unrestrained indulgence in *sulphur*, is unavoidable destruction."

The other fable is *The Farmer and the Lawyer*: "A farmer came to a neighbouring lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident, which he said had just happened:—

'One of your *oxen*, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky *bull of mine*, and I should be glad to know how I am to make you reparation.' "Thou art a very honest fellow, replied the lawyer, and will not think it unreasonable, that I expect one of thy *oxen* in return." 'It is no more than justice, quoth the farmer, to be sure. But what did I say? I mistake: it is your *bull* that has killed one of my oxen.' "Indeed, says the lawyer, that alters the case, I must enquire into the affair, and if—" "And if! said the farmer,—the business, I find, would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do justice to others, as to exact it from them."—If our author's fables have not the merit of new invention, they have indisputably that of being well chosen.

The latter part of the second volume is called a manual of devotion, consisting of prayers, extracts from scripture, pieces of poetry, &c. Some of the poetry is borrowed from the volume published by Miss Aikin, now Mrs. Barbauld.—*Monthly Review*.

19. *The Grecian History, from the earliest State to the Death of Alexander the Great. By Dr. Goldsmith. 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. Rivington.*

THE applause bestowed on the *Roman History*, written by Dr. Goldsmith, induced him, as we are told, to write this *Grecian History*. We were afraid there had been a more prevailing motive and incitement—money. The work before us, is a tolerable good abridgement of the general history of Greece, as to size—and both the plan and style are perspicuous. We are sorry to remark, that there are too many signs of precipitation, if not inattention: such as, misnomers, inaccuracies of language, and defects in chronology. That our readers may form a judgment of the author's descriptive style, we subjoin the following extract of the *death of Socrates*.

Socrates fell a sacrifice to popular dissensions—when by his answer, he appealed from the tribunal of his judges to that of justice and posterity; when instead of confessing himself guilty, he demanded rewards and honours from the state, the judges were so much offended, that they condemned him to drink hemlock. "Socrates received this sentence with the utmost composure. Apollodorus, one of his disciples, launching out into bitter invectives and lamentations that his master should die *innocent*: 'What, (replies Socrates with a smile) would you have had me die guilty? Melitus and Anytus may kill, but they cannot hurt me."

"Socrates passed the last day of his life with his friends, and discoursed with them with his usual cheerfulness and tranquillity. The subject of conversation was the most important, but adapted to the present conjuncture, that is to say, the immortality of the soul. What gave occasion to this discourse was a question introduced in a manner

ner by chance, Whether a true philosopher ought not to desire, and take pains to die? This proposition, taken too literally, implied an opinion, that a philosopher might kill himself. Socrates shews, that nothing is more unjust than this notion; and that man appertaining to God, who formed and placed him with his own hand in the post he possesses, cannot abandon it without his permission, nor depart from life without his order. What is it then that can induce a philosopher to entertain this love for death? It can be only the hope of that happiness which he expects in another life; and that hope can be founded only upon the opinion of the soul's immortality.

"Socrates employed the last day of his life in entertaining his friends upon this great and important subject; from which conversation, Plato's admirable dialogue, entitled the *Phædon*, is wholly taken. He explains to his friends all the arguments for believing the soul immortal, and refutes all the objections against it, which are very near the same as are made at this day.

"When Socrates had done speaking, Crito desired him to give him, and the rest of his friends, his last instructions, in regard to his children and other affairs, that by executing them they might have the consolation of doing him some pleasure. I shall recommend nothing to you this day, replied Socrates, more than I have already done, which is, to take care of yourselves. You cannot do yourselves a greater service, nor do me and my family a greater pleasure. Crito having asked him afterwards, in what manner he thought fit to be buried? As you please, said Socrates, if you can lay hold of me, and I not escape out of your hands. At the same time, looking on his friends with a smile, I can never persuade Crito, that Socrates is he who converses with you, and disposes the several parts of his discourse, for he always imagines, that I am what he is going to see dead in a little while; he confounds me with my carcase, and therefore asks me how I would be interred. In finishing these words, he rose up, and went to bathe himself in a chamber adjoining. After he came out of the bath, his children were brought to him; for he had three, two very little, and the other grown up. He spoke to them for some time, gave his orders to the women who took care of them, and then dismissed them. Being returned into his chamber, he laid himself down upon his bed.

"The servant of the eleven magistrates entered at that instant, and having informed him that the time for drinking the hemlock was come, (which was at sun-set) the servant was so much afflicted with sorrow, that he turned his back and fell a-weeping. See, said Socrates, the good heart of this man: since my imprisonment he has often come to see me, and to converse with me: he is

more worthy than all his fellows: how heartily the poor man weeps for me. This is a remarkable example, and might teach those in an office of this kind, how they ought to behave to all prisoners, but more especially to persons of merit, when they are so unhappy to fall into their hands. The fatal cup was brought. Socrates asked what it was necessary for him to do. Nothing more, replied the servant, than as soon as you have drank off the draught, to walk about till you find your legs grow weary, and afterwards lie down upon your bed. He took the cup without any emotion, or change in his colour or countenance; and regarding the man with a steady and assured look, 'Well, (said he) what say you of this drink; may one make a libation out of it?' Upon being told, that there was only enough for one dose, 'At least, (continued he) we may say our prayers to the gods, as it is our duty, and implore them to make our exit from this world, and our last stage happy, which is what I most ardently beg of them.' After having spoke these words, he kept silence for some time, and then drank off the whole draught with an amazing tranquillity, and serenity of aspect, not to be expressed or conceived.

"Till then his friends, with great violence to themselves, had refrained from tears; but, after he had drank the potion, they were no longer their own masters, and wept abundantly. Apollodorus, who had been in tears during almost the whole of the conversation, began then to raise great cries, and to lament with such excessive grief, as pierced the hearts of all that were present. Socrates alone remained unmoved, and even reproved his friends, though with his usual mildness and good nature. 'What are you doing? (said he to them.) I admire at you! Oh, what is become of your virtue? Was it not for this I sent away the women, that they might not fall into these weaknesses? for I have always heard say, that we ought to die peaceably, and blessing the gods. Be at ease, I beg you, and shew more constancy and resolution.' He then obliged them to restrain their tears.

"In the mean time he kept walking to and fro; and, when he found his legs grow weary, he lay down upon his back, as he had been directed.

"The poison then operated more and more. When Socrates found it began to gain upon his heart, uncovering his face, which had been covered, without doubt to prevent any thing from disturbing him in his last moments, 'Crito, (said he) we owe a debt to *Æsculapius*: discharge that vow for me, and pray do not forget it.' Soon after, which he breathed his last. Crito went to his body, and closed his mouth and eyes. Such was the end of Socrates, in the first year of the ninety-fifth Olympiad, and the seventieth of his age.

"It was not till some time after the death of this great man, that the people of Athens perceived their mistake, and began to repent of it; their hatred being satisfied, their prejudices expired, and time having given them an opportunity for reflection, the notorious injustice of the sentence appeared in all its horrors. Nothing was heard throughout the city but discourses in favour of Socrates. The Academy, the Lyceum, private houses, public walks, and market-places, seemed still to re-echo the sound of his loved voice. 'Here, (said they) he formed our youth, and taught our children to love their country, and to honour their parents. In this place he gave us his admirable lessons, and sometimes made us seasonable reproaches, to engage us more warmly in the pursuit of virtue. Alas, how have we rewarded him for such important services!' Athens was in universal mourning and confection. The schools were shut up, and all exercises suspended. The accusers were called to a severe and strict account for the innocent blood they had caused to be shed. Melitus was condemned to die, and the rest banished. Plutarch observes, that all who had any share in this black calumny were in such abomination amongst the citizens, that no one would give them fire, answer them any question, nor go into the same bath with them, and had the place cleaned where they had bathed, lest they should be polluted by touching it, which drove them into such despair, that many of them killed themselves.

"The Athenians, not contented with having punished his accusers, caused a statue of brass to be erected to him, of the workmanship of the celebrated Lysippus, and placed it in one of the most conspicuous parts of the city. Their respect and gratitude rose even to a religious veneration; they dedicated a chapel to him, as to a hero and a demi-god, which they called the Chapel of Socrates."—*Land. Mag.*

21. *Poems, chiefly rural. By Mr. Richardson. 8vo. 2s. 6d. boards. Murray.*

HALF of these poems consists of Odes, Idylls, and Anacreontics. We will give the first in the collection as a specimen.

#### H Y M N to V I R T U E.

"Ever lovely and benign,  
Endow'd with energy divine,  
Hail Virtue! hail! from thee proceed  
The great design, the heroic deed,  
The heart that melts for human woes,  
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.  
Though fortune frown, though fate prepare  
Her shafts, and wake corroding care,  
Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,  
Though lightnings glare, and storms arise,  
In vain to shake the guiltless soul,  
Chang'd fortune frowns, and thunders roll.  
Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;  
Spread, Luxury, thy costly board;

Ambition, crown thy head with bays;  
Let Sloth recline on beds of ease;  
Admir'd, ador'd, let beauty roll  
The magic eye that melts the soul;  
Unless with purifying fires  
Virtue the conscious soul inspires,  
In vain, to bar intruding woe,  
Wealth, fame, and power, and pleasure flow.  
To me thy sovereign gift impart,  
The resolute unshaken heart,  
To guide me from the flowery way  
Where Pleasure tames her siren-lay:  
Deceitful path! where Shame and Care,  
The poisonous shaft conceal'd, prepare!  
And shield me with thy generous pride  
When Fashion scoffs, and fools deride.  
Ne'er let Ambition's meteor-ray  
Mistake my reason, and betray  
My fancy with the gilded dream  
Of hoarded wealth, and noisy fame.  
But let my soul consenting flow  
Compassionate of others woe;  
Teach me the kind endearing art  
To heal the mourner's broken heart,  
To ease the wrangling wounds of Care,  
And sooth the frenzy of Despair.  
So, lovely virgin, may I gain  
Admission to thy hallow'd fane,  
Where Peace of Mind, of eye serene,  
Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,  
Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,  
And smites the consecrated lyre,  
And may that minstrelsy, whose charm  
Can Rage, and Grief, and Care disarm,  
Can passion's lawless force controul,  
Sooth, melt, and elevate my soul!"

The following H Y M N to H E A L T H is distinguished by a profusion of gay and beautiful poetic imagery.

"O by the gentle gales that blow  
Refreshing from the mountain's brow,  
By the vermil bloom of morn,  
By the dew-drop on the thorn,  
By the sky-lark's matin lay,  
By the flowers that blooming May  
Sprinkles on the meads and hills,  
By the brooks and fuming rills,  
Come, smiling Health, and deign to be  
Our queen of rural sports and glee.  
What sudden radiance gilds the skies!  
What warblings from the groves arise!  
A breeze more odoriferous blows!  
The stream more musically flows!  
A brighter smile the valley wears!  
And lo! the lovely queen appears.  
O Health! I know thy blue-bright eye,  
Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,  
Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air  
That wins a smile from pining care.  
Soft-pinioned gales around thee breathe,  
Perfuming dews thy tresses bathe,  
The zone of Venus girds thy waist,  
The young Loves flutter round thy breast,  
And on thy path the rose-wing'd hours  
Scatter their variegated flowers.  
See! the nymphs and every swain  
Mingle in thy festive train,

With roguish winks, and winning wiles,  
And whispering low, and dimpling smiles,  
And many a tale, devised with care,  
To win the bashful maiden's ear;  
And sweetly soothing blandishment,  
And the coy air of half consent;  
And joy; and rose-complexion'd Laughter  
With tottering footstep following after,  
Goddess ever blith and fair,  
Ever mild and debonair,  
Stay with us, and deign to be  
Our queen of rural mirth and glee."

The remaining part of the volume presents us with Rural Tales, a Poem on Runny-Mead, Corfica, an Elegy on the Death of a Lady, Miscellaneous Verses, and the Progress of Melancholy, all written in blank verse. That our readers may be able to judge of the author's manner in this species of poetry, we shall lay before them the conclusion of Runny-Mead.

"Famed Runny-Mead! thee I survey  
with awe

And holy reverence! May no impious step  
Profane thy hallow'd bounds. O ye, immerit  
In luxury or shameful sloth, the slaves  
Of pleasure, who neglect the warning voice  
Of public virtue, when a nation's tears  
Implore deliverance from oppression's rod,  
Or baleful penury—O ye who dare,  
In spite of shame, regardless of contempt,  
For paltry gold, or titles falsely deem'd  
Honours, your peerless birth-right sell, and bend

Submissive to the yoke—O ye who bathe  
Your speech in honied flattery, who mould  
Your pliant features to assenting smiles,  
And heap mean incense on the splendid shrine  
Of arrogating pride—O false of heart,  
Ye who enflam'd with avarice, or revenge,  
Or envy, or ambition, dare assume  
The semblance of fair liberty, to fire  
The madding multitude, and from her dens  
Infernal to provoke the snaky fiend,  
Frantic Sedition—Hence ye tainted crew,  
Nor taste this air, nor with licentious step  
Profane this hallow'd ground. The virgin  
choir

Pierian here, shall scatter garlands wove  
With flowers of Attica, and those that bloom  
By Aganippe's tuneful fount. The powers  
And virtues delegated to protect  
The human race, with Albion's ancient chiefs,  
Shall here assemble, and high councils hold  
To blast the might, to counteract the spells  
Of Vice, arch-necromancer; and secure  
The happiness ordain'd to mortal man.

"And now return my vagrant Muse!  
full bold

Hast thou adventured, and hast swell'd a note  
Of higher utterance than befits the reed  
Of an unpolish'd minstrel. Yet the lay  
Flows not in vain, nor without high reward  
Of honour, if the illustrious few approve,  
Who value independence, and have vow'd  
By truth and virtue to maintain her power."

We may observe, on the whole, that Mr. Richardson discovers a rich vein of sentimental and descriptive poetry, adorned with harmonious versification; and that he is, so far as we know, the first person that ever wooed the Muses, at least successfully, at St. Petersburg, where several of the poems have been written.—*Crit. Rev.*

22. *Musical Travels through England. By Joel Collier, Organist. 8vo. 1s.*

THE author of this humorous performance, (which is a professed burlesque on Dr. Burney's Introduction to the History of Music) in an ironical Dedication to the Governors of the Foundling-hospital, speaking of the intention of founding a school in that hospital for Music, says, "When I was informed of this event, I hailed the happy omen, the dawn of an Augustan æra; and resolved to offer my tribute of congratulation and applause, and to dedicate this work to a set of gentlemen, who have so distinguished their zeal for the interest and advancement of music. Perhaps it will at first appear a bold undertaking in the guardians of deserted orphans, chiefly supported by parliamentary grants of public money, to declare, that they cannot be maintained by the public for a more useful purpose, than to be taught to sing and play Italian airs. For men of narrow and contracted minds, who have neither ear, nor voice, nor hand, will still imagine, that it might prove of more national utility, to breed these adopted children of the public to Husbandry, Navigation, &c; the objects of their original destination; than to convert one of the noblest of our public charities into a nursery for the supply of musical performers at our theatres, gardens, and hops.—But this is a vulgar prejudice. The improvement of the fine arts ought to be the first object of public attention in an age of luxury, peace, and plenty, like the present; when we have rivalled the Italians in music, it will be time enough to think of our navy, and our agriculture. We have already (to our shame be it spoken) better sailors than fiddlers, and more farmers than contrapuntists. But as I take this circumstance to arise entirely from the different degree of encouragement those occupations have hitherto received, I do not despair of seeing the reverse take place, when gentlemen of your rank deign to stand forward, and correct the errors of the public, by the influence and sanction of your example."

The author then humorously gives an account of his taste for music from his infancy; and having been informed (he says) that the infancy, and indeed the riper years of the great Mus. D. or musical doctor, whom I call, *par excellence*, Dr. Mus) passed in much the same manner, and that having observed with what eclat, his ingenious account of his ingenious travels has been received, he conceived



conceived a design of following so illustrious an example, and travelling thro' the dominions of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the town of Berwick upon Tweed, to give a true state of the musical improvement and progression in these kingdoms.

"Before I set forward on my travels, (says our author) I chose to change my name from Collier to Coglioni, or Collioni, as more euphonious; and on the first of April, having torn myself from the arms of my weeping wife, and four small children, I put my bassoon into a green bag, and slung it across my shoulders; my large violoncello was laid on my knee as I sat in the waggon, and my cloaths, with a bottle of brandy and some biscuits, were packed up in the viol case.—As I was neither patronized, nor franked on my tour by any Dilettanti Lord, I must confess, the low state of my circumstances, and the poverty in which I had left my family, cast a damp on my spirits; but this was always soon dissipated by an air on the violoncello, and by recollecting the great advantages my travels, to enquire into the state of music in this island, would be to my dear native country, and the fame and glory I should acquire by the publication of my work, perhaps only inferior to that of the great Dr. Mus himself.

Inspir'd by taste, o'er lands and seas he flew,  
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too;  
Thro' lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,  
Love-echoing woods, and lute-resounding waves.

O while along the stream of time, that name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;  
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?—

Mr. Collier then gives a very whimsical account of his travels through Lincoln, Sheffield, York, Durham, Carlisle, and Bristol.

The complexion of the whole piece may be judged of by the following extract, which we have selected for the entertainment of our readers:

"Dr. Dilettante was so kind as to make me a present of a place in the stage coach to Sheffield in my road to York, that I might enquire into the present state of the music of that city and cathedral. Among the passengers was a gentleman of a grave aspect, who, from his not attending to me at the inn, when I played a most enchanting solo on my hautboy, appeared at first to have no ears; but on further conversation I found him a most agreeable companion. He cried up the ingenuity of the Sheffield manufacturers, and told me of a new musical instrument, more complicate, he thought, and louder than an organ. The next day he was so good as to accompany me to hear this new organic instrument. The first thing I could observe was a number of iron pipes, and a water-wheel to work the large bellows, like that organ of which there is a print in Kempler's *Musurgia*. When the wheel was in motion,

I observed many of the notes higher than in any organ I had ever heard; and was told, that these ingenious people had found the only way to produce these was, by boring gun-barrels; to these a symphony was introduced by files, which cut the teeth of large saws, and the mellow tones of two great hammers, which at intervals struck on large pieces of red-hot iron, made a more tremendous and affecting concert, than all the mingled whistles of Cecilia's organ.

"Having paid a shilling to the performers of this stupendous piece of harmony, at which my grave companion seemed much delighted, and listened to my remarks upon it with the greatest avidity and approbation; "Signior Collioni, says he, your observations enchant me; the most ancient music, as you well explain, was made with hammers beating upon anvils, as invented by Tubal Cain, and practised in the shop of his successor Vulcan, though Saturn is thought to have been the first of the *castrati*.—But this invention was not complete, Signior Collioni, it was not complete, till this excellent treble made by boring guns, and cutting saws, was added.—It is now become the true ancient, celebrated, long-lost, and long-deplored chromatic, which that heathen Plato, who had doubtless ass's ears, expelled from his artificial commonwealth.

"Doubtless you are right in your conjectures, replied I, Mr. Hummings, (for that was my kind companion's name) it was music like this; which could disenchant the moon, and make trees and stones dance *allemands*. Would you believe it, Mr. Hummings, I once cured a girl bit with a tarantula with this simple bassoon?

"*Trut, turrut, phub, phub, bush!*—This was the air, Mr. Hummings, you shall hear it—*trut, turrut, phub, phub, bush!*—the girl, rising from her melancholy attitude, danced till the sweat ran down to the hem of her scarlet petticoat; and after I had presented her with a bit of money, became so lively as to strip herself like King David, and danced like a Heinel. I can assure you, Mr. Hummings, I drove away the evil spirit, and cured her of her tarantulism that night.

"Not unlike this, is a fact recorded by the divine Homer. Ulysses had a large rent made in his thigh by a wild boar,—a terrible animal, Mr. Hummings:—well, and what happened?—why, he only sent for the town-waits, and after the first bar or two were played, the blood stopped; and as the fiddles proceeded, the wound contracted, and by the time they had finished *Alley Croaker*, *Moggy Lauder*, and *A lovely Lass to a Friar came*, (which are all ancient Greek tunes, Sir,) the wound was quite healed, and the cicatrix as smooth as the back of my hand.

"During this conversation, an unfortunate accident had happened near us. One of the performers on the hammer and iron by a fall had broken his leg. A surgeon was sent

sent for with all dispatch, but Mr. Hummings said I might as well try the effect of the bassoon upon him; and pointing to me, told the people they need seek no farther, for I was superior to any furgeon. Upon this, untying my green bag, the man cried out, he begged no instruments might be used.—“No, says I, none but a musical instrument.” So I began with a gentle blast, and played and sung alternately,—*You’ll ne’er go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry. Let not your noble Spirits be cast down, but drink, drink, drink, and be merry.*—“Give me some ale, (cries the wounded man) I like this Doctor.” Afterward I blew till I nearly had burst my cheeks, and then sung, *If ’tis joy to wound a Lover; but the bone would not knit*—indeed I could not make it knit at all—and I don’t believe, as Mr. Hummings said, that if Dr. Mus himself, and all the musicians of Britain, fiddlers, violoncellos, double violoncellos, trumpets, and trumpet-marinos, together with every *Maestro di Capella* in Italy had been present, they could have made this bone knit—which, I suppose, was owing to the scorbutic habit of body of the patient; indeed, Mr. Hummings attributed it entirely to this cause; for the blood stopped before I had finished the first song.”

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## FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

## LYCIDAS: A POETICAL TALE.

[Illustrated with a fine Engraving.]

**T**WAS at that time, when solitary eve  
Spreads her grey robe; as o'er the li-  
ly d' vale

Stray'd my lone steps, to a sequester'd shade  
Immut'd with rustling boughs, I mark'd a  
swain

Stroll pensively along; his hoary head  
Was silver'd o'er by age; his bending hand  
Lean'd on the propping staff; o'er his wan  
cheeks

(Shrink'd by slow-stealing time) corroding care  
Had cast her deepening furrows, whence the  
tear

Rill'd softly down; and from his lab'ring  
breast

The sighs of woe burst in repeated moans.  
Compassion thrill'd my frame; I urg'd  
my way,

And hail'd the rev'rend mourner.—Now  
discourse

Ensue'd on either side; while all his pangs  
I felt, as thus he told his piteous tale:

"My name is **LYCIDAS**; in yonder cot  
(Hedg'd round with spreading shrubs) my  
wife and I

Late had our blest abode;—we had one son,  
Pride of our age;—whose willing hands sus-  
tain'd

His feeble parents; for he gave his thoughts  
To crown our heads with joy, and all our  
cares

Smooth'd, soften'd, and allay'd. The flush  
of health

Crimson'd his mellow cheek; and genial joy  
Beam'd in his eye; with a superior mien  
He trod amid the swains, while heart-felt  
peace

Adorn'd each feature.—Oh! to scan the traits  
Of former scenes—fled like a fleeting dream  
Ne'er to return—what, and how vast the  
pang!

"A Nymph, the fairest of the rural throng,  
Engag'd his heart, nor did he woo in vain  
The blooming virgin; and th' appointed day  
Had near arriv'd, to crown their tender loves.

"Who to themselves shall promise issuing  
joys?

None but the fool.—We thought of circling  
In future periods;—active fancy saw [bliss  
Their little prattlers grasp our trembling  
knees,

Hang o'er our words with rapture, and repay  
Our fondness with their smiles; but oh!  
how vain,

How transient are our wishes! This day gives

Joys unexpected; and returning dawn  
Crowds on its mighty woes.

"One fatal eve,

My son, as wont, drove his accustom'd charge  
To *Tweed's* pure current. Limpid was the  
stream,

And all serene the sky; the setting sun  
Stoop'd from the crimson'd cloud, and pour'd  
his beams

Full on the amber pool; the crystal stream  
Reflecting back the rays, unto his eye  
Disclos'd its pebbled bed. The vocal clift,  
Melodious thrilling thro' the quiv'ring trees,  
Chear'd all around; e'en nature's self con-  
spir'd

To please, and tempt him in the cooling  
To bathe his wearied limbs. Lur'd by the scene,  
He plung'd amid the wave, and fail'd awhile  
Triumphant o'er its surface; till at once  
Red rush'd the river down, and o'er the plains  
Spread desolation. Thrice his nervous arm  
Repell'd the swelling surge, and thrice the  
tide

Broke o'er him: Snatch'd at once from life,  
from joy,

His much-lov'd parents, and his eager hopes,  
He sunk precipitate, till rous'd again  
By death's dread struggles, (for the angry  
flood

Gush'd from his nostrils, and his heart beat  
thick

Within its pent-up chest) he gasp'd for breath,  
And made a faint essay; casting his eyes  
O'er the extending deluge to the plain  
In silent agony, he gaz'd for aid;

Alas, how vain! for no relief was near.  
Ye fathers, who have felt the throbs of woe  
For a beloved son, O pity me,

While I relate, that from a distant mount  
I saw afar his ruin. Swift as wind

I left the clift, and hast'ning on to save  
My fondling from the stream, met greater woe.

His aged mother, and his beauteous bride,  
Unknown to me, had climb'd a rising hill,

To view the rolling deluge; when at once  
A breaking wave unto their eyes disclos'd

A bulky object, whirling round and round  
With the tempestuous billow; till at last

They dash'd it on the shore. Both, stooping  
down,

To eye it nearer, started with amaze  
To view their darling's corpse; aghast they  
look'd

At other speechless, while convulsions shook  
Their quiv'ring frames, and with a hollow  
shriek

They downward fell, and mix'd the frothy  
stream.

"Oh

*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*



*LYCIDAS.*

*Both stooping down  
Eyeing it nearer, started with amaze  
To view their darling's corpse; aghast they looked.*



"Oh ye whose tender bosoms pity thrills,  
Shed soft'ned anguish; ye who feel the hand  
Of ruthless want, bereav'd of all ye lov'd,  
Give me the feeling tear; and guide your steps  
To yonder lonely vale, where their lov'd dust  
Adds to the mould'ring ruins. Oft at eve  
I speed my way, and stroll the peaceful graves  
With tears of poignant pain. For now to  
earn

A small subsistence, these weak, feeble hands  
Manure the rugged glebe; and my grey hairs  
Sink to the dust with anguish, pain, & woe.

[*Edinb. Mag.*]

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## PRIZE POEM.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

### An ODE to CONTENTMENT.

COME, welcome guest, DIVINE CON-  
TENTMENT, come!

And breathe into my soul the soothing strains  
Of peace, and love, and heart-felt joy serene:  
For nought save *peace*, and *love*, and *heart-*  
*felt joy*

Serene, with thee can ever dwell. O thou  
Transparent fountain of terrestrial bliss!  
Fair Virtue's daughter! Deign to smile as erst  
On Eden's happy fields; where joy unmix'd,  
And purest streams of love, devoid of art,  
In sacred channels flow'd,—till Adam fell,  
And innocence was lost:—Yes, deign to smile  
On him, who now in chearful lay assays  
At once to sing, extol, and court thy charms.

Companion sweet! how worthy of my  
choice!

The mind's best nourisher!—What but that  
FIRST

CREATIVE POW'R, that out of *Chaos* call'd  
Into existence angels bright, and taught  
The heav'nly choir one general song, cou'd  
raise

A form so fair? And what but boundless love  
To smile on mortals cou'd that form permit?—  
What but impartial, condescending love  
(That shines in all its deeds conspicuous)  
Cou'd lead to *Irus*' solitary cot  
Thy willing steps? While vaunting *Florio*,  
rob'd

In all the glare and worthlessness of pomp,  
(Ingrate!—His own, not Heav'n's injus-  
tice!)—sighs

In vain for thee.—'Tis on the *virtuous mind*  
Thou ever pour'st thy balmy sweets. The good,  
And wise, the honest, unaspiring heart,  
That bends to Nature's, and to Reason's laws,  
From false desire refin'd, and undebas'd  
With guilty fears, in thee is sure to find  
The bosom-friend.—Thou grateful relisher  
Of all the sweets, and foother of the cares  
Of life! Exil'd from thee, what's all the pomp  
And pageantry of state? the flow of wealth?  
The fame of heroes; and the pride of kings?—  
What but the common gibbet of a name?

All false ambition, and all mean parade!  
All airy splendor, and fanatic bliss!

Let *scupper'd Monarchs* mount unenvied  
thrones;

Let *sawning Courtiers* spread the well-skein'd  
smile,

Involv'd in all the mazy labyrinth  
Of state; let *Epicurus*' pupils quaff  
The baneful sweets of *Circe*'s cup; dwell on  
The *Siren*'s fascinating charms; and fill  
The goblet full of luxury and death;  
And let the stupid *money-loving wight*  
Brood o'er the bags of splendid indigence,  
And hourly venerate his *idol-god*;—

While I, thy suppliant votary, serene  
In COOL RETIREMENT, such as virtue loves,  
Abstracted from the vain variety  
Of fancied pleasures, but of real pains,  
With thee hold converse sweet.

Cœlestial Maid!

When fair *Aurora*, with her dappled wings,  
First sweeps the mountain's top, and jocund  
day

With youthful step ascends the eastern scale;  
Or when the potent monarch of the light  
Shoots vertical his fervid rays, and darts  
On man, and beast, on herb, tree, fruit, and  
stream,

His strong meridian influence; or when  
His chariot visits *Ampbitrite*'s shades,  
(As *Græcian* fable sings) and twilight gray  
Steals softly on,—be THOU my darling theme!  
Bethou my morning, noon-tide, evening song!  
Whether (as fancy leads) I bend my steps  
Along the winding streams;—or muse along  
The flow'ry meads, and suck the fragrant  
gale;—

Whether delighted tread the verdant plain,  
And hear the blended voice of lowing herds  
In lusty droves, and bleating innocence,  
The watchful shepherd's care; (whilst he,  
reclin'd

Beneath the *peaceful bawtborn*, whistling  
mocks

The gilded state of *canopies*—or court  
(As erst) the silent shade, where breezes fan,  
And glimmering sun-beams play;—or care-  
less rove

(As now) amid the waving fields, and view  
The *fickled swains*, (\*thrice happy, if they  
knew

Their happy state!) in chearful band array'd,  
Robust, and bending to the golden sheaves,  
While rural tales, and simple jest beguile  
The time, and steal the sultry hours away;—  
Or when the SACRED, or POETIC vein,  
Alternate flowing, warms my raptur'd heart,  
Still let me live with THEE, supremely blest!

Nourish'd by Thee, the infant Muse exalts  
Her tuneful voice, adorns th' instructive page  
With subject, diction, imagin'ry, and song,  
And sooths the wayward passions into peace.

With

\* *O fortunatos nimidium, sua si bona norint,  
Agricolas!* Virg.



With Thee serene *Philosophy* delights  
To fix her blest abode; whether she soars  
On contemplation's wings, and views intent  
The rolling wonders of th' *Ethereal plain*,  
Sees worlds unnumber'd in the boundless  
space,

And scans their various rounds; or penetrates  
The dark recesses of *Dame Nature's* laws,  
And with inspection keen investigates  
The *Strata* of the *vegetable world*,  
"The system, more complex, of *animals*,"  
Or, more exalted still,—the *human frame*.

Thou sweet enliv'n'ner of each potent ray,  
That shoots from *SCIENCE*' tow'ring brow,  
and strikes

Th' illumin'd mind! th' expressive *Classic* stile,  
The flow'rs of *Roman*, and of *Grecian* song,  
All bloom with Thee,—With Thee the *Man-  
tuan* swain

Tunes sweetest his melodious lays, and paints  
(Delightful task!) the pleasing rural scenes  
In all the matchless harmony of verse.—  
With Thee *Mæonidas* on rapid wing  
Advent'rous soars aloft, and lifts the soul  
Astonish'd at his flight, And by his side  
The *British muse* with equal steps ascends  
The hill of Fame:—Invention's honour'd  
Sire,

Great *Milton*, first in rank, (dear *Albion's* boast)  
Tho' dark, yet clear his *intellectual* sight,  
Fair as the paradise he sung, as heav'n  
Sublime; and *Shakespeare*, fancy's fav'rite son,  
Who trod the windings of the human breast;  
And that delightful bard, who whilom sung  
In *Twitnam's* bow'rs inspir'd;—and he who  
tun'd

Th' harmonious *seasons* of the circling year;  
(Grateful vicissitude!) and thousands more,  
(Who, without thee, thou soul of genius, taste,  
Philosophy, and song! wou'd faintly shed  
Their cheerless light) of worth exalted, claim  
The tribute of my muse;—too weak to count  
Their numbers; but far weaker still to sing  
Their pow'rful influence on the glowing  
heart.—

Enough that I, blest with a grateful sense  
Of *INDEPENDENCE*, and a *MIND AT EASE*,  
In pleasing, unambitious strains invoke  
That other jewel in the crown of bliss,  
Sweet rosy *HEALTH*, the godhead to bestow.

THIS is the golden life, which *steal'd guilt*,  
And *for'd mammon*, never knew; the life  
Of virtue, honor, honesty, and truth;  
That "soul's clear sunshine", and that in-  
ward calm,

In spite of *storms* without; that bears, nor feels  
The human tempest beat; securely wrapt  
In conscious peace; that yet with feeling  
heart

Deplores the vices of an age corrupt;  
Smiles at its follies, and its rage disdains.—

THIS was the charming, eligible life,  
Led in the blissful bow'rs of *Paradise*,  
"Where Angels dwelt, and God himself with  
man."

D—, Aug. 20, 1774.

C. A.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

## HAPPINESS: A POETICAL ESSAY.

SAY Happiness where dost thou dwell,  
In polish'd courts, or hermits' lonely cell?  
Resid'st thou with the rich and great;  
The pomp of pow'r and pageantry of state?  
Or shunning the debauch of court,  
Say dost thou to the straw-thatch'd hut resort?  
On the laborious peasant smile,  
His labours crown, and recompence his toil?  
Or do the learned and the wise,  
Possess th' inestimable prize?

Whilst thus I reason, veil'd from human eyes,  
An angel form descends, and thus the God-  
dess cries:

"The sculptur'd dome, whose marble col-  
umns rise

"Superbly great, and charm the gazer's eyes,

"With all the ostentatious cost of art,

"Nor peace can give nor happiness impart,

"To him who owns the superstructure; who

"May e'en this moment be dissolv'd in woe.

"Nor is the rich man happy in his store,

"Possess'd of thousands, sighing still for more.

"Nor all the riches *Peru's* mines can boast,

"Not all the wealth of fam'd *Golconda's* coast;

"Her glitt'ring di'monds and her precious

stones, [thrones;

"That deck the pride of kings and pomp of

"Nor scepter'd monarchs with their regal

pow'r,

"Can bribe my presence for a single hour.

"Amidst the pamper'd luxury of courts,

"Seldom, ah! seldom, Happiness resorts;

"Banish'd from thence, I seek the distant

shade,

"The cot enlighten, or illumine the glade.

"There pleasure, folly, pride, possess the soul,

"Usurp my throne and reign without con-  
troul.

"But short their reign—for soon the vision

flies,

"And soon succeeds a train of miseries;

"Pale poverty and heart-distracting care,

"And all the family of black despair.

"At night, when on the needful couch re-  
clin'd,

"What dire ideas rack the guilty mind;

"What terrifying dreams alarm the breast,

"Deny repose, and necessary rest;

"Before their eyes what ghastly spectres glide,

"Augment their miseries, and their woes  
deride;

"Awaken'd conscience sharpens all her stings,

"And to remembrance their past actions  
brings;

"Virtue abus'd, and innocence betray'd,

"Point to the bosom of the injur'd maid,

"And shew the blood yet reeking on the  
blade;

"The tears yet flowing from her radiant eyes,

"Her blood for vengeance, speedy vengeance  
cries;

"Nor cries in vain, the awful thunders roll,

"And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,

"Trembling

" Trembling aghast, in vain on heav'n they call,  
 " Fix'd is their fate,—nor distant is their fall;  
 " They die, and gain the merited reward,  
 " The endless wrath of heav'n's avenging lord.  
 Ah! what you cry can HAPPINESS bestow,  
 Say from what spring substantial pleasures  
 flow?

" Know, mortal know, 'tis from a source  
 divine,

" Tread Virtue's path, and Happiness is thine.

" Virtue alone can happiness bestow,

" The virtuous only happiness shall know.

" There's no distinction with the king of  
 heav'n,

" To ev'ry mortal equal chance is given;

" The scepter'd monarch, the untutor'd swain,

" Alike obeying, shall alike obtain;

" A well-spent life will endless bliss ensure,

" And virtuous acts eternal peace procure.

" When life's gay visionary scene is o'er,

" And tinsel toys and bubbles charm no more,

" Then shall the soul exulting wing its way,

" Loos'd from the mafs of long-impris'ning  
 clay;

" And soar to realms of everlasting day,

" Virtue shall rise, and rob'd in native white,

" Ascend the regions of celestial light,

" There join the heavenly symphony, and sing

" Eternal praises to th' eternal king."

Norwich, July 14, 1774.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

ON W A R.

WHAT direful mischiefs wait a fuff'ring  
 land,

When fierce Bellona waves her scepter'd hand,  
 When the harsh trumpet's clangor sounds  
 alarms,

And nations, urg'd by discord, rush to arms:

When each fair youth forsakes his father's shed,

By fatal glory call'd, by honour led; [plain,

With martial prowess seeks th' embattl'd

And falls unpity'd, miserably slain:

No father there to drop the heart-felt tear,

No tender mother weeps across the bier.

The shepherd doom'd to see his flocks no more;

Now toils intrepid on th' ensanguin'd shore,

And forc'd, (sad change) for ever forc'd, to  
 wield

The massy sword, and bear the blazon'd shield:

No more his pipe renews the rural lay,

No more across the meads his lambskins stray;

In frequent plaints, their shepherd's wish'd  
 return,

And tender sighs, the weeping maidens mourn.

Thy baneful influence spread thro' ev'ry clime,

And reign'd imperious from the first of time:

Steal a sad look at each historic page,

And view what warriors fell in ev'ry age,

By thee, O War! was Priam's throne o'er-  
 turn'd,

His daughters ravish'd, and his city burn'd,

Constrain'd to bend beneath the Grecians'  
 pow'r,

Who sackt her walls, and raz'd her heav'n-  
 built tow'r.

MISCELL. VOL. II.

No hope now left, his bravest warriors fled;  
 His youthful vigour gone, his children dead,  
 Compell'd by fate they fought the gates of hell,  
 In pride of youth, & bade the world farewell:  
 Then godlike Hector bravely met his fate,  
 And one dire blow o'erwhelm'd the sinking  
 state.

By dint of arms, far as the Ganges reach'd  
 On India's land, young *Xanxon's* empire  
 stretch'd:

Ev'n mighty Rome, thy chief and darling care,  
 In evil hour contest the baneful spear:

What mighty deeds or fortune cou'd she boast,  
 When barbarous Gallia pour'd her warlike  
 host!

What valiant hero cou'd withstand the shock,  
 When scarce a *Manlius* sav'd the sacred rock.

How many heroes torc'd by death to yield,

And bite the ground, on Cannæ's hostile field;

How many virtuous souls departed, fled,

When *Cæsar* conquer'd, and *Pharsalia* bled,

Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead.

By Thee *Britannia* mourns her heroes slain,

That fought (alas too brave) the direful plain.

In Hasting's fatal field, by all bemoan'd,

In freedom's cause ill-fated *Harold* groan'd,

(When wretched Albion's sons, o'ercame  
 with fear,

Bow'd too submissive to the Norman's spear.)

How many victims, yet in youth's fair bloom,

Ambitious *Edward* hasten'd to the tomb;

And *Henry*, now of fame the darling boast,

Sent many bleeding to the Stygian coast,

Each valiant youth oppos'd his dauntless breast

In vain, he falls by multitudes oppress'd.

What val'rous numbers martial battle fought

When *Richard* reign'd, and adverse *Roses*  
 fought!

Count all the men, alas! compell'd to bleed,

By war's sad chance, in Minden's hostile meads;

Ah, what avails the sad, the mournful tear

Of the fair virgin, or the mother's pray'r;

The lover, driv'n from the bridal bed,

Unwilling forc'd a foreign land to tread;

Ah what avails the helpless offspring's cry,

Or big round drops that flow from ev'ry eye;

No wish of yours can friend or father save,

For death has sunk him to the silent grave.

Who does not mourn the hapless, fatal blow,

That sent *Wolf* blooming to the shades below?

Accept, fair youth! accept a gen'rous tear,

The grateful tribute of a soul sincere!

What tho' the wound is bleeding at thy heart;

Yet death in vain hath struck thee with his dart;

No stroke of his can kill. Thy virtuous name

Borne to remotest shores, far stretch'd extream,

Shall live unblemish'd in the rolls of fame,

And fix't where'er the British standard's seen;

At thy sad sight, O War! all nations groan,

To see their tow'rs and palaces o'erthrown;

The goodly temple, and the lofty dome,

Which speaks the labour of th' industrious  
 loom,

Are sunk in flames amidst the raging fires,

Whose spreading blaze to heav'n in curls  
 aspires.

U

See



See dove-like PEACE, from native skies  
descends, [sends]  
With speedy wing, and each fair blessing  
See, nurs'd by peace, how Britain's king-  
dom pours.

Her wealthy treasures to a thousand shores !  
How in the shade, or by the murmur'ing rill,  
The swains with melody the woodlands fill,  
Or devious wand'ring thro' the waving grove,  
They tell the fighting tender tale of love.  
Britannia's sons no more the sword shall wield,  
But peaceful till their patrimonial field ;  
No more shall found the mournful widows  
cry, [eye ;

No more shall tears distil from th' orphan's  
Fair Science now shall raise her drooping head,  
And ev'ry poet seek the laurel'd shade.  
But my tir'd Muse no more can raise her song,  
To sing the blessings that to Peace belong :  
Myself unequal to her various claim,  
Let abler bards rehearse her beauteous name.  
*Brissol, Aug. 21, 1774.*

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### A THUNDER STORM.

SAD sick'ning scene! Creation's light  
Behind yon' sable shroud retires ;  
Gives Heaven the wrinkled brow of Night,  
Ere Day with hoary age expires.

From east to west, in dread array,  
The clouds, commission'd from on high,  
Great Nature's hallow'd soul obey,  
And gloom the concave of the sky.

Forewarn'd by Instinct's tender care,  
Her plummy pupils check their strains,  
To shew ring thickets strait repair,  
Depopulating distant plains.

The mutt'ring Thunder strikes alarm,  
The clouds big signs of sorrow weep ;  
To reach the neighb'ring friendly farm,  
The scar-struck shepherd quits his sheep.

To wake the sinner's sleepy soul,  
The vivid flashes ghastly glare ;  
Long peals of rattling thunder roll,  
And shake the tempest-troubled air.

Now rushing cataracts descend  
To calm the elemental fray ;  
The golden sheaves of harvest bend,  
And fruits in rich confusion lay.

The pool expands its narrow space,  
With circling surface swiftly swells,  
O'erflows its native pebbly vase,  
And through the mead with rage impels.

See, see! yon' ivy-mantled oak  
Like some gigantic hero fall ;  
Nor waits the woodman's wearied stroke,  
But shiv'ring sheaths the flying ball.

And hark! that voice arrests my ears,  
Which first proclaim'd th' Almighty will ;  
From chaos call'd the sparkling spheres,  
The oracle of Sinai's hill.

To me it speaks, a breathing dust,  
Invites my heart, entomb'd in sin,  
To seek the portion of the just,  
And wreaths of deathless laurels win.

And shall I not the call obey ?  
Shall mornless night my soul confound ?  
O God! strike terror deep to-day,  
While Heaven and Mercy's to be found.  
So when the death-dethroning peal  
Shall summon nature to her tomb,  
May thou affix Salvation's seal,  
And snatch me from the sinner's doom !

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### A U T U M N.

*Crown with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,  
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,  
Well pleas'd I tune.*

THOMP. SEASONS.

TO you, sweet ladies of the lute,  
The bard renews his humble suit ;  
To whom alone belong  
The pow'rs Parnassian, to refine  
Each modest vot'ry of the nine  
With sentiment and song.

Come thou, who bid the thrilling lyre,  
With mental minstrelsy inspire  
\* Thy dear adopted son ;  
Who nature's polish'd picture drew  
So just, the Goddess stamp'd it true,  
But thought each grace undone !

Benignly grant a gracious gleam,  
To sketch the outlines of my theme,  
And make the burden blest ;  
So hap'ly may my pencil trace,  
Some fav'rite feature of her face,  
In smiles autumnal drest.

Soon as the am'rous sun has kiss'd  
From land and lake the mizzling mist,  
And fairly written day,  
Around the sprightly prospect heaves  
The sacred subsidy of sheaves,  
That peace and plenty pay.

Thick scatter'd o'er the burning soil,  
The labourers stooping to the toil,  
Embrace the rustling blade,  
Till Ceres mourns her modest charms,  
All ravish'd in the reapers arms,  
And to the barn convey'd.

To lease at length the straggling ear,  
Affliction's family appear,  
At first with timorous hand ;  
Then o'er the stubble closely pry,  
Impatient for the poor supply,  
And glean the liberal land.

Thick clust'ring on the swelling sight,  
The blessings of the bough unite  
Pomona's Magazine.

The speckled pippin, juicy pear,  
The powder'd plumb, and cherries there,  
And peach with mellow mien.

Slow trudging by the honest ass  
What Caravans incessant pass,  
Their sickles sheath'd in straw.

\* THOMPSON.

To pitch their camp in distant fields,  
Where autumn later labour yields,  
The tawny tribe withdraw.  
But now the evening, softest sway,  
Prepares to snuff the wick of day;  
And light the starry dome:  
The moon, to meet the rustic friends,  
Majestically meek ascends,  
And honours harvest home.  
To rouse betime the panting kind,  
See horse and dog in league combin'd,  
Bound o'er the level lawn;  
Feasting his rude unhallow'd lips,  
In eager haste, the huntsman sips  
The breathings of the dawn.  
To take the covey by surprise,  
With cautious step and curious eyes,  
The trailing pointer speeds,  
Till springing forwards, death to shun,  
Arrested by the fatal gun,  
The pretty victim bleeds.  
To council met, in middle air,  
Now plumed passengers prepare  
The passport of the wing:  
In social fort debate a while,  
Then dart at once from Albion's isle,  
And court a foreign spring.  
Alas! how soon each vista fails,  
Aspiring hills and dimpling dales  
A barren waste reveal,  
Save where the nibbling ewes are spread  
To crop the clover's moisten'd head,  
And pick the scanty meal.  
The verdure's summon'd to its grave,  
The willows weeping o'er the wave,  
A fobbing dirge decay:  
The sound the palsied asp alarms,  
The elm bewails her withering arms,  
And sighs the scene away.  
Thus gradual droops some gentle maid,  
By man, perfidious man, betray'd,  
While tears in torrents flow;  
The lovely mourner pensive pines,  
And every fading charm resigns,  
A prey to wintry woe.

\*\*\*\*\*

The TRIUMPH of CERES'  
Or, the HARVEST-HOME.  
To the Tune of "What beauteous scenes inchant  
my sight!"

WHAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,  
And echo o'er the lawn!  
Behold, the loaded car appears,  
In joyful triumph drawn:  
The Nymphs and Swains, a jovial band,  
Still shouting as they come,  
With rustic instruments in-hand,  
Proclaim the Harvest-home.  
The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,  
Within the barn are stor'd;  
The careful hind, with secret joy  
Exulting, views his hoard.

His labours past; he counts his gains;  
And, freed from anxious care,  
His casks are broach'd; the sun-burnt Swains  
His rural plenty share.  
In dance and song the night is spent;  
All ply the spicy bowl;  
And jests, and harmless merriment,  
Expand the artless soul.  
Young Colin whispers Rosalind,  
Who still reap'd by his side;  
And plights his troth, if she prove kind,  
To take her for his Bride.  
For joys like these, through circling years,  
Their toilsome task they tend:  
The hind successive labours bears,  
In prospect of the end;  
In spring, or winter, sows his seed,  
Manures, or tills the soil;  
In summer various cares succeed,  
But Harvest crowns his toil.

\*\*\*\*\*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

On the DEATH of  
The late MATTHEW LEE, Esq. Devon.

*Iustum & tenacem propositi virum,  
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mente quatit solida: neque Auster  
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,  
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.  
Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum serient ruinae.*

HOR.

THE man whose firm, unshaken mind  
To solid glory is inclin'd;  
Who real greatness would pursue,  
And keep the god-like prize in view;  
He, whose determin'd, manly breast,  
With honour, truth, and virtue blest,  
Can stem the torrent of the age,  
And, fearless, tread the world's great stage;  
Who, 'midst th' assailing ills of life,  
Pride, passion, malice, envy, strife,  
Preserves an equal mind serene,  
Nor heeds the shiftings of the scene;  
Who acts his part without disguise,  
Intrepid, gen'rous, just, and wise;  
Whose general benevolence  
Is ever ready to dispense,  
With liberal and impartial mind,  
The friendly boon to all mankind:  
Who sacred Liberty reveres,  
And to his country's good adheres,  
With sole, disinterested aim  
To her prosperity and fame:  
This man may boldly lift his head;  
For there is nought of shame or dread  
That may his upright heart disgrace,  
Or raise a blush upon his face,  
Or blast his joy, or wound his peace.  
In conscious innocence secure,  
This man, undaunted, shall endure  
Of human woes the num'rous train,  
Oppression, bondage, sickness, pain,

U 2

Shall



*The following elegant VERSES are taken from a Letter in the Collection of Letters written by the late Lord CHESTERFIELD to his Son.*

**W**OULD you engage the lovely Fair?

With gentlest manners treat her;  
With tender looks and graceful air,  
In softest accents greet her.

Verse were but vain, the Muses fail,  
Without the Graces' aid;

The God of Verse could not prevail  
To stop the flying Maid.

Attention by attentions gain,

And merit care by cares:

So shall the Nymph reward your pain,  
And Venus crown your pray'rs.

\*\*\*\*\*

VERSES by POPE. *Never before printed.*

To Mr. C. St. James's-Place.

*London, October 22.*

**F**EW words are best; I wish you well;

Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here;

Some morning-walks along the Mall,  
And evening friends will end the year.

If, in this interval, between

The falling leaf and coming frost,

You please to see, on Twit'nam green,

Your friend, your poet, and your host.

For three whole days you here may rest

From office, business, news, and strife;

And (what most folks would think a jest)

Want nothing else, except your wife.

*[Edinburgh Mag.]*

\*\*\*\*\*

## A PASTORAL.

**Y**ES, these are the scenes where with  
Daphne I stray'd;

But short was her sway for so lovely a maid.

In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run,

In the bloom of her grace, too fair for a nun.

Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove,  
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love.

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and  
the plains, [my pains.

Once the scene of my pleasures, but now of

How many soft moments I spent in this grove?

How fair was my nymph, and how fervent  
my love!

Be still tho', my heart, thine emotion give o'er,

Remember the season of love is no more!

With her how I loiter'd 'midst fountains and  
bow'rs,

Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs;

Then breathless with ardour my fair-one  
pursu'd, [the view'd

And to think with what kindness my garland

But be still, my fond heart, thine emotion

give o'er, [her no more!

Fain would'st thou forget thou must love

\*\*\*\*\*

*On the Ladies bathing in the Sea at Weymouth.*

**T**HAT from the sea, the bards of old have  
sung,

Venus, the queen of Love and Beauty, sprung,

That on its curling waves the am'rous tide,  
Safe wafted her to shore in all its pride:  
Soft pleasure revell'd thro' the Cyprian grove,  
And gladden'd Nature hail'd the Queen of  
Love; [tale,

Knowing it false, charm'd with the pleasing  
We praise the fiction being told so well.

But when on Weymouth's sands the British fair,

Safe in the flood the curling surges dare;

When here so many Queens of Love we see

Bathe in the waves, and wanton in the sea,

We justly Weymouth, blest thy happier shore,

And bid the labling poets lye no more;

In madness they their fancy'd Venus drew,

Of these we feel the power, and know it true.

No more then, Poets, in romantic strain,

One Venus call, when here so many reign;

No more invoke her from her Cyprian grove,

But henceforth Weymouth be the seat of love.

\*\*\*\*\*

VERSES addressed to a constant reader of Ovid's  
Art of Love.

**H**E sure was born in an unlucky hour,  
Who never knew a woman's pleasing  
power:

More hard that heart than adamant and steel,

Which beauty's charms divine could never feel;

On love's soft joys our happiness depends,

With love it first begins, with love it ends.

But let not fancy reason's force controul,

Nor passion kill the vigour of the soul.

Cæsar, when blest'd in Cleopatra's arms,

With pleasure heard the trumpets loud alarms;

From the soft bed of love victorious flew,

In war's rough field his conquests to pursue.

Business should follow love, as day the night,

For he who both enjoys, feels most delight.

\*\*\*\*\*

*To the Publishers of the Monthly Miscellany.*

IF you have no better address to the *publishing*  
quack who sent you the Essay on Epigrams,  
perhaps the inclosed doggerel, as they con-  
tain also a *Touch upon the Times*, may be a  
sufficient reply.

*To a Modest Plagiary. Extempore.*

*Falsus honor jurvat*

*Quem? nisi mendosum & mendacem? Hon.*

**W**HY, sure thou think'st the men of  
Sarum,

Act quite at random, harum-scarum;

Or that they're mad, or drunk in bed all,

To give to thee a silver medal,

For boldly sending, scribbled o'er,

What had been printed long before.

## A N S W E R.

KNOW, Sir, the essay that I sent,

Was mine—by act of parliament.

For, when an author sells his manuscript,

He now, no longer, can have any right;

But whosoever buys the book,

May maim and alter, haff and cook,

And sell it o'er again himself—

Let authors then disdain vile pelf;

And, if they can but get a name,

Contentedly grow fat on FAME.

The fashionable DRESS, as established in the politest Summer Circles.

**THE FULL DRESS.** Slight brocaded Silks with Blond Flounces, ornamented with Zephyrs and Tassels; Top Ruffles of the same; and small Hoops;—Ruffles very long, and peaked behind, and shallow before;—Shoes to match the Silks embroidered;—and small Rose Buckles.

**UNDRESS.**—French Jackets with Gauze Trimmings;—Cloaks the same as have been worn all the Summer;—black Fan Bonnets;—coloured Slippers, and small Roses.

### MARRIED.

**A**T Dublin, the Earl of Bellamont, to Lady Emily Fitzgerald, sister to his Grace the Duke of Leinster.

At Newcastle, the Rev. Wm. Harding, A. B. late of Bene't college, Cambridge, to Lady Compton, relict of the late Sir Walter A- bington Compton, Bart.

Thomas Hele-Philips, Esq; of Westbury- Leigh in Wilts, to Miss Penelope Clutter- buck, daughter of Lewis Clutterbuck, Esq; town-clerk of Bath.

At Bath, Hon. Charles Hamilton, to Miss Francis Calvert.

At Exeter, \*\*\* Savory, Esq; to Miss Clarke, daughter of Mr. Clarke, merchant.

Geo. Gould, Esq; of Upway in Dorsetshire, to Miss Abigail Goodden, of Over-Compton.

James Butter, Esq; grandson of the late Duke of Ormond, and formerly commander of the Vulture sloop of war, to Miss Sarah Bailey, of Alresford.

Thomas Moreland, Esq; of Brentford, to the Dowager Lady Caldwell.

Nathaniel Cholmley, Esq; of Whithy in York- shire, to Miss Smelt, of Piccadilly.

Mark Dyer, Esq; of the Temple, to Miss Moreton, of South Molton-street.

Mr. John Higgs, purser of the Bridgewater East-Indiaman, to Miss Winstpeare, of Waltham Abbey, in Essex.

George Edward Stanley, Esq; of Ponsonby- hall, Cumberland, to Miss Dolly Fleming, sister to Sir Michael Le Fleming, Bart.

At Minstead church, Hants, Wm. Howard, Esq; to Miss Browning, daughter of John Browning, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Hume, senior usher of West- minster school, to Miss Tinker.

John Gunston, Esq; of Salisbury, to Miss Taylor, of Hereford.

Col. Godwin, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Mary Godwin, of Stafford.

Richard Gough, Esq; of Enfield, to Miss Anne Hall, of Godalming.

The Rev. Dieby Cayley, to Miss Robinson, daughter of the late Thomas Robinson, Esq; of Welburn in Yorkshire.

The Rev. Mr. Dawson, rector of Bolton in Bolland, to Miss Hutton, of Buckingham.

Thomas Littler, Esq; to Miss Ann Ladbroke, youngest daughter of the late Sir Robert Ladbroke.

William Goodwin, Esq; of Coalbrook-Dale, to Miss Nancy Redding, of Worcester.

Mr. Potts, an eminent furgeon in Pall-Mall, to Miss Rich, of the Strand.

Mr. Jagger, merchant of Leeds, to Miss Moly- neux, youngest daughter of the late Rigby Molyneux, of Preston, Esq.

Thomas Churchill, Esq; of Hereford, to Miss Mills, of Epsom.

Robert Bateman, Esq; of Great Russell-street, to Miss Maria Blunder, of King-street.

Samuel Underwood, Esq; barrister at law, to Miss Eldridge, of Russell-court.

Capt. Cairnes, of the 40th reg. to Miss Bel- lingham, of Castle-Bellingham in Ireland.

Benjamin Gower, Esq; of the Board of Or- dinance in West Florida, to Miss Sarah Batchelor, of Tenterden in Kent.

At Guernsey, John Ready, Esq; of Gloucester, to Mrs. Ley, widow of the late Capt. Ley.

At Dublin, Mr. Abraham Lemon, of Pim- lico, aged 25, to the widow Hannan, of Earl-street, aged 85.

Same day, Mr. Mark Conway, aged 16, to Miss Mary Treacy, aged 30, grand-daugh- ter to the said Widow Haunan.

### DIED.

The Right Hon. \*\*\* Widdrington, com- monly called Lord Widdrington, who was attainted for the share he had in the rebel- lion in 1715.

At Albany in America, Sir William John- son, Bart.

Mrs. Douglas, aunt of John St. Leger Dou- glas, Esq; member for Hindon, Wilts.

In Jamaica, Thomas Beach, Esq; many years a counsellor at law.

At the Spa, the Rev. Dr. Foster, canon of Windsor, and late head master of Eton.

At Fort St. George, Col. Braithwaite. Sir Charles Sheffield, Bart.

The Lady Wentworth, lady to his Excellency John Murray, Esq; ambassador at the Porte.

Tho. Matthyson, Esq; who acquired an im- mense fortune in the East-Indies.

Henry Swymmer, Esq; merchant, banker, and alderman of Bristol, brother to the Countess Dowager of Westmoreland, and great uncle to the present Earl.

At Speenhamland, on his way to Bath, John Fulger, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Reid, rector of Rockford, and vicar of Tenbury in Worcestershire.

Mr. Roger Hereford, apothecary, and one of the common-council of Bath, and brother to Sir James Hereford.

At Bridgewater, Mr. Brice, formerly a sur- geon of eminence.

At Weymouth, Mrs. Gould, relict of John Gould, Esq; of Upway in Dorsetshire.

Mrs. Wilkins, wife of the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, of St. George's in Somersetshire.

Near St. Alban's, George Grosse, Esq; a gen- tleman of large fortune:—Preparations were making for his nuptials, which were to have been solemnized the Sunday after.

Rev. William Smith, twenty years rector of Long Critchell in Dorset.

Mr. Wm. Bally, bookseller, of Bath.

Mr. Thomas Brookman, master of the White- lion-inn in Bath.

Her Serene Highness Elizabeth Ernestine d'Este, Princess of Modena.  
 At the Pannanach Wells in Scotland, James Bremer, Esq; a captain in the navy.  
 Bridget Howard, aged 101, near Birmingham.  
 By falling overboard, Capt. Robert Kelday, of the ship Swallow, belonging to Kirkwall, was drowned.  
 At St. Jago de la Vega, Gilbert Matthison, Esq; an assistant Judge of the Grand Court.  
 At Northampton, suddenly, Dr. Robert Blencowe, physician to the county hospital.  
 In Piccadilly, Dr. Lucas, of Derby.  
 At Brussels, the Marquis d'Ynse, knight of the Golden Fleece, and lieutenant-general.  
 Strelley Pegge, Esq; one of the grooms of his Majesty's privy council.  
 The Lady of Major General Frederick.  
 The Rev. Mr. Humphry Scholey, M. A. vicar of West Moleton in Kent.  
 William Watkin Williams Wyrin, youngest son of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. in the 8th month of his age.  
 At Llannydith, Mr. Evan Phillips, a great virtuoso in the insect creation.  
 At Bromley in Kent, the Rev. Charles Maine, M. A. of Beverley in Yorkshire.  
 In his 77th year, William Turner, Esq; father of the present member for York.  
 At Berkeley in Gloucestershire, the Rev. Mr. Smith, senior.  
 At Lynn Regis, in his 74th year, Edmund Rolfe, Esq.  
 Aged 73, Mr. Mackey, many years purser in the royal navy.  
 Capt. James Shirley, sen. many years captain in the royal navy.  
 At Edinburgh, Mrs. Kincaid, wife of Mr. Kincaid, King's-printer, and daughter of the late Lord Charles Ker.  
 At Sheppard's Bush, Col. James Cunningham.  
 At Deptford, Mr. George Alders, attorney.  
 The Rev. Mr. Morris, rector of Hickling in Nottinghamshire.  
 At Homerton, near Hackney, John Cuthbertson, Esq; aged 82.  
 Joseph Morris, Esq; a director of the India Company.  
 After a few hours illness, in his way from Dorchester to London, George Dayrell, Esq; aged 23.  
 George Thomas Payne, Esq; brother to his Excellency the General, aged 19, at Antigua.  
 In Cold-bath-fields, Mrs. Judith Davis, who has left five guineas a year to support a favourite cat and parrot.  
 Shute Yeamans, Esq; of Richmond.  
 Suddenly (as he was going over Blackheath in a one-horse chaise, aged 76,) Mr. Chaloner Matensfield, formerly a commander in the royal navy.  
 Rev. Mr. Grimwood, of Dedham in Essex.  
 Paul Petrows, Esq; formerly a commander in the Russian service.  
 Capt. Ogilvie, late commander of the Nancy, in the Jamaica trade.  
 Capt. Delam, aged 93, many years commander of a ship in the Baltic trade.  
 Of a violent effusion of blood, Mr. Collison, master of the Club inn at Ely.  
 At Fownhope in Herefordshire, Mr. John Gwatkin, jun. attorney, of London.  
 Mrs. Thorpe, relict of Dr. Thorpe, late of Stroud in Gloucestershire.

At Rossal, Colonel Cecil Forester.  
 At Hamburg, Senator Justus Vincent Ritter, aged 59. He was chosen a member of the senate in 1762.  
 D. Logan, Esq; collector of the customs in Antigua.  
 Richard Baker, Esq; collector of the customs, and one of the aldermen of Great Yarmouth.  
 Aged 107, Mr. R. Bettson, formerly a sergeant in the 14th regiment of foot.  
 The Lady of the Rev. Mr. Samson, vicar of Corcomb, Dorset.  
 Charles Davis, Esq; aged 74, at Croydon in Surrey.  
 In his 73d year, at the Grange in Herefordshire, Samuel Cockram, Esq.  
 At Hull races, Francis Farrah, Esq; of Fitting, by a fall from his horse.  
 At Marlborough, on his way to Bath, Tho. Charnell, Esq; of King-street, London.  
 Samuel Hume, Esq; a planter in Jamaica, lately arrived for the benefit of his health.  
 At Exeter, of a paralytic stroke, Sir Peter Fenouillet.  
 In Great Marlborough-street, Wm. Rawlinson Earle, Esq; in the 72d year of his age.  
 At Kinsale, near Cork, the Rev. Wm. Reader, archdeacon of Cork.  
 At Clifton, Miss Craufurd, eldest daughter of the late James Craufurd, Esq; of Rotterdam.  
 Mrs. Hooke, widow of the late Andrew Hooke, Esq; of Bristol.  
 At Ebford in Devonshire, Matthew Lee, Esq;.  
 In Georgia, John Grove, Esq; fellow of King's-college, Cambridge.  
 At Spa, where he went for the recovery of his health, John Drummond, Esq; banker, at Charing-Cross, and member of Parliament for Thetford in Norfolk.  
 Richard Matthews, Esq; one of the aldermen of Norwich.  
 At Sandford in Berks, Mr. Wm. Flower, a considerable farmer, said to have died worth 10,000l.  
 Capt. Baker, of the Dominica Packet.  
 At Henley upon Thames, Mr. Mason, an eminent apothecary.

#### ECCLIESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. James Birch, B. D. to hold the vicarage of Ashbury, with the chapel of Eattwick annexed in Berkshire, with the rectory of Wifshford Magna in Wilts.  
 Rev. Dr. Caryl, master of Jesus college, Cambridge, and vice-chancellor of that university, to the rectory of Barnugh in Yorkshire, in the room of the Rev. Thomas Cockshut, deceased.  
 Rev. Wm. Dealtry, to the rectory of Scorpinebeck in Yorkshire.  
 Rev. Stephen Fytche, to the rectory of Gayton in the Marsh in Lincolnshire.  
 Rev. William Hopkins, to the rectory of Fitz in Shropshire.  
 Rev. Mr. Dyson, to the living of Stratton in Somersetshire.  
 Rev. John Townshend, B. A. to the vicarage of Meadley, Wilts.  
 The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Eyron, rector of Ryton, to the vicarage of Winston in Yorkshire.  
 Rev. Herbert Wilde, B. A. to the rectory of Aston in Herefordshire.  
 Rev. George Jackson, M. A. to the vicarage of Wardington in Wilts.

Rev. Mr. Sturges, prebendary of Winchester, to the living of Alverstoke, Hants, worth 700*l.* a year.

Rev. Zachariah Whiting, clerk, A. M. to the rectory of Wasing in Berks.

Rev. John Ekins, clerk, A. M. to the rectory of Trowbridge, Wilts.

Rev. George Wilson, B. A. to the rectory of Multon in Wiltshire.

Rev. John Tatham, to the vicarage of Charik in Kent.

Rev. Mr. Tracey, to be one of his Majesty's chaplains in ordinary, in the room of Dr. Dampier, who has resigned.

Rev. Dr. Hallifax, King's professor of civil law, to the degree of doctor of divinity at Cambridge.

Rev. Mr. Burrough, M. A. fellow of King's-college, Cambridge, to the rectory of Abbot's-Anne, near Andover.

Rev. Mr. James, a senior fellow of Christ-college, Cambridge, to the rectory of Little Canfield in Essex.

The Rev. Roger Baldwin, M. A. to hold the rectory of Aldingham in Cheshire, with the vicarage of Edenhall in Cumberland.

Rev. Wm. Bawson, M. A. to hold the rectory of Broughton Sulney in Nottinghamshire, with the rectory of Wetton upon Trent in Derbyshire.

Rev. Marmaduke Mathews, M. A. to hold the vicarage of St. Nicholas in Warwickshire, with the vicarage of Wellinburgh in Northamptonshire.

Rev. Joseph Foster, LL. B. to hold the rectory of Grimoldby, with the rectory of Ireby in Lincolnshire.

Rev. James Pratchet, clerk, to the vicarage of Brinsop in Herefordshire.

Rev. Thomas Williams, clerk, B. A. to the rectory of Tugford, and perpetual curacy of Eytton in Shropshire.

Rev. Mr. John Scott, rector of Methley, to a prebend in the collegiate church of Ripon.

Rev. Mr. Davies, of Cayo in Carmarthenshire, to the vicarage of Horsley in Gloucestershire.

#### CIVIL AND MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Wm. Nelthorpe, Esq; to be one of the commissioners of the Customs for Scotland.

Edward Whitehouse, Esq; to be one of the gentlemen ushers and quarter-waiters to his Majesty, in the room of Mr. Larpent.

John Lloyd, Esq; barrister at law, of Lincoln's-inn, to be cryer of the Court of King's-Bench.

The Hon. Col. Rainsford, to be aid de camp to his Majesty.

The Earl of Cavan, to be colonel of the 55th regiment of foot, in the room of General Gansel, deceased.

ad troop of horse guards, George Marsh, to be chaplain.

Coldstream reg. of foot-guards, Lord Dun-glais, ensign.

ad reg. of foot, Lieut. Col. Thomas Oswald, from half-pay, to be licent. colonel.

Lieut. James Powell, to be lieutenant of Greenwich hospital.

Andrew Balfour, Esq; advocate, to be one of the commissioners of Edinburgh.

Thomas Musgrave, Esq; to be a major in the 64th regiment of foot.

ad reg. of guards, Capt. Bishop, colonel.

From the London Gazette, Aug. 27.

#### AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From August 23, to August 27, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	6	5	3	3	2	10	2	6	3	3

#### COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex	6	3			3	4	2	7	3	10
Surry	6	0	3	4			2	6	4	3
Hertford	6	3					2	6	4	2
Bedford	6	6	4	5			2	5	3	11
Cambridge	5	10	3	2			2	4	3	0
Huntingdon	6	2			3	9	2	4	3	9
Northampt.	7	9	4	10	4	2	2	4	4	1
Rutland	7	6			4	9	2	4	4	0
Leicester	7	11	6	0	4	8	2	4	4	3
Nottingham	7	5	5	4	4	9	2	7	4	3
Derby	7	10					2	9	4	2
Stafford	7	11	5	5	4	10	2	9	4	8
Salop	8	2	5	11	4	10	2	9	5	4
Hereford										
Worcester	8	8	5	4	5	2	2	11	4	10
Warwick	7	5					2	7	4	10
Glocester	7	9			3	1	2	5	4	6
Wiltshire	6	9			3	2	2	5	4	6
Berks	6	9			3	5	2	6	3	11
Oxford	7	5			3	8	2	8	4	1
Bucks	7	0			4	0	2	8	4	0

#### COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	5	9	3	5	3	6	2	5	3	6
Staffolk	5	6	2	11	3	2	2	2	3	1
Norfolk	6	2	2	11	2	10	2	3	3	1
Lincoln	6	11	4	0	3	7	2	3	3	9
York	7	6	5	2			2	7	3	10
Durham	7	5	4	4	3	9	2	9	4	0
Northum.	6	6	4	5	3	4	2	7	4	2
Cumberland	7	9	5	4	4	9	3	2	4	0
Westmorel.	8	1	6	0	4	10	3	0	0	
Lancashire	7	5			3	3	2	7	4	2
Chehire	7	8	6	3	4	5	2	8		
Monmouth	7	9			4	6	2	5		
Somerfet	7	1	3	6			2	4	3	11
Devon	6	2			3	1	1	11		
Cornwall	5	11			3	4	2	0		
Dorset	6	11			2	11	2	4	4	8
Hampshire	6	4			1	1	2	3	4	0
Suffex	5	8			2	10	2	3	3	6
Kent	6	1	3	2	3	8	2	3	3	3

From August 8, to August 11, 1774.

#### W A L E S.

North Wales	7	1	5	1	4	3	2	3	4	10
South Wales	6	11	5	6	3	10	1	9	3	9

#### Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.	8	4	8	3	0	2	6	3	4	2
Rye.	5	8	4	8	3	0	2	6	3	4
Barley.										
Oats.										
Beans.										
Bigs.										

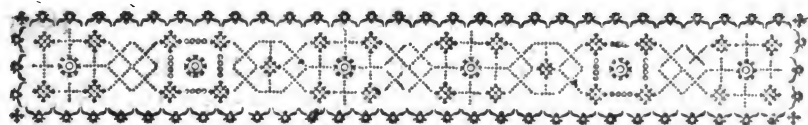
Published by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

#### PRICE of STOCKS, Sept. 8.

Bank stock, 145. India stock, 148. India Bonds, 53 a 57 prem. South Sea, —. 4 per cent. conf. 94  $\frac{1}{2}$ . 3 1-half per cent. 175  $\frac{1}{2}$ . 89  $\frac{1}{2}$ . 3 per cent. conf. 88  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Ditto red. 89. Ditto 1729. Ditto old ann. 87  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Ditto new ann. 86  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Ditto 1751, India Bonds, 57 prem. Navy bills,  $\frac{1}{2}$  disc. Long Ann. —. Tickets, 131. os. od.

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T H E  
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,  
F O R  
O C T O B E R, 1774.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS,  
From the SCRIBBLER to the PUBLIC.

Sleep thou again, my lyre!  
For thou canst never tell my humble tale  
In sounds that will prevail;  
Then sleep again, and let thy master die!

COWLEY.

W H E N I began the employment of writing for the benefit of the public, I was so far from entertaining a doubt of my own abilities, that I promised myself the greatest certainty of success, in combating the many-headed monster, VICE.

I began with the errors of either sex; I poised them in the scale alternately, and endeavoured to reason them into good manners; but instead of this, I brought down upon myself the censure of both parties, and was soon obliged to give up the unequal contest. I then directed my attack against FOLLY, but was here as unsuccessful as before. She still maintained her influence over mankind, and my utmost efforts were unable to expel her.

My ambition being thus checked in its career, for the first time in my life I began to *think*; and when I reflected upon the many Periodical Papers published in the world, by men of the greatest capa-

city, and the most profound judgment; when I read over their very sensible productions against every enormity of behaviour, and yet saw mankind as much abandoned to every vice as before, I determined to relinquish the pen, and to give up the room now occupied by my lucubrations to some more able writer. For as the SPECTATOR, who with a critic's eye saw into the hearts of men, was unable to reform them; --- as the TATLER, who published abroad their vices; the GUARDIAN, who wished to preserve them from destruction; and the RAMBLER and ADVENTURER, who were daily going in search of proselytes, have in vain exerted their abilities in the service of the community, I fear there is but little good to be expected from the *feeble* pen of an *indifferent* SCRIBBLER.

Presuming, then, that none will be dissatisfied at my retreat, I most humbly take my leave of the Public; and am

Their sincere Well-wisher,  
The SCRIBBLER.



# The EFFECTS of ELDER,

In preserving GROWING PLANTS from FLIES and INSECTS.

(In a Letter from CHRISTOPHER GULLETT, Esq; of Tavistock, in Devonshire, to Dr. MATY, Secretary to the Royal Society.

S I R,

I Should not presume to trouble you, as a member of the Royal Society, with the following letter, did not the subject seem to promise to be of great public utility. It relates to the effects of Elder;

*Sambucus fructu in umbrellâ nigro.*

1st. In preserving cabbage plants from being eaten or damaged by caterpillars.

2d. In preventing blights, and their effects on fruit and other trees.

3d. In the preservation of crops of wheat from the yellows, and other destructive insects.

4th. Also in saving crops of turnips from insects, &c. &c.

1st. I was led to my first experiments, by considering how disagreeable and offensive to our olfactory nerves the effluvia emitted by a bush of green elder leaves are, and from thence, reasoning how much more so they must be to those of a butterfly, whom I considered as a being as much superior to us in delicacy, as inferior in size. Accordingly I took some twigs of the young elder, and with them whipt the cabbage plants well, but so gently as not to hurt them, just as the butterflies first appeared; from which time, for these two summers, though the butterflies would hover and flutter round them like gnomes and sylphs, yet I could never see one pitch, nor was there I believe a single caterpillar blown, after the plants were so whipt; though an adjoining bed was infested as usual.

2d. Reflecting on the effects above-mentioned, and considering blights as chiefly and generally occasioned by small flies, and minute insects, whose organs are proportionably finer than the former, I whipt the limbs of a wall plumb-tree, as high as I could reach; the leaves of which were preserved green, flourishing, and unhurt, whilst those not six inches higher, and from thence upwards, were blighted, shrivelled up, and full of worms. Some of these last I afterwards restored, by whipping with Elder, and tying it up among them. It must be noted, that this tree was in full blossom at the time of whipping, which was much too late, as it should have been done once or twice be-

fore the blossom appeared. But I conclude from the whole, if an infusion of Elder was made in a tub of water, so that the water might be strongly impregnated therewith, and then sprinkled over the tree, by a hand engine, once every week or fortnight, it would effectually answer every purpose that could be wished, without any possible risk of hurting the blossoms or fruit.

3d. What the farmers call the yellows in wheat, and which they consider as a kind of mildew, is in fact (as I have no doubt you well know) occasioned by a small yellow fly with blue wings, about the size of a gnat. This blows in the ear of the corn, and produces a worm, almost invisible to the naked eye; but being seen through a pocket microscope, it appears a large yellow maggot, of the colour and gloss of amber, and is so prolific, that I last week distinctly counted forty-one living yellow maggots or insects in the hulk of one single grain of wheat; a number sufficient to destroy and eat up the corn in a whole ear. I intended to have tried the following experiment sooner, but the dry hot weather bringing on the corn faster than was expected, it was got, and getting into fine blossoms, ere I had an opportunity of ordering as I did; but however, the next morning at day-break, two servants took two bushes of Elder, and went one on each side of the ridge, from end to end, and so back again, drawing the Elder over the ears of corn of such fields as were not too far advanced in blossoming. I conceived that the disagreeable effluvia of the Elder would effectually prevent these flies from pitching their tents in so noxious a situation; nor was I disappointed, for I am firmly persuaded, that no flies pitched or blowed on the corn after it had been so struck. — But I had the mortification of observing the flies (the evening before it was struck) already on the corn, (six, seven, or eight on a single ear) so that what damage had accrued, was done before the operation took place; for, on examining it last week, I found the corn which had been struck, pretty free of the yellows; very much more so than what was not struck. I have therefore no doubt but that; had the

the operation been performed sooner, the corn would have remained totally clear and untouched. If so, simple as the process is, I flatter myself it bids fair to preserve fine crops of corn from destruction, as the small insects are the crops greatest enemy. One of those yellow flies laid at least eight or ten eggs, of an oblong shape, on my thumb, only while carrying by the wing across three or four ridges, as appeared on viewing it with a pocket microscope.

4th. Crops of turnips are frequently destroyed, when young, by being bitten by some insects, either flies or fleas; this I flatter myself may be effectually prevented, by having an elder bush spread so as to cover about the breadth of a ridge, and drawn once forward and backward by a man over the young turnips. I am confirmed in this idea, by having struck an elder bush over a bed of young colly-flower plants, which had begun to be bitten, and would otherwise have been destroyed by those insects; but after that operation it remained untouched.

In support of my opinion, I beg leave to mention the following fact from very credible information, that about eight or

nine years ago this county was so infested with cock-chaffers, or oakwebs, that in many parishes they eat every green thing, but Elder; nor left a green leaf untouched besides Elder bushes, which alone remained green and unhurt, amid the general devastation of so voracious a multitude. On reflecting on these several circumstances, a thought suggested itself to me, whether an Elder, now esteemed noxious and offensive, may not be one day seen planted with, and entwisting its branches among, fruit trees, in order to preserve the fruit from destruction by insects; and whether the same means which produced these several effects, may not be extended to a great variety of other cases, in the preservation of the vegetable kingdom.

The dwarf Elder (*ebulus*) I apprehend emits more offensive effluvia than common Elder, therefore it must be preferable to it in the several experiments.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

CHR. GULLETT.

✂ This ingenious Gentleman has lately revived a long dormant plan of making a Navigable Canal from Salisbury to Eling, near Southampton; and from his skill and assiduity, it is not doubted but that salutary project will now be carried into immediate execution.

## A Second Epistle from the Regions of WIT and HUMOUR.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY,  
GENTLEMEN,

“ONE good turn deserves another:” and I find with us ‘tis Puff for Puff---A genuine Letter from a Genius of the First Rank, who has kindly condescended to write a Puff for this Miscellany---‘tis a lure too irresistible to be withstood, and operates like Butler’s muse,

By forcing me, tho’ ‘tis in spite  
Of Nature, and my stars, to write.

A genuine letter---the letter undoubtedly was genuine---From a Genius of the First Rank too---Indeed! Well, I am not inclined to doubt it, nor have I any reason; for it would be highly inconsistent with good breeding, and very ungentleman-like, for me to dispute my own claim to the title, when conferred on me by the respectable Editors of the Monthly Miscellany---stiled (solely on account of ushering to the world my productions) the justly celebrated---and more especially so, as I am persuaded this encomium on

my merit cannot fail meeting with the concurrence and approbation of all their readers.

Believe me, Gentlemen, I can never sufficiently express the light of admiration in which I hold your judgment; and I am firmly of opinion---that besides yourselves and me---there are none rightly qualified to judge on the merits and demerits of an author.

In return for a compliment so grateful to my vanity, as that which you have been pleased to pay me, I am going to give you a fresh mark of my wondrous condescension, as soon as an abatement of the excessive joy that I experience on this glorious occasion yields such a step practicable; though in a work of the kind I shall not be without some dismal apprehensions that I may happen to induce you to change your mind.

Having leap’d and bounded by the space of three quarters of an hour about the floor of

*my apartment, and besides rendering my shirt (the only one I have) fit for the wash-tub, and assembling together before my windows the whole neighbourhood; who, strangers to the cause of my rejoicing, instead of taking part therein, have been gazing up at me with apparent consternation, and seem even yet to be lost in amazement---having by this means become tolerably composed, I shall proceed to descant a little on*

*The prodigious Consequence and vast Importance of a MAN---to HIMSELF.*

I (who am without exception the wisest man since Solomon) have, during my sojourning here, (amongst divers heretofore impenetrable mysteries) discovered that many people assume more consequence than seems them; and also that several are denied by others that degree of importance which is clearly their due.

In every profession are to be met with those who place beyond parallel the utility

of their respective occupations; and in every rank those who exult in the superiority of their station, and affect to disdain their inferiors.

The farmer and husbandman are apt to forget that they owe to the labour of another their implements and clothing; the artist, manufacturer, and merchant, that the products of the earth come prepared to their hands; the affluent noble, and the prince, are apt to look with contempt on the sources from whence their wealth are derived; and the despot vainly to fancy that all mankind were destined either for the instruments or objects of his tyranny.

I shall finish with an enchantingly beautiful comparison, finely adapted to the loftiness of my theme, viz.---Even as an Author is dependant on a Bookseller, and a Bookseller on an Author---so are the different orders in society dependant on each other.

A J A X.

## THE BOOK - W O R M, an OCCASIONAL PAPER;

### N U M B E R III.

*With a very fine ENGRAVING of DEUCALION and PYRRHA.*

**I**N my private and serious reflections, I have frequently attempted to investigate the cause of that variety of dispositions one meets with in the world; and have been led to wonder how a diversity of nature and of sentiment could ever have taken root amongst persons, originally of one and the same creation.

I have attentively considered the various reasons which men commonly assign for this want of uniformity; and though I cannot say there is much dependance to be placed on them, yet they are probable enough to be deemed valid by those who search not things to the bottom.

But leaving these superficial enquirers to assert their own doctrines to such as will believe them, I shall venture to lay before the public a new hypothesis on this subject, which I am inclined to think carries more weight with it than all their arguments put together.

We are told by Ovid, in the first book of his *Metamorphoses*, that soon after the war of the Giants against the Gods, it was their decree to drown mankind by an universal deluge.

“Immediately (says he) Jove shut up the North wind in the caves of Æolus,

with all the cloud-dispelling blasts, and then sent out the South wind, scattering the fogs from his moist wings. His countenance is covered with a thick and horrid darkness; his beard is loaded with showers, and the streaming water flows from his hoary locks; and still, as he sweeps along, he squeezes the hanging clouds, and redoubled showers come pouring from the sky. The corn is levelled with the impetuous rains, and the husbandman, disappointed in his hopes, laments to see his whole year's labour perish. Nor can the waters poured from above satisfy the vengeance of Jupiter.--- Neptune assists him with his waves, and adds to the general desolation. He strikes the earth with his trident, and opens her most inward caverns; whence gush out the foaming floods. The expanded rivers rush upon the plains, and bear away the groves, together with the corn, the flocks, the herds, men, houses, and the temples. If any house remained capable of sustaining the violence of such a shock, yet the waves still rising, overtopped it, and the loftiest towers stood tottering beneath the rolling deep.

“And now the earth and seas, jumbled

*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*



*Education and Pyrrhus.*



into one undistinguished mass, were become a world of waters, and an ocean without a coast. One takes possession of a hill, another gets into a little bark, and sails o'er fields that he had lately ploughed. Here they skim above the corn, or over the tops of their overwhelmed houses; the fishes there are caught upon the elms.---Perchance, an anchor is let fall upon a green meadow, or the keels of the vessels crush the tender vines; and where the slender goats had lately cropt the grass, the ugly sea-calves rest their unwieldy limbs. The dolphins beat against the oaks; the wolf swims among the sheep, in search of safety only; and the tawny lions and the tigers are borne away by the rapid current. The boar finds no advantage from his tusks, nor the stag in the swiftness of his legs, now wholly useless in the deep. And the poor wandering bird, having long sought for land whereon to rest, finds his wings fail him, and he drops into the sea. The waters now flow'd over the highest hills, and the unusual waves beat against the tops of the mountains; the greatest part of men were buried in the deep, and the rest perished for want of food. Two only escaped from this destruction.

"There is in *Phocis* (a region between *Bœotia* and *Attica*) a mountain called *Parnassus*, whose two lofty summits rise above the clouds. Here *Deucalion*, son of *Prometheus*, was carried in a little bark with his wife *Pyrrha*, and rested upon the mountain; and when Jove beheld the world thus buried beneath a lake of waters, and that of so many thousands only one of each sex remained, he dispersed the clouds, and made the raging sea abate.---Now the hills were seen to rise out of the floods; the earth again appears, and places seem to grow up from the decreasing waters.

"At length the world was wholly restored to view; and when *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* observed the general devastation, they addressed the heavenly powers in pious prayers, and sought relief from the oracle of *Themis*, to tell by what means the earth might have its inhabitants restored. The Goddess heard their prayers, and told them to veil their heads and loosen their garments, and throw behind them the stones of the earth. Instant they descend the mount; they veil their heads, and unbind their vests; and, as commanded, throw the stones behind them; when (strange to tell!) the stones began to lay aside their hardness, and softening by degrees, to assume a new

shape. They swell, and partaking of a milder nature, they take the human form, yet but imperfectly, as if just traced out by the chisel of an artist. At length the moist and earthy parts were turned into flesh, and juices for the use of the body: what was solid and more unyielding changed to bones, and the veins retain their former name. Thus, by the interposition of the Gods, the stones which *Deucalion* threw assumed the forms of men, while those of *Pyrrha's* casting renew'd the female race. Hence we are a hardy generation, and give daily proofs of the original whence we sprung.

Thus far Ovid's account of the restoration of mankind. And who, after reading this relation, will deny that the dissimilarity of our natures, the untowardness of our dispositions, our propensity to evil, or our love of virtue;---in short, that our every principle, whether good or bad, is owing principally, if not wholly, to the nature of that stone, from which our ancestors took their existence. For my own part, I am so clearly convinced that this is the origin of our different natures, that I should scarcely hesitate to dispute the penetration of such as entertain any doubt of it.

It is true, the various intercourses and changes amongst mankind have so far altered a great part of them from their original, that few if any traces are now left of the stone they took their being from; but there are *some*, yea *many* to be found, who still retain the primitive faculties of their primogenitors; and on these I shall beg leave to make some animadversions, by way of strengthening the present argument.

How frequently has the pen of the Satyrist marked out, for public detestation, an high-swoln *Restor* of two adjoining parishes, who from an income of 600*l.* a year, can scarcely squeeze out 40*l.* to reward his Curate's drudgery. His table abounds with the richest delicacies, and his bowl overflows with the choicest liquors; yet the beggar pleads in vain for pity at his gate, and the cries of indigence are unnoticed by him. He purchases lands and houses, and loads the tenants with increase of rent; he is proud of the number of his possessions, and luxury is let loose within his house, while his servants groan beneath his oppressive hand. Who but must see the origin of such a being?---He is a *Mil-stone* of the hardest kind, which either grinds with unremitting force, or ceases for a while only to become the more severe.

A character something allied to this is the *Miser*, with whom every means are laudable, whereby money may be obtained. The only difference between them is, that the one labours wholly for the luxurious enjoyment of his wealth, and the other for the mere possession of it.--- The offspring of the Mill-stone species thinks no money ill obtained, though Oppression be the procurer, so that his appetite be indulged, or his pride gratified; but the *Miser*, whose every action denotes a *stony* heart, fears to spend, tho' even for himself, and but for the support of his own life, would not allow himself even common food. His Gold is as the fire of the Flint, to be had by force alone; for no stratagem will extract a spark from one, nor prevail upon the other to part with a single guinea.

The generality of mankind bear a great affinity to what we call common Stand-stone, which is now got out of most stone-quarries in this kingdom, and very probably was as plentiful on the banks of *Cephus*. This stone is at first hewn out in large unshapely pieces; but when the chisel has been applied to it, and its ruder parts are cut away, it becomes fit for stately edifices, and serves both for use and ornament; but if instead of this, the stones are suffered to lie neglected, and idle wanton persons rub them against each other, they are worn away by friction, and are reduced to a worthless powder. Thus it is with the human mind. When we enter the world, we are rude and awkward beings, till Education deprives us of our grosser habits, and gives us a more refined and polished manner; 'tis this that fits us for society, and makes us parts as it were of one great building; but should we, instead of this, be the victims of ignorance, and lose the benefits of learning and education, we become the easy prey of our own passions, or the designs of others, and wear ourselves away with quarrels and dissensions, either of our own seeking, or contrived by the artifices of idle and malicious persons.

In determining the nature of those stones which *Pyrrha* threw behind her, I am afraid I shall meet with some objections from the female part of my readers, many of whom assert their right to, and endeavour to trace their descent from, the *Diamond*; but I cannot wholly subscribe to that opinion; *Diamonds* were in no great plenty on the banks of *Cephus*, and if she threw any, they must have been but few, and the descendants of those, I fear, have never reached to any number, history mak-

ing no mention of that succession. I am rather induced to think that *Marble* was more plentiful in those parts---a kind of stone sufficiently beautiful, and no less remarkable for resisting the attacks of busy meddlers; and in this opinion I am the more confirmed, by the writings of every poet since the *Deluge*, and the language also of every lover. For though the outward charms of a lady are ever painted as resembling jewels and precious stones, the *Heart*, or *Disposition*, is by them all allowed to be of the *Marble* species. Thus a *Lover*, in describing the perfections of his *Mistress*, says, her face is fairer than the *alabaster*; that the *diamond* is inferior to the brightness of her eyes, and the *ruby* to her lips; yet he closes his description with lamenting, that her heart is of the hardest *marble*.

And now I am got upon this *stony* subject, I shall conclude with a few lines, not unapplicable, written by the late Rev. Mr. Jenner, and addressed to a Gentleman in love with a *Stone-Cutter's* daughter; observing to my readers in the mean time, that the before-mentioned instances are sufficient to convince every reasonable person of the truth of my proposition.

WHERE CAM's smooth waters gently flow,  
Young Strephon lov'd a fair;  
And fair she was; tho' well I know,  
They boast few beauties there.

Her lovely form, so wondrous neat,  
Like polish'd MARBLE shewn;  
No STATUE could be more complete  
Of the fam'd Paphian Queen.

Nor did she boast these charms alone;  
A temper mild she bore;  
Easy to mould, as is the STONE  
Of Portland's shelvy shore.

A nymph more fam'd to give delight  
Was never prais'd by Bard;  
But ah! her heart was FREE-STONE quite,  
Or PUMICE, 'twas so hard.

Poor Strephon try'd with all his might  
The lovely maid to woo;  
But found her as the Marble bright,  
And cold as Marble too.

The CHISEL of his wit he try'd,  
And whet it wond'rous well;  
The Mallet of his art he ply'd,  
His well-wrought tale to tell:

But still the fair one would not hear,  
Nor cease his sighs to mock;  
Too weak thro' life's rough course to steer,  
He split upon a Rock.

Cupid long time in vain had try'd  
At him a Dart to fling;  
At length he laid his bow aside,  
And struck him with a SLING.

Two ORIGINAL LETTERS of  
The late Rev. Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.

(Copied from the MANUSCRIPTS.)

LETTER I.

To Mr. D\*\*\*, at UPHAVEN, WILTS.

Kew, Sept. 3, 1733.

Dear Mr. D\*\*\*,

I Had returned you thanks for your obliging present before this, had I not thought of seeing you at Uphaven; but business will not allow me that pleasure now. I am afraid you sent more than double the profit of your feast to me. The beer was extremely good, and I sent half a dozen of it to my Lord Palmerston, who desires you will look out for as much land as will cost twenty guineas, and he will buy it, and settle the income of it on Charlton threshers for ever, that they may dine at your house on the 30th of June every year, to all generations: I have not heard from Mr. G\*\*\*\*, nor from Mr. L\*\*\*\*\*, a long time, tho' I have writ to both. If you know that I have offended either, be so good as to tell me by the next post, and you will oblige

Your most humble servant,

S. DUCK.

My service to Parson F\*\*\*\* when you see him.

LETTER II.

To Mr. L\*\*\*\*\*, at\*\*\*\*, WILTS.

Kew, May 14, 1746.

Dear Sir,

I have received your last, for which I thank you; but am sorry 'tis not in my power to oblige our friend Mr. —. I had collected a little money when I published my book, and to secure it the better, I put it into the Exchequer, where it is so very secure, that I could not felicit out, without losing 20l. per cent. which I am persuaded you would not wish me to do. I have talked with some friends about it, but to no purpose; they either have no money, or will not part with it, in these troublesome times. My wife has

500l. in a certain Lord's hands, but I can neither persuade her, nor compel her, to remove it. In short, I find there is nothing more difficult to get than money, and nothing more easily got rid of.

I shall not say much to condole with you for your father's death, he having lived to a good old age; and had he lived longer, his life could be little else than trouble and sorrow. I wish you might be gainer enough by it, as to render your life easy, which I should be exceeding glad to hear. Pray give my humble service to your mother; I hope she bears the separation from her old friend like a good Christian, which I believe she is. The lovely spring has so beautified our gardens, walks, and fields, and made all nature so gay and pleasant about here, that (if it please God) I could, methinks, willingly live to autumn before I make my exit. But that must be just as heaven thinks fit. I am glad to hear there is such a spirit of loyalty in your country. Certainly we owe a great deal to the glorious Duke of Cumberland, who has been the chief instrument, under heaven, of saving us from slavery and ruin. Nor were there ever such rejoicings in the City of London on any occasion, as there were upon the news of his compleat victory over the Rebels. The whole City and suburbs were so illuminated, that they seemed one united blaze. The very w——s had not a dark alley to be private in. May heaven preserve our young hero to bear his father's thunder against all the enemies of the present Royal Family, the Protestant Religion, and the Laws and Liberties of Great Britain, which are all interwoven and connected together.

I shall be very glad to see you whenever it is convenient; being

Your sincere friend,

And humble servant,

S. D.

\* Mr. Duck was many years a poor Thresher in a barn at Charlton, in the county of Wilts, at the wages of four shillings and six-pence a week, till taken notice of by her late Majesty Queen Caroline, who, on account of his great genius, gave him an apartment at Kew, and a salary of thirty pounds a year, after which he studied the learned languages, and entered into Holy orders. A collection of Poems, written by this gentleman, and some of them while he was in the low situation above-mentioned, were published a few years ago in a small volume, and allowed to have a great degree of merit.



For the MISCELLANY.

## PRIZE ESSAY; ON AVARICE.

The poor rich man's emphatically poor.

COWLEY.

AS there is not any *Evil* more dreaded than the suppos'd evil of Poverty, so there is not any imaginary *Good* more assiduously sought after than the possession of Riches. Wealth is suppos'd capable of procuring every pleasure which the human mind is wont to desire in this state of excellence: hence the multitude, with an impetuosity equal to their unbounded wishes, rise up early, go to bed late, and with intense application endeavour to compass the golden mountain whence all happiness is suppos'd to be derived. But experience teaches us the futility of this pursuit. Among this assiduous throng who make wealth their *summum bonum* and *summum totum*, a very few only are capable of terminating their labours in possession, or their hopes in fruition. A train of unforeseen events baffles their endeavours; disappointment meets them in the way, clouds their most shining prospects, and prevents them from possessing the delectable object of their warmest wishes.

Some indeed there are, who have happily avoided every impediment which either inadvertency on their part, or the craft of others might throw in their way to impede their progress towards affluence. Fortune has smiled upon them, and they have been her most distinguished favourites. Every plan they have laid, every scheme they have undertaken, has shewn itself to have been prudently concerted by the success which attended its execution.

But alas! of this superior class, whom a gracious Providence has circumfus'd with plenty, few there are who seem to enjoy, and still fewer who make a proper use of the unmerited bounty. Circumscrib'd within the narrow circle of covetousness and self-love, they starve in the midst of plenty, and altho' surrounded with the means of happiness, are miserable. Insensible of the just tribute of gratitude to the fountain from whence every blessing is derived, they are constantly repining against that kind Providence whose goodness is inexplicable. Blind to necessities which charity would have taught them to relieve without a verbal solicitation, and deaf to the plaintive cry of those who are oppressed with numerous sorrows, they pass through life un-

happy in themselves, and unprofitable to those around them.

If there are any miserable objects from whom charity could dispense with the obligations of sympathy, it must be those who are miserably rich, and penuriously affluent. They are guilty of a sin which is not only contemptible in the view of every generous mind, but highly dishonourable to a rational being, and odious in the sight of heaven. Could such but for a moment see the deformity of their own hearts and conduct, as it is seen by the wise and generous part of mankind, surely *shame* would cooperate with the voice of duty, and excite them to amend their actions!

Gratitude, in its various degrees, is a duty incumbent on all dependant beings, from the most exalted seraph, to the lowest order of rational intelligence. Every individual in the scale of existence ought to cherish it in his breast towards the great superintendant of the universe, the author of every blessing! The goodness of God is displayed throughout all nature, in a manner, proportion, and degree, which altho' not to be fully investigated by the feeble efforts of the human intellect, is doubtless perfectly consistent with the rectitude of his own attributes, and his unspeakably glorious design in calling us into existence. His mercies are extended over all his works; "and he causeth his rain to fall on the just and the unjust."

Therefore gratitude is obligatory on all, but more especially so on those to whom divine beneficence has dispensed a larger share of blessings than falls in common to the lot of man. The "*Lines of these are cast in pleasant places,*" and they have an inheritance assigned them in a "*Southern land.*" They may enjoy a relaxation from those arduous toils which necessarily engage the commonalty;—they may walk continually under the enlivening cheering beams of prosperity, while thousands and tens of thousands are loaded with the pressure of human cares, and pensively traversing the gloomy vale of adversity.

But notwithstanding the blessings which are surrounded with, they are often more unhappy than the peasant, whose daily bread is procured with the sweat of his brow.

brow. If we examine into the causes of this infelicity, it will appear to be that of their wishes increasing in proportion to their acquisitions---that inordinate desire after "*something unpossess'd*," which, like the raging thirst of a fever, dries up every source of comfort, has prevented the grateful reception and wise application of that portion of this world's goods which a gracious Providence has allotted them.

The enjoyment of their wealth has been postpon'd to the evening of age; and the best part of life sacrificed to the labour of acquisition, without the alleviation of temperate enjoyment.

*Avaro* pleas'd himself in pursuing wealth with unremitting ardor, while he anticipated the happiness he should enjoy in retiring from business with a large fortune, at the decline of life. But he reaped the fruit of disappointment at the period he propos'd to have arriv'd beyond the fear, as well as the power of it. The darling passion of his youth

"Crew with his growth, and strengthen'd  
"with his strength;"

and age, instead of dissolving, rivetted his chains, beyond the power of dissolution. As the golden mountain increas'd, he became more sensible of the power of its attraction. No plan was form'd, no scheme laid or executed, but such as contributed to fill his coffers, or lengthen his rent roll. To gain money, every yoke was easy, and every burthen light; every hardship and indignity was cheerfully submitted to, and every danger met and encountered with heroic fortitude. His constant application to accumulate employed all his time and faculties, and a care equally constant and arduous to keep what he had acquired was invariably exercised to the prejudice of his health, and at last hasten'd his death.

Thus *Avaro*, the poor, rich *Avaro*, enervated his body with fatigue, suffer'd his spirits to evaporate at the oar, and dissipated his reasoning powers by a long succession of schemes. He sat down to enjoy his substance at a time of life when every capacity for enjoyment had lost its sensibility, or was supplanted by infirmities which every hour gave him alarming notice of his dissolution. Nothing was now left him but the bare contemplation of treasures which he could never enjoy;

and even this was productive of but little pleasure, on account of the frequent intimations he received that he must shortly leave it for ever. He was a perfect stranger to every species of rational pleasure, or the delights arising from acts of benevolence, and totally neglected by all but those who watch'd hourly for his exit, in hopes of being the immediate possessors of his wealth. In this situation, every symptom of approaching death is like a poignard to his heart, as he knows it will divide him for ever from the only thing on earth for which he has any value. His infirmities come upon him like a thick cloud. He looks with expiring agonies on his strong box, and at last dies unlamented a miserable poor man.

It certainly ought to be the peculiar care of those who possess the means of rendering life easy, by having a happy competency of temporals, to adore with gratitude that sacred hand which has so abundantly bless'd them. They ought to enjoy the bounty of heaven within the bounds of temperance and moderation, and with the superabundance of their wealth to relieve the wants of those whose lot it is to inhabit the vale of poverty.---Affluence gives no more licence to its possessors to spend it in wanton profusion, than to become miserable misers. To spend riches extravagantly, or to hoard them up unprofitably, is equally repugnant to the dictates of reason---equally offensive to the Supreme Giver of all good.---The surplus of our wealth might be nobly employed in acts of real charity. The widow, the orphan, the distress'd, the unfortunate, and the afflicted, who silently shed their tears, and spend their cheerless days in obscurity, have a just claim to our bounty, and are the proper objects to receive it. It would cause them to rejoice; and in thus administering to their necessities, we should offer a sweet oblation to the universal Parent and Friend of mankind.

The perfection of human excellence is to cultivate a kind, benevolent disposition towards all our fellow creatures, and to preserve in our minds a grateful, reverential sense of the obligations we lie under to the Supreme Dispenser of every blessing we enjoy. To attain this, is true wisdom, and its end will be permanent happiness.

PHILALETHES.

For the MISCELLANY.

## The ADVANTAGES and DISADVANTAGES attending a PUBLIC and a PRIVATE LIFE compared.

ON the first consideration of the question, whether a public or a private life is most eligible? one is apt immediately to conclude, that the first is better calculated for our temporal, and the last for our spiritual interest. But let us not make rash conclusions without previously examining on what basis they are founded. Let us then suppose two brothers, nearly, or, if you will, exactly of the same age, that is, born twins; born with the same mental abilities, the same disposition, the same strength of body; educated under the same masters, and equally beloved by them, and also by their parents and relations. In short, let them be, in every respect, as similar as nature's productions can possibly be; and let them be undeviatingly brought up alike, till they are properly qualified to live either in public or private, with honour and credit. Let this be the only difference, that the first-born, whom, for distinction's sake, I shall name *Castor*, be fond of a public, and the younger, whom I shall call *Pollux*, of a private life. Their talents must be supposed superlatively eminent, and cultivated to a degree nearest the point of perfection; their virtues must be of the sublimest kind, and deeply rooted in the heart. Let us take *Castor* just dismissed from the hands of his tutors, returned from his travels; which he has finished with the greatest reputation to himself, and the most signal credit to his teachers; where he has spent his time like a sensible *Telemachus*, under the wise direction of a faithful *Mentor*, and not like a *Milord Anglois*, who is incessantly sacrificing to *Bacchus* and *Venus*, when he ought to be visiting, and making himself perfectly acquainted with, the *Mores Multorum hominum et urbes*; when he ought to dedicate every precious moment to add to his stock of useful and ornamental knowledge. In short, let us consider him as accomplished as the infirmities of human nature can possibly allow; learned, without pedantry; polite, without affectation; sober, without a disgusting reserve; and moral, without ostentation; benevolent, generous, the friend of human nature. Let us behold him exalted to the highest post of ho-

nour, emolument and fame. In this situation, if he retains his integrity, and earnestly devotes his time, his abilities, his fortune to the public welfare; myriads of blessings will be showered down on his head, loud plaudits will make the hills reverberate the glory of his name, and the historic page will hug the never-dying tribute due to so exalted a merit. Add to this, the inexpressible pleasure he must feel within himself, to hear thousands hail him wherever he goes, the father, the protector, the support of his grateful country. This must certainly animate him with redoubled zeal, and add perseverance and intrepidity to the sincere and regular discharge of his duty.—But if fortune proves adverse, and malice and envy blast his reputation, and stuff his pillow with thorns; if he is rewarded with curses where he expected blessings, injuries where he had a right to gratitude, and if vexatious disappointments blight his promising hopes; in that case he must be something more than man, tho' he has the testimony of a good conscience, if he remains calm and serene, with a smile of undisturbed tranquillity on his countenance. Nor let this supposition be thought *outrée*. If an Angel from Heaven was to be thus employed in the highest office a Prince can bestow, he would, at some time or other, experience all, and more than all, these tormenting attendants of exalted stations. Therefore, a public life, when a person is eminently qualified for it, may be, for a time, productive of real good to thousands, and of temporary advantages to the generous author; but durable happiness must be less expected in this, than in a private station.

But, were we to take a survey of men placed in inferior public stations, and of inferior abilities, we should find that their life is a constant mixture of inconsistencies. Fawning adulation, and servile humility towards their superiors, and those on whom they depend, are mixed with supercilious behaviour and arrogant tyranny towards their inferiors and dependants, and envy and dissimulation towards their equals. Nature, which is certainly the spring and origin of

of terrestrial happiness, is totally excluded among this set of courtiers.

Yet, if their external deportment is becoming, their manners polite, and their integrity, upon the whole, irreprehensible; they may be productive of a degree of happiness to the public and their own families, but of very little to themselves. A *Mordecai*, who does not chuse to offer incense at their shrine, is sufficient to make the most unassuming *Haman* unhappy. In short, a public life is more to be avoided than sought after, unless that most glorious of all motives, *public good*, induces us to enter into it.

Let us now return to *Pollux*, who has likewise just finished his education, and is endued with liberality of sentiment, refined ideas, feeling humanity, and tender passions. Let us behold him possessed of an ample fortune, settled in the country, living upon his own estate. The trumpet of fame does not sound his virtues and exploits to the remotest verge of space; he is not the public idol, the minion of the day; neither is he capable, in such a situation, to promote the welfare of whole nations: but, on the other hand, he is established on a firmer foundation, and his happiness is infinitely more durable, and not supported on the breath of the wavering multitude. The smiles and frowns of the great neither raise nor depress his spirits; he is dependant on no man; and only the inconstancy of fortune can deprive him of his terrestrial possessions. But even then, being unambitious himself, and animated with a noble courage, and a *grandeur d'ame* sufficient to despise riches when they make themselves wings and fly away, he remains unshaken and unmoved. He has been taught not to build his happiness on so precarious a foundation, which the least wind of adversity may

overthrow. While fortune smiles, he enjoys; and causes others to enjoy happiness; and when the frowns, he bravely opposes the shield of fortitude against her, and remains unconquered. He neither grasps at riches, nor profusely lavishes his fortune; but uniformly treads in the happy medium. His own person and family are but a small part of his care; like the sun, he sheds his benign rays of beneficence abroad, and cheers and comforts the drooping and the afflicted. Whatever good he does, it is from principle, for he abhors ostentation and hypocrisy. He seeks for the poor, the fatherless, the widow, and makes their hearts, and consequently his own, leap for joy. He gives abundantly, and experimentally feels that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He lives temperately, takes moderate exercise, and enjoys a *mons sana in corpore sano*. He spends all his spare time in rational studies, dedicating a great part of it to the glory of his Maker. His very walks and rides awake his gratitude towards God, and he feels happiness circulating through every vein. He is exemplary in all his actions, and impartially rewards the virtuous, and reprimands or even punishes the vicious. In short, his God, his family, his tenants, his neighbourhood are all his care and study; and he steadily avoids the company of those who do not constantly endeavour to exalt, refine, and dignify human nature.

In passing sentence, therefore, on a public and a private life, I must declare in favour of the latter. Let not any body imagine, that persons in high stations are to be envied; let them remember, that a house situated on a hill, is exposed to those storms and dangers from which the low situated cottage is generally free.

RURICOLA.

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T H E

LIFE and WRITINGS of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

**T**HIS excellent writer is generally said to have received his birth at Litchfield, in Staffordshire; but however positive some are in favour of this assertion, we find none who have favoured the world with an account of his parentage. Their silence upon so very in-

teresting a head, would naturally lead many to doubt the truth of their assertion in respect to the place of his nativity. However, be that as it may, it is undeniable that he received his education at Oxford, at which university he took his degrees; after quitting which, being somewhat

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somewhat straightened in his circumstances, he opened a private academy at Litchfield. A genius like his, however, could not long content itself with the disagreeable task of superintending the mere classical instruction of youth, and burying those talents in obscurity that are the glory of the present age, and will be the admiration of all succeeding ones.

Having, therefore, established an intimacy with Mr. Garrick, about the year 1736, they conjointly agreed to come to London; the one to try his abilities on the stage, and the other to commence author. How they have succeeded, let the world declare.

After having experienced the various hardships inseparable from the drudgery of compiling and translating for the booksellers, the first work of any consequence we find the Doctor engaged in was his *Dictionary*; where he has at once successfully extended the bounds, improved the elegance, and elucidated the genius of our very unsettled and difficult language. Notwithstanding the attention and uncommon erudition requisite to insure success in a work so amazingly complicate, we nevertheless find, from his labour alone, what our forefathers would have despaired of acquiring from an exertion of the associated abilities of numbers. In this immense work, the variety of readings is so numerous, the investigation of language is so precise, the definitions are so conclusive, and so many operations, traced through a variety of sources, are contrived so artfully to combine for the completion of one great purpose, that we are at a loss which most to admire, the learning or genius of a man, who alone and unassisted, was equal to so arduous a study.

During those intervals of recess necessary to the fatigue of so stupendous an undertaking, we find him commenced moralist, and presenting to the world divers series of periodical essays, amongst which *The Rambler* possesses the first claim to the attention of the judicious; and although the Doctor cannot be said to have much extended the system of moral philosophy, he may nevertheless be justly said to have improved it.

He has been too frequently charged with sacrificing the simple beauties of Nature to the studied decorations of Art; that he is sonorous without melody, and aspiring without sublimity; and that the pompous parade of his periods, though it may a while excite the admiration of the vulgar, will in the man of taste

create only disgust. How far such observations may be just, we shall leave to the consideration of the critical reader; only on the other hand, to balance the scale, we shall present him with the opinion of the late Dr. Goldsmith, who says, "In every sentence produced by the pen of that very able writer (Dr. Johnson), we see to how great a degree of grammatical perfection, and classical elegance, the English tongue is capable of being brought."

His abilities as a novelist and an allegorist, are too well known to need a recital. His *Eastern Stories*, many of which are interspersed in *The Rambler*, possess not only the sublimity and spirit of the manner of expression peculiar to the people of the *East*, but even greatly excel any of the Oriental writings, whether we consider them for fertility of invention, the conduct of their plots, or the justice and strength of their sentiments. His most capital work of that kind, however, is a novel, intitled, *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*; which, as it does at present, probably will ever stand without an equal.

As a Poet, he possesses many happy qualities; his numbers are harmonious and musical, yet bold and poignant, and on the whole approach nearer to Mr. Pope's manner of versification than those of any other writer. His poetical productions, however, are few: which is the more to be regretted, as, like diamonds of the first water, they will ever be held in the highest estimation, whilst gems of larger bulk, with less intrinsic worth, are scarcely looked upon. In short, while the name of Juvenal shall be remembered, his much-improved imitations of him, in his two poems, entitled, *London*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, cannot fail of being read with delight.

The only dramatic piece Dr. Johnson ever wrote was *Irene*, a tragedy, the success of which was not equal to its merit, owing entirely to his having too strictly adhered to the *Aristotelian* rules of the drama. In the present age, an audience looks for little more in a play than plot and incident, without paying any regard either to character, diction or sentiment. No wonder then, that the Doctor should grow disgusted at the little encouragement given to the efforts of real genius, from a public which would prefer noise and bustle even to the most finished work of classical perfection!

As a Biographer, his *Life of Savage* may

may justly be pronounced a standard for such species of literature. He, however, has been accused of partiality in the character of that unfortunate man, and that his friendship and intimacy with him led the Doctor to throw a veil over his miscarriages, and to paint his virtues in too strong a light. However just this remark may be, the morality inculcated in this little work sufficiently atones for such a fault, which at worst can only be termed the error of friendship.

After having so many years boasted of, and preserved his independence, every friend to his country must lament, that the Doctor, in his declining age, should venture into the field of politics. His *False Alarm*, and his *Falkland Island*, both of which are pamphlets written with a professed view of justifying the conduct and measures of those in power, and for each of which he received a pension from the unpopular party he so particularly served, will tend to throw a blemish upon his moral character, which even his uncommon abilities will never be able sufficiently to efface.

At a time when every one expected that he had entirely relinquished all further literary pursuits, we find him lately returned from making the tour of Scotland; which journey he undertook, it is said, with a view of collecting authentic materials for presenting the world with a genuine history of the escape of the young Chevalier after the battle of Culloden. The observations he collected in the above tour, are now in the press, and will doubtless prove an acceptable present to the literary world. Perhaps it may be curious to learn the Doctor's opinion of a people of whom he in general had conceived but an indifferent idea. Being asked how he liked his entertainment in the Highlands, he said, "The sauce to every thing was the benevolence of the inhabitants, which cannot be too much commended: I love the people better than their country."

When in the Isle of Sky, he paid a visit to the celebrated lady so well known by the name of Miss Flora Mackdonald, whose heroic adventures, in 1745, have rendered her fame immortal with the generous of all parties. She is now the wife of Mr. Macdonald, of Kingbury, at whose house the Doctor staid a night. —He was at great pains to enquire into the authenticity of the poems published to the world as the works of Ossian, an

ancient Highland bard; but it is said he is confirmed in his disbelief.

As a Wit, the Doctor has long been celebrated; but it is generally observed, that his witticisms seldom partake of so much justice as ill-nature. However, he is fully blessed in that happy combination of ideas, which is more dependent upon the judgment than upon any other faculty. Hence his readiness of reply will amply counterbalance that cynical severity he too often evidences in these flights of fancy.

There is a story told of him, that being once in a bookseller's shop, a certain would-be critic, who was possessed of more vanity than judgment, and who wanted to impress the Doctor with a notion of his taste, began to pass some remarks upon a poem that had been lately published; out of which he repeated several lines, and amongst the rest the following:

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

"There, Doctor," says the coxcomb, "I call that poetry.—What do you call it?" "Stark nonsense, Sir," replied Johnson; "it contains an *assertion without a proof*. The blockhead might as well have said,

"Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat."

His intimacy with Lord Chesterfield was well known, which he gained by drawing up the original plan of his Dictionary, in a letter to that nobleman, who not only assisted him with hints for the work, but also published two very elegant and friendly letters in a periodical paper called *The World*, recommending the Doctor to the attention of the public with great warmth. And here it will be necessary to mention an anecdote, which, if true, will serve as a proof how little the Doctor was inclined to return his Lordship's friendship.—A gentleman of Dr. Johnson's acquaintance, on the first publication of his Dictionary, asked him, whether he was not in some respect indebted to Lord Chesterfield for assisting him in the work? "Not at all, Sir (replied Johnson); the fact was only this: I had been sailing round the world of learning for many years, and just as I got up to the Downs, my Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock-boats to conduct me up the Thames. My Lord Chesterfield! no; he may be a wit among Lords, but I fancy he is no more than a Lord among wits."

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The Doctor has ever affected a singularity in his manners, and to contemn the social rules which are established in the intercourse of civil life. This habit he has indulged so far, as to subject himself to the charge of a morose, ill-natured pedant. Perhaps, as a proof of the singular manners of the Doctor, it will not be amiss to present the reader with his character, as drawn up by the very elegant pen of the noble Peer, and judge of mankind before mentioned: In a letter to his Son, he says, "There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure (without being deformed) seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but continually committing hostilities upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mis-times or mis-places every thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately. Mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes, absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love

such a man? No. The utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot."

Notwithstanding we mean not to dispute the justice of his Lordship's remarks; yet we would beg leave to observe, that though an affectation of so extravagant a humour be undoubtedly a fault, yet if it has been acquired by the habitudes of his temper, and by his indolence, it scarcely merits censure. Genius has ever its peculiarities; and to a man who can so far soar above the multitude, some indulgence is requisite, to allow him sometimes to descend into himself.

To shew how closely we have adhered to the impartiality we professed to observe, we shall conclude the life of this great man with the following character of him, by the Author of the *Companion to the Play-house*.

"Nothing but his genius can possibly exceed the extent of his erudition: with the ablest head, he seems at present possessed of the very best heart existing.--- Every line, every sentiment that issues from his pen, tends to the great center of all his views, the promotion of virtue, religion, and humanity: nor are his actions less pointed towards the same noble end. Benevolence, charity, and piety, are the most striking features in his character; and while his writings point out to us what a good man *ought to be*, his own conduct sets us an example of what *he is*."

[*West. Mag.*]

#### GENUINE ANECDOTES OF THE

#### LIFE and WRITINGS of the late Mr. ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

MR. Robert Lloyd was the son of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, Second Master of Westminster-school; by whom he was so early initiated in the Classics, that his fertile genius soon became pregnant with the stores of Greek and Roman literature. Thus qualified, he repaired, at a proper age, from Westminster to Oxford, where he pursued his studies, and made such an occasional display of his genius, as to reflect no little on his tutorage, if not some honour on the University, which in a short time afterwards conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts.

From Oxford Mr. Lloyd returned to Westminster-school; in which he for

some time assisted his father as an Usher in that learned seminary. With this situation, the duties of which he was particularly well qualified to discharge, he appears nevertheless to have been highly dissatisfied:

Were I at once empower'd to shew  
My utmost vengeance on my foe;  
To punish with extremest rigour,  
I could inflict no penance bigger,  
Than, using him as Learning's tool,  
To make him Usher of a school.  
For me, it hurts me to the soul  
To brook confinement or controul;  
Still to be pinion'd down to teach  
The syntax and the parts of speech;  
Or, what perhaps is drudging worse,  
The links, and joints, and rules of verse:

To

To deal out Authors by retail,  
Like penny pots of Oxford ale :  
—Oh, 'tis a service irksome more,  
Than tugging at the slavish oar !

It is more than probable, that this impatience of restraint and disgust at scholastic confinement were heightened by the Author's intimacy with his fellow Collegians, those excentric geniusses, Messrs. Churchill and Thornton ; whose congenial talents and disposition might serve to encourage each other in the pursuit of such youthful amusements as insensibly betrayed them into a liberality of life and conversation, which the prudential part of the world, perhaps, too severely condemned.

The first performance which established Mr. Lloyd's reputation as a Poet, and of course rendered him respectable in the literary world, was the Actor, addressed to his then intimate and liberal friend Mr. Thornton. This is one of his best productions ; in which he passes very high encomiums both on Mr. Garrick and Mr. Thornton, displaying, as on many other occasions, a strong attachment and most friendly regard for both.

It is supposed, that the reputation Mr. Lloyd acquired by this poem, first stimulated his friend Churchill to enter the lists of poetical fame, and write his celebrated Rosciad. The superior popularity of this piece gave our Author at first some little disgust ; but, on the farther exertion of Mr. Churchill's abilities, the superiority in force of numbers, and power of imagery, appearing so greatly on the side of his friend, Mr. Lloyd, with the modesty becoming real genius, and the complacency of a disposition untainted by envy, joined the rest of his admirers, in the unlimited applause bestowed on that eminent Poet. The proof our Author gave, on this occasion, of his possessing a considerable portion of that most valuable scientific quality, so rarely to be met with, Self-Knowledge, is characteristically and happily struck off in the following lines :

For me who labour with poetic sin,  
Who often woo the Muse I cannot win ;  
Whom pleasure first a willing Poet made,  
And folly spoil'd by taking up the trade ;  
Pleas'd I behold superior genius shine,  
Nor ting'd with envy with that genius mine ;  
To Churchill's Muse can bow with decent  
awe,  
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my  
law.  
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to  
please ;  
Behis the strength of numbers, mine the ease.

This ingenuous concession, on the part of Mr. Lloyd, appears to have so far endeared him to Churchill, that, to use the expression of one of their common friends, Capt. Thompson, they were inseparable, one sentiment governing the minds, and one purse administering to the wants of both. The same Writer describes Mr. Lloyd as of a tacit disposition, reserved and attentive ; he took much snuff, says he, and would often sit the auditor of conversation, rather than the promoter. On the same authority we are told of an invitation which Mr. Lloyd received from a Nobleman, celebrated in the republic of letters, requesting his company to dinner, as he was a great admirer of his reputed wit and genius :— The invitation being accepted, Mr. Lloyd, to the great disappointment of the Noble Peer, uttered not a syllable during the whole entertainment.

So ready was his pen, and retentive his mind, that, when his devotion to the Muses has been interrupted by the orgies of Bacchus, and the suspended fable, like that of Butler's tale, been broken off in the middle, he has pursued it from memory with the utmost composure, when the fever of the brain was over ; and finished the composition as consistently as if the copy had been all the while before him.

His attachment to the pleasures of the table, particularly to those of the bottle, in which he was induced to indulge himself too freely for his constitution, was a topic of much censure and complaint against him, both with his real and his pretended friends, except indeed those who shared in the convivial parties. The foremost of these jovial companions, his celebrated friend Churchill, attempted, on the other hand, to apologize for him, and even to justify the practice, as well by precept as example. His gay and spirited epistle, entitled NIGHT, inscribed to our Author, is a professed apology, if not a formal justification of their nocturnal festivity.

Mr. Lloyd, having resigned the Usher-ship of Westminster-school, became an Author by profession ; and, notwithstanding his decided merit, experienced most of the vicissitudes of fortune to which gentlemen of that precarious profession are liable. It is so natural a transition for a man of wit to become a man of the town, and for the expences necessary to support the latter character to exceed the income of the former, that it is no wonder our Author was induced to engage in publications



cations that promised to produce profit rather than praise. Among these was the original *St. James's Magazine*.

This work not meeting with that success which might be reasonably expected, our Author found himself unable to discharge some obligations of a pecuniary nature, which he had improvidently laid himself under on the flattering prospect of such success.

The consequence of this disappointment was the exertion of that barbarous power which the absurd custom of this country has given to the creditor over the person of his debtor, by permitting the imprisonment of the latter till the former be fully satisfied. Mr. Lloyd was of course confined within the walls of the Fleet; even Mr. Thornton, though his bosom-friend from their infancy, refusing to be his security for the liberty of the Rules; a circumstance which, giving rise to some ill-natured altercation, induced this quondam friend to become an inveterate enemy, in the quality of his most inexorable creditor. It has been said on this occasion, that, while this unhappy, but most excellent Poet, was under such restrictions, the Fleet became the seat of the Muses; and all the men of wit and genius in the age repaired to this gloomy Temple. Such company dispelled the very idea of confinement, and gave his apartment the air of the Court of Apollo.

During his continuance in the Fleet, he was subject to a despondency, from which

cheerful conversation, and the exhilarating glass, afforded only a temporary relief. In conjunction with Mr. Charles Dennis, he, at this time, undertook a Translation of the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel: a hasty performance, that did them little credit. Our unfortunate Poet also wrote a *Ballad Opera*, entitled the *Capricious Lovers*, taken from a favourite piece of another French Author. It was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre with some applause, but not with so much as it merited, although our Author's genius does not appear to have led him strongly to dramatic composition.

It was observable, that, with Mr. Thornton, almost all the friends and companions of our Author's youth turned their backs on him, especially those on whom he had lavished many encomiums in his own writings, and whom he had occasionally assisted in the composition or correction of theirs; a striking proof of the instability of School-boy friendships, and College connections!

The news of Mr. Churchill's death being announced somewhat abruptly to our Author, while he was sitting at dinner, he was seized with a sudden sickness, and saying, 'I shall follow poor Charles,' took to his bed, from which he never rose again.

He died in the month of December, 1764.

[*Univ. Mag.*]



#### CURIOUS SKETCHES OF

EMINENT CHARACTERS, who flourished formerly in these Kingdoms.

By the Rev. JAMES GRANGER.

**SIR GILBERT TALBOT**, third son of John the second Earl of Shrewsbury, was a man of various talents, and equally qualified for the business of peace or war. He commanded the right wing of the Earl of Richmond's army at the battle of Bosworth, where he was unfortunately wounded. He was one of the persons sent by Henry VI. on the expedition in behalf of Maximilian the Emperor. It appears from a curious indenture now extant, that John Pounce, Citizen and Grocer of London, 'was placed an apprentice to Sir Gilbert Talbot, Citizen and Mercer of London, and Merchant of the Staple at Calais; of which place he was Deputy in the same reign. He was by Henry sent Ambassador to Rome, to

congratulate Pius the Third upon his election to the Pontificate. Thought a Commoner and a Citizen, he was honoured with the Order of the Garter, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. He died on the 19th of September, in the 7th year of Henry the Eighth.

No hero had ever a greater hand in forming himself, and framing his own fortune, than Sir JOHN HAWKWOOD. He was the son of a Tanner at Heddingham-Sibil, in Essex, where he was born, in the reign of Edward the Third. He was bound apprentice to a Taylor in London; but, being fortunately pressed into the army, was sent abroad, where his genius, which had been cramped, and confined to the shop, soon expanded itself.

self, and surmounted the narrow prejudices which adhered to his birth and occupation. He signalized himself as a soldier in France and Italy, and particularly at Pisa and Florence. He commanded with great ability and success in the army of Galeacea, Duke of Milan; and was in so high esteem with Barnabas his brother, that he gave him Domitia, his natural daughter, in marriage, with an ample fortune. But he afterwards, from motives which we cannot well account for, and which seemed to reflect upon his honour, turned his arms against his father-in-law. He died at Florence, full of years and military fame, in 1394. Having gained among the Florentines the character of the best soldier of the age, they erected a monument to his memory. — Paul Jovius, the celebrated Biographer of illustrious men, hath written his Elogy. He, in the Monumental Inscription, and in the Elogia, is styled Joannes Acutus: Hence it is that some of our travellers have, in their Journals, mentioned him under the name of John Sharp, the Great Captain.

SIR RALPH BLACKWELL is mentioned in an old book, called 'the honour of Merchant Taylors,' which appears to be of the same class, if not written by the same hand with the well-known History of Sir Richard Whittington; it contains the Adventures of Sir John Hawkwood; of William, his fellow-prentice; and of Sir Ralph Blackwell, who was a journeyman in the same shop. Hawkwood and Blackwell are said to have received the honour of knighthood from Edward the Third for their valour. Romantic and extravagant as this history is, it is rather more probable than that of Whittington, as in an age, when cottrage and military address opened the way to fame and fortune, and the honour of knighthood was a capital distinction among mankind, there is greater probability that one poor man should raise himself by his sword than that another should by a cat. Ralph Blackwell is said to have married his master's daughter, and to have enriched himself greatly by trade. It was this chiefly that enabled him to be the Founder of Blackwell-hall. The same Author informs us that Sir Ralph Blackwell was Sheriff and Alderman of London; but I do not find his name on the list of Sheriffs.

MARY, Queen of James the Fifth, and, after his decease, Regent of Scotland, was a woman of superior understanding, and of an elevated spirit. Her

great qualities were happily tempered with the gentle and the amiable; and she was as engaging as a woman as she was awful as a Queen. But her attachment to her brothers, the Princes of Lorrain, who were rarely checked by conscience, in the career of their ambition, unfortunately betrayed her into some acts of rigour and oppression, that ill suited the gentleness of her nature, and which ended in her being deprived of the Regency. Towards the close of her life she saw and deplored the errors of her conduct; the effects of private affection coinciding with zeal for religion, which prompted her to break the common ties of morality, and the faith of which she owed her subjects. She died June 10, 1560.

Her daughter MARY, the celebrated Queen of Scots, born in an evil hour, lived to experience the advantages and miseries of royalty, in a still more exquisite degree than her mother.

EDWARD Duke of Buckingham, son of Henry Stafford, who was beheaded in the reign of Richard the Third, was restored to his father's honours and estate. He was a distinguished favourite of Henry the Eighth, whom he attended in his interview with Francis the First, who seemed to vie with these Monarchs in pomp and splendor. When he was in the height of his glory, his fall was precipitated by some who are supposed to have regarded him with a jealous eye; and the suspicion fell chiefly upon Wolsey. He was accused of treasonable practices with a view of succeeding to the Crown; in consequence of a prophecy of one Hopkins a Monk, who foretold that Henry would die without issue male. He was declared guilty, and executed on Tower-hill, May 17, 1521. He was the last who enjoyed the settled post of Lord High Constable of England; an office, which, from the power with which it was attended, was alone sufficient to give umbrage to so jealous a Prince as Henry the Eighth.

ARCHIBALD Earl of Angus, united the talents of the Gentleman, the Statesman, and the Soldier. Margaret, widow of James the Fourth, and Regent of Scotland, 'for her better support,' as Crawford tells us, married this Lord. She has had doubtless another inducement: He was the most accomplished of her subjects. In the minority of James the Fifth, his son-in-law, he was one of his Privy-counsellors. In 1521, he was promoted to the high office of Chancellor of Scotland. But afterwards, falling under the King's displea-

displeasure, he was out-lawed; and retiring into England, he was graciously received by Henry the Eighth, who took him under his protection. Upon the death of James, he retired to his own country, and his outlawry was annulled by Parliament. He commanded the vanguard of the Scots army, against the English, at the disastrous battle of Pinkfield, where he gave sufficient proof of his bravery. He died in 1557.

JOHN LELAND, some time canon of King's College, now Christ-Church, in Oxford, a most learned Antiquary, and not inelegant Latin Poet, did great honour to his age and country. He was educated under the famous William Lilly, and successively studied at Cambridge, Oxford, and Paris. He was library-keeper to Henry the Eighth, being perfectly qualified for that office by his great

skill in ancient and modern languages, and his extensive knowledge of men and things. His *Collectanea*, and his *Itinerary*, the manuscripts of which are lodged in the Bodleian Library, have been a most copious fund of antiquity, biography, and history, to succeeding writers. He spent six years in travelling through the kingdom, being empowered by the King to examine the Libraries of Cathedral Colleges, Abbies, and Priors. Hence it was, that, at a critical juncture, he ravished almost an infinity of valuable records from dust and oblivion. His vast mind, which had planned greater things than were in the power of one man to execute, at length sunk under its burden, and he was, for some time before his death, in a state of insanity. He died April 18, 1552.

[Univ. Mag.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE

MODERN SITUATION of the LADIES.

THE great improvements pretended to have been made by the Fair Sex in Politesse, for this last century, as it is fashionably called, exceeds all imagination. For instead of that formal address, and that ridiculous method of spending their time, that prevailed in good Queen Bess's days, thanks to a neighbouring country for providing our Ladies with means to employ their time in a much more useful and rational manner. But the former, poor creatures, were to be pitied for their ignorance, and the impolite age they lived in. They knew of no happiness out of their own families.--- Their sole study was to make home as agreeable as possible, and their judgment extended no further than making a plain pudding.

The happiness of our modern refined Ladies is confined to a different sphere. Home to them, without cards, &c. and a continual round of diversions is encouraged, or at least allowed, is always the place of the greatest misery; and it seems a tax laid upon them by Providence, that, amongst so much gaiety and folly, they should not entirely forget themselves, but have some little time for recollection.--- The morning generally elapses before they arise, so that they verify the remark of a country lad, who, when he came to

town, and resided in the polite part of it, told his friends, he liked London very well, but there was no forenoon. The remaining part of the day is spent in amending the defects of Nature, and in dress, till their dear evening arrives, when, cameleon like, with artificial faces, and in different colours, they go the same round of amusement they have done every night for a twelvemonth before. I shall beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance the character of two sisters:

Flirtilla is a gay, lively, giddy girl; she is what the world calls handsome; she dances and sings admirably, has something to say upon every subject that is started, and an easy flow of words, that pass upon the world for wit. By a retentive memory she can repeat a few verses of every fashionable Poet, and something out of Shakespeare. These she is sure to introduce on every subject, and has thereby acquired the character of a person who has read much. If in looking in her Dictionary she finds any cramp words that she did not know the meaning of, when in company she is sure to turn the conversation, that, at all events, she may introduce them. In a word, she loves company, and observes the fashions. No wonder then, if, with these good qualities, she is a chief Toast amongst the Beaux.

Amelia

Amelia, the lovely Amelia, makes home her greatest happiness. Nature has not been so lavish in her charms as to her sister; but she has a soft pleasing countenance, that plainly indicates the goodness of the heart within. Her person is not striking at first, but is much more dangerous to the heart of every sensible man than that of her sister: for her modest deportment, and her sweet disposition, will daily gain ground on any person who has the happiness of conversing with her. She reads much, and digests what she reads. Her serenity of

mind is not to be disturbed by the disappointment of a party of pleasure, nor her spirit agitated by the shape of a cap, or the colour of a ribbon. She speaks but little when in company, but when she attempts, every one is hush, and attends to her as an Oracle. She has one true friend, with whom she passes her days in tranquillity.

I shall leave it to your readers to judge which of these two Sisters is most amiable.

[Univ. Mag.]

### PICTURE OF A MODERN PRETTY FELLOW.

A PRETTY FELLOW is known by his dress and behaviour; and may as easily be distinguished from the common herd of mortals, as a beau from a clown. You may judge of his intellects by the dress of his toupee, and his capacity by the buckling of his shoe. His wit appears by his vivacity, and his good sense in the choice of his waistcoat. His valour may be known by the length of his sword, and his modesty by the cock of his hat.

He learns to dance when he can go alone; and to spell as soon as he comes of age. He never reads, because it takes up too much of his time, nor thinks, because it makes his head ach. His orthodoxy may be collected from his contempt of the clergy; and his political notions from the coffee-house he frequents. In the company of men of sense, he shews his wisdom by his silence; and amongst the ladies, his learning by his talkative-

ness. His morality he carries to the highest pitch; for the spring, from whence all moral actions flow, is his greatest delight.

He justly esteems it pedantic for a man of taste to undertake books; and therefore applies himself with the utmost assiduity to the study of these five great branches of useful learning, wherein all pretty fellows are known to excel, namely, wine, women, fashions, plays, and masquerades. Upon these general topics of modern conversation, no man can make a better or longer discourse; for it is the great business of his life to render himself master of them; as well knowing that every thing else, which men of narrow capacities and weak minds call learning, is but vain, empty, and superficial, unworthy a person of quality to trouble himself with, or take any pains about.

[St. James's Mag.]

### THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF SILENCE.

PERHAPS there never existed a mortal of a more whimsical kind of character than myself. SILENCE has been my motto from my cradle; nor has it ever been remembered that I uttered three syllables at a time, when there was the smallest possibility of making two answer the same end.

It has often been remarked, by those who have had the care of me in my infancy, that I never laughed, cried, or ex-

pressed the smallest attempt at articulation, notwithstanding every means was employed by my parents, which bore the least probability of accomplishing this so much desired effect.

In this state of taciturnity I continued till I arrived at the commencement of my fifteenth year, when my father began to entertain thoughts of placing me an apprentice, desiring me to make choice of some profession which I should like. After

having carefully examined into almost all the whole circle of the Arts and Sciences, I made choice of a *Linner*. My reason for giving this the preference was, that I thought it the most favourable to my darling doctrine, *Silence*.

The term of my apprenticeship being expired, I entered into business for myself, but soon began to perceive the absolute necessity I lay under for a wife. I accordingly fixed my affections on a young woman, my next door neighbour, who was no stranger to my peculiarity of character, and therefore the more likely to conduce towards the promotion of my domestic happiness. Notwithstanding I was determined upon the match, yet I could never prevail upon myself to open my lips to her, though I spoke very forcibly—with my eyes. I now began to follow her with the greatest assiduity; always, however, paying a proper regard to the tacit singularity of my disposition.--- Was she at church; so was I. Was she at the play; so was I. I attended her like her shadow, equally as constant, and equally as silent.

My attention to her at last attracted the observation of her mother, who having sent for me, addressed me nearly as follows: "I have observed, Sir, that you have lately behaved in so very particular a manner to my daughter, that it would be highly indiscreet and unpardonable in me, as her mother, any longer to overlook it. I have therefore sent for you, to know your intentions from yourself. If your views are dishonourable, I beg you will remove them to some other object: if, on the contrary, you are actuated by honourable principles, it is time you should declare it, as my daughter's reputation may be hurt by a continuance of your late particularity. In a word, Sir, is it your intention to make my daughter your wife?" As I found there was a necessity for my speaking, I squeezed her hand, and said, "*Yes*." Thus ended this remarkable courtship, with only *one* word on my side, and still less on that of my intended wife's.

An old acquaintance, who was Captain of a ship, calling to see me one day, I detained him to dinner; which being over, he insisted upon my returning his visit, by supping with him the following night on board his ship. This I readily promised him; and accordingly, at the time agreed on, I repaired to the place of appointment, where I found a cordial reception from the Captain, who was exceedingly glad of my company. Having occasion

to go upon deck, with which I was not much acquainted, I unfortunately fell overboard; however, as I was an excellent swimmer, it gave me no manner of concern, notwithstanding it required an exertion of all my art to avoid the suction occasioned by the bottom of the vessel.--- The Captain, who wondered at what detained me, came himself upon deck, and missing me, instantly conjectured what was my situation. The night being uncommonly dark, it would have been in vain to have endeavoured at finding me, otherwise than by calling to me; which he did with all the force of lungs he was master of. But notwithstanding I was nearly spent, and my strength almost exhausted, by so long buffeting the water, I refused to give him any answer. As he was no stranger to my peculiarity of humour, he immediately gave orders to put out the boat, which was directly done; when he found me almost lifeless, and I verily believe a few minutes more would have qualified me for an eternal silence.

I had for some years frequented a certain coffee-house, where I was universally taken for a dumb person. The other customers were so well convinced of my being deprived of the power of speech, that they never scrupled to repeat any thing, however secret, before me. A gentleman who had used the same house for near three years, during which time seldom a day passed without his seeing me (though he had never known me open my lips) happened one morning to sit next me, and very accidentally overturned a cup of scalding chocolate upon my legs. Overcome by my pain, I immediately started from my seat, and roared out, "*Death, Sir!*" An earthquake could not have occasioned greater consternation than did these two monosyllables of mine. The whole coffee-room was in confusion; some insisted that I was a Jesuit, others that I was a French spy; while not a few were inclined to set me down as an emissary of the Pretender's. As I began to perceive that they were not much disposed to conjecture in my favour, I paid my three-pence, and never more entered that house.

A close attention to business having greatly impaired my health, I was advised to take a country lodging for the benefit of the air; but a lingual noise is not the only one I dislike, I was forever changing my situation. In one place I was disturbed in the morning by a cock, in another by a dog, and in a third by the prattling of a parrot. One night my rest

was broken by the courtship of a couple of cats, and the next by the squeaking of a pig. In brief, my unhappy disposition rendered me miserable every where, and I was constrained to return to Lon-

don, where, in the variety of noise, neither cocks, dogs, pigs, nor parrots, can be particularly noticed.

[*West. Mag.*]

## HINTS to RURAL DIVINES.

By a L A D Y.

**T**HE most useful subjects for common congregations are the moral and religious duties; not difficult disquisitions, nor the elucidation of obscurities, which come not within the sphere of farmers, mechanics, or labourers. Teach *them* all the advantages of real honesty, distinguished from the quirks of over-reaching cunning. Teach charity in its most extensive sense; as also in the act of alms, where the means afford it. Preach against drunkenness---a vice that begets the lowest class in every country; preach against smuggling, if you live in Kent or Sussex---smuggling, the bane of honest traders, and honest buyers also; the pernicious consequences of which very few can understand, if not explained, and to which fewer attend who do not understand them. Against every vice pour out, in perspicuous language, the dangerous effects to society, and to every individual. Expatiate on the commandments, and fail not to exhibit the beauty, delight, and superior advantages of every virtue, opposed to the practice of the vice described. Lessons for those in office may occasionally be given, teaching justice tempered by lenity, and power directed with

impartiality, and without the pride of superiority.

Fortitude and patience, under all pains, sicknesses, and distresses, may be frequently taught, and every precept receive its divine sanction, from the unerring rules plainly set forth in the Gospels, by the parables, and by the sermon on the mount; and the affecting historical narrations in the Acts of the Apostles, and the ever useful instructions in the epistles, afford ample subjects to inspire piety, to touch the heart, and mend the morals and manners of mankind, without entering on the explanation of doubts, which are better not to be raised, how well soever they may be answered, since the generality of understandings go on with more safety in the plain road of an unquestioned faith, than when they hazard their security in a labyrinth of objections and replies. Lastly, the inestimable benefits of Christianity should always be introduced with *that* glow which genuine Christianity cannot fail to inspire in its sincerest votaries; and those benefits should be always answered with energy, free from enthusiasm.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

For the MISCELLANY.

THE CHARACTER AND QUALIFICATIONS OF

A GOOD SCHOOL-MASTER.

Be sure yourself, and your own reach to know,  
How far your genius, taste, and learning go—  
Launch not beyond your depth.

POPE.

**O**BSERVING, as I have passed thro' most of the little villages near town, an Academy or Boarding-school for Young Gentlemen and Ladies, and at the same time reflecting of how much importance the Education of Youth is to the nation, as well as individuals, put me on examining what qualifications 'tis necessary a man should possess, who sets him-

self up for a Schoolmaster, and who are the only proper persons to undertake and be instructed with the pleasing, tho' arduous task,

To rear the tender plant,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot;  
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

Not

Not to dwell on the merits or impropriety of an Academical Education, both for and against which many weighty arguments may be urg'd, I would remark, the person who offers to superintend the care and culture of the young and tender mind, should have an extensive and well digested knowledge and experience of men and things; one who has studied human nature in all its different tempers and dispositions, and can readily make proper allowances for the little inadvertencies of unthinking youths; without these, he will be utterly incapable of guiding the judgment, regulating the disposition, and making instruction pleasant and engaging.\*

He should be a competent, if not a perfect master, of every branch of literature he undertakes to teach, and able to bear patiently with the slow progress young persons often unavoidably make in the several parts of useful and ornamental learning;† not correcting with severity, but where obstinacy and wickedness bear increasing sway in the youthful heart; which, like noxious weeds in a promising soil, should be carefully rooted out, before they are got too deep to be eradicated.

He should be of an affable and humane temper, desirous to check vice in the bud, and cherish virtue, till it ripens into daily practice; and ever ready to assist the aspiring genius in climbing the summit of human erudition, by kindly elucidating the various paths of Science, as he passes on to the temple of immortal Fame.‡

But above all, he should be a man fearing God, and hating covetousness, earnestly solicitous of recommending the love of piety and benevolence, (which is the foundation of all earthly felicity, the bond of society, and the origin of peace) and endeavouring to inculcate in the conduct of his pupils a reverential regard to all the precepts and commands of his Lord and Master, *whose service alone is perfect*

\* He should be well acquainted with the *UTILIS DULCI* of the Ancients:

His aim must be both just and right,  
Who mixes learning with delight.

Fables for Younger Minds.

† The good Schoolmaster will treat his Scholars according to their several capacities; and as they get perfect in one Science, will lead them on (not hurry them injudiciously into) another.

‡ The youth directed by fair Wisdom's hand,  
In Honour's temple he alone shall stand.  
(Vide the frontispiece to the first volume of the Preceptor.)

*freedom, and in keeping whose commands there is an eternal great reward.*

To this end and purpose it is absolutely necessary he should understand the true meaning and tendency of Religion, in the mind, in the practice, and on the heart; and enforce a constant, uniform adherence to its dictates, by acting up to the characters of a Man and Christian.

'Tis owing in a great measure to the negligence, in this respect, of those who have the care and education of Youth committed to them, that the doctrines according to godliness are so little attended to, and regarded by the rising generation, which frequently prove the source of their levity, immorality, and destruction: how evidently does this shew it to be the indispensable duty of every parent and guardian to enquire minutely into the character of those whom they intend to intrust with the education of their young and inexperienced charge.\*

As every wise builder will consider whether he is furnished with proper materials for his work, before he undertakes it; so the person who opens an Academy for Youth, should first examine impartially, or submit to the opinions of others, whether he is properly qualified for such an important service; and not think himself so, because he can just write and read; let him attentively peruse the above description, and after mature deliberation lay his hand upon his heart, and ask himself the question, Am I the man?

Pope very justly observes, in his Essay on Criticism,

Each might his several province well command,  
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

The various motives which may induce a man to commence Schoolmaster, or private Tutor, I will not enter upon at present, but only would observe, the chief and primary one should be the real benefit of the rising generation, and the advancement of genius, learning, piety, and reputation; how far a *virtuous education* serves to promote these ends, I leave the candid and experienced reader to determine.†

\* Vide the 307th and 313th papers of the Spectator.

† It is of great importance what teachers children have, what books they read, and what company they keep, because generally upon these depend their sentiments, character and the whole colour of their future lives. See the Universal Mentor, Chap. 32.

I have endeavoured to shew what qualifications a person should be endowed with to fit him for the character and employment of a good Schoolmaster; now then permit me to paint out the duties belonging to and necessarily included in the station he is placed in, more particularly respecting the morals and behaviour of his pupils. The love of piety and virtue, as I have before observed, should be the chief aim of a Master to inculcate and enforce in the tender mind, for where this is wanting, an education, tho' ever so liberal and polite, will avail but little to complete the true gentleman, however it may form the scholar and man of business; if the head is filled with learning, and the heart left open to the worst impressions, and unfurnished with the sentiments and dictates of truth, prudence, and religion,\* what benefit can individuals or society reap from such a learned atheist, or an immoral critic? (one of which characters he is very likely to prove thro' the depravity of human nature, to the destruction of morality, sobriety, and discretion) or rather, what mischief is such a one not able to do to the community in general?†

While the master is teaching the knowledge of the sciences, he must strengthen the heart with a due respect for all the moral virtues, and fortify the mind against all the arguments of sophistry and cunning, by ingrafting the principles of Christianity and the pre-

cepts of the gospel, before vice sets up her throne in the inclination, and reigns in act and deed without controul.

The Greeks and Romans with all their learning, policy, and skill, were mere infants respecting the worship of the true God, and the doctrines of future rewards and punishments in an eternal world; but Christians in the present day are favoured with divine revelation, and can have no excuse for their infidelity and ignorance in things relating to their everlasting peace; how much then does it concern those who have the forming the understanding, and regulating the judgment of unwary youth, to lay a good foundation against the time to come.--- Books may be printed concerning the evidences for Christianity, and persons may read them, while others are loudly, and not without reason, complaining of the profligacy of the times, and yet no effects may appear either in the heart or the age, and why? Because true piety has not been instilled, and a due regard to its precepts strongly recommended in younger life.‡

An acquaintance with the arts and sciences is necessary to make a good mechanic, a general knowledge of trade and commerce to complete the education of the merchant, but the study and practice of religion above all, must be allowed to form the honest man, the loyal subject, the improving companion, and the *real Christian*.

Religion's all.

Dr. YOUNG.

THERON, JUN.

\* One moral or a mere well-natur'd deed,  
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

D. of BUCKINGHAM.

† Deep learning without morality and virtue, is as dangerous as a sword in the hand of a madman; the first being supported by strength of argument, the latter used without care and caution.

‡ Undoubtedly divine Grace may operate upon the heart without the help of a virtuous education, but it is more likely to do so (to speak after the manner of men) where the seeds of virtue and piety have been sown by such means in the minds of youth.

## Useful HINTS, OBSERVATIONS, &c. relating to AGRICULTURE,

AND SOME OF THE

MINERAL and VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS of this ISLAND.

**T**HERE are few things that could be made clearer, if we depended only on authority, than that there have been many rich silver mines in England; since we have not only credible histories, but authentic records also, which attest the fact. Yet, if we admit these, we must take this term in a general sense, for mines affording silver, and not in the

usual restrained signification of mines producing silver ore. This ambiguity was introduced by the state of our constitution in former times; for then all mines holding either gold or silver, which might be extracted to profit, were allowed to be mines royal, and passed in a common, or rather in a legal acceptance, for gold or silver mines. It was in consequence



quence of this, and of the methods taken to support the prerogative of the Crown, that our mines were so indifferently known and so little wrought, as, by the removing of these impediments, they have been within less than a century so much improved; so that at this time we have actually more silver extracted from our lead than ever, though we hear nothing more of silver mines. It is, however, indisputably true, that some pieces of pure silver are now and then found in our copper, lead, and tin mines. But, notwithstanding this, and the superior skill of our artists in assaying, we have not hitherto discovered any such thing as silver ore, which is what properly constitutes a silver mine. But this by no means proves there are none in the island, or ought to discourage a search for them.

The wise Lord Verulam exceedingly regretted the exportation of lead and of lead ore to foreign parts, or even its being consumed at home, without extracting the silver; and with too much reason. In his time the annual produce of our lead mines was eight thousand tons, which, at the moderate computation of twenty ounces in a ton, would, in the space of a century, even supposing we had raised no more than we then did, have supplied us with four millions of our own specie.

In earlier times all that was done in mines was by mere dint of labour, but science has mitigated that, and increased our profits; and no doubt, as science enlarges, and becomes more diffused, its effects will be greater and more conspicuous. What has been done within these few years in respect to coal-mines; the curious machines introduced into the silk trade, and the admirable engines daily invented for raising water, leaves us no room to question it.

That lapis calaminaris is the ore of zink, is a discovery of no long standing, is a known fact. About twelve years ago, a foreigner first taught them in Cornwall to distinguish bismuth; which till then they threw away; as they had formerly done a certain kind of copper ore, which they called podder, i. e. duff, or yellow mundic, now sold for twenty pounds a ton, and which yields a fine metal.

We know that antiently they committed great errors in melting, leaving their slag and cinders so rich as to be melted again with profit; which induced an opinion that metals grew. In guard-

ing against this, we may err also by raising our fires too high. Besides, in stamping ores to powder, and exposing them to the action of water and then of fire, may not much metal be lost? Inquiries into the proceedings of foreign mines would soon determine this.

Might not charred turf, or Dutch turf, that is, made and dried as the Dutch turf is, supply, where neither can be had, the place of wood or coal? Dutch turf has been used by silversmiths here. Would not culm, mixed in the making Dutch turf, produce a strong fire? Has the charring pit-coal been properly attended to, or its effects sufficiently examined?

Not above two centuries ago, it is worthy of remark, some of the wisest men in the kingdom doubted the possibility of rendering this island so fertile in corn, as not to be in a continual state of dependance in this respect on its neighbours. On this principle, they opposed laws for promoting agriculture, as oppressive and vexatious to the people, as directing their views to an object which their utmost industry could never attain.

Agriculture is the great support of the nation, in which every individual is interested, for the most material articles of his daily subsistence in food and in drink; in this respect all manufactures depend upon it; from its produce it is the chief stay of the landed interest; it contributes largely to navigation and commerce, in various ways; and, taking all these together, to a vast amount towards the maintenance of government. All these benefits, important as they are, become exceedingly more so, from the consideration that they are stable and permanent, the work of prudence and perseverance, and which can never decline but through indolence and folly.

The French now very wisely and successfully practise a husbandry which they learned from us. They split the ridges of wheat stubble, and sow it with rye, which in April and May they cut for their black cattle (whereas we feed sheep and lambs) and if the weather proves favourable, they mow it three times, which at that season is highly beneficial.

Experience is the farmer's only guide, and yet he can seldom spare time or money to make experiments: the Society of Arts, Manufactures, &c. by their premiums, have removed, at least in a great measure, this difficulty; in doing this they have done more than was ever done towards promoting the progress of agriculture,

culture, and thereby merit highly of their country.

There is a wide difference between an improvement's being known and published, and its coming into general use; in respect to which a history of British husbandry would be of great utility.

The trials made by Dr. Hill in regard to the Norway turnep, which grows to a large size on hillocks raised on bogs, deserve attention. This, though of no great consequence in a fertile country, may be found of great utility in moors and morasses, till they fall into the hands of such as can afford to drain and cultivate them in a better manner. All ex-

periments of this nature ought to be made as much known as possible.

The Romans boiled and eat the green leaves of turneps, as has also been done by our peasants in hard frosts. In times of scarcity they formerly boiled turneps, and after pressing, kneaded them, with an equal quantity of wheat flour, into what was called turnep bread. The many uses to which they are applied in medicine are well known, and strongly supported by experience. This root, from what has been discovered of it, furnishes an admirable precedent for future improvements.

[Univ. Mag.]

## A CURE for a SORE BREAST,

THE very best topical remedy, according to the judgment and direction of the late great Boerhaave, is a cataplasm of chamomile flowers, Venice soap, and sea salt, boiled in new milk. This warm resolvent composition, he assures us, if used in time, scarce one breast in a hundred would suppurate, and so become a sore.

But as he mentions the ingredients only in gross, to render this excellent remedy of more general use, I give the following directions for the preparation and application thereof;

Boil chamomile flowers (a quantity more or less as need requires) after reduced into a gross powder (the single-flowered are strongest, as abounding more with oil) in a sufficient quantity of new milk; slice into it about an ounce of Venice soap, and add a spoonful of salt; keep stirring all about, over a gentle fire, till the mixture acquires the consistence of a poultice; spread some of this composition pretty thick on a cloth doubled, and apply it moderately warm, but not hot; which would condense the juices. As it becomes dry, either spread a fresh layer over the former as speedily as possible; or sometimes, to save the trouble of exposing it too often to the air, and keep the poultice moist and pliable, dab it on the outside with warm milk; with a rag of sponge, as occasion calls for,

But if the inflammation be so far gone, as suppuration cannot be prevented, let the good woman permit a Surgeon to give vent at once to the matter, when ripe, to prevent the breast breaking of itself; which, instead of a single, often occasions several sores for outlets, to the much greater pain and expence of the patient.

They need not be terrified at the sight operation, as it is not cutting into the solid flesh, but only thro' a very thin and overstretched skin into a wide cavity; which incision, if done quickly, both the horror and pain will be over before one can well cry *Ob!* whereby much tedious time may be saved, and a firm cure be agreeably obtained.

Moreover, as several mothers, while giving suck, suffer great pain and smart from chaps and little ulcers all over their nipples, that they cannot bear the baby's lips to touch them, to the vexatious disappointment of both, for which it is usual to wash them with quick-lime water, or with a solution of sugar of lead in plantain-water, and the like; there is nothing in nature handier, and more effectual, than the mere oil that drops from mild cheese while toasting, applied by means of a feather.

*Light's Effect,*

J. COOK.

[West. Mag.]

## A M U R A T H. AN EASTERN FABLE.

**I**N the pride of wealth, in the dignity of titles, in the blaze of princely splendor, Amurath, the mighty above all the nations of the East, ascended the throne of his father. The magi prostrated in his presence, and the people fell down before him.----Let, said he, the acclamations of adoring multitudes salute me; let the concave of heaven ring. Death has set his cold seal upon my father, and he sleeps, O King, live for ever. The nation's temple at thy name, mighty conqueror, live for ever. The princes of the earth are subject to thy sway, great Amurath, live for ever.

This great monarch was educated like kings of modern times, at a dangerous distance from himself, from the councils of Truth, and the attributes of true Wisdom. He had turned the hallowed page of Zoroaster, he had called upon the dead for wisdom, the midnight moon had witnessed to his watchings when the pale lamp of meditation glimmered over the volumes of the sages. His mind was penetrating as the sun beam, and bright as the morning star, but the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

He called for the juice of the grape, the sound of the minstrel, and the dalliance of beauty; and his palace resounded with joy. The daughters of Circassia, beauteous as the blossoms of the spring, enchanted the monarch with their graces, and the thrilling captivations of song, while the sparkling bowl awakened an intemperate festivity; but the sunshine was confined to his cheek, for the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

He trode the path of glory; he was hailed by the voice of the people; he conquered the conquerors of the East; his brows were over-shadowed with laurels; his statue stood exalted in the temple of Fame, and his judgments were recorded with honour. But still the Prince was dejected in solitude; he questioned the satisfaction of empty praises, the distant clamour of applauding millions, he would say, affect not my heart in its secret recesses; though in public I am worshipped as a Prince, in retirement I feel myself a man. When reflection overtakes me in private, I start from myself as from a stranger, and by night the dews of sleep fall not propitiously on my eyelids, for the heart of Amurath is unhappy.

Ye guides of my youth, ye venerable men, I suspect your councils and your schools. Ye made my soul athirst for wisdom, and ye gratified its youthful ardour; but much I fear ye flattered the proud spirit of a presuming Prince, and taught me not how to support as I ought the miserable weakness of humanity.---But the splendor of a court, and the prevalence of your wisdom, shall subdue my heart no more. I will assume the simple weeds of a Dervise, and incorporate with the children of Nature; the incumbrances of royalty shall be laid aside, and I will commence my pilgrimage with to-morrow's sun. I have no demands to make upon the public treasure. A staff will support my feet, and a maple dish will hold provision; the wild berries will furnish a frugal repast; I can satisfy my thirst in the brook, and sleep in some humble cavern. Let my minister rule with righteousness in my absence, and when I can acquire the government of myself, I will return and reign over my people.

When Amurath began his journey, sweet were the smiles of Aurora, how sweet the melody of morn! the meadows were bright with verdure, enlivened with the drapery of flowers. The zephyrs fluttered, and the groves perfumed the air with their spices.---Gently waved the bending pine; smoothly lapped the silver waters. The shepherd's pipe resounded through the hills, and the vallies were white with fleeces. All was new to Amurath. The confinement of a court had secluded him from the charms of nature, and he now felt unusual transport in contemplating her expanded volume. He rejoiced at enjoying a freedom from royalty, and pressed forward with alacrity and ease. As the heat of the noon-tide sun directed him to the shelter of the shade, he sat down at the foot of a tree, and feasted on his humble meal. His mind was busy in reflecting upon the vanity of human greatness, when a neighbouring cave attracted his notice, situated on the border of a small stream, that musically bubbled before it; he advanced with hesitating step, and had reached the entrance of the hermitage, when he distinguished an old man, by the venerable whiteness of his beard, sitting in a meditative posture. He started back with surprize, and was about

about to apologize for his intrusion, when a voice accosted him as follows:

----- "Whatever chance, my son, has brought thee to this solitary habitation, if thou art a child of Virtue, and a servant of the Most High, an old man welcomes thee with his blessing. I have been banished the cabinet of my lord the King, for reverencing the attributes of Truth, yet dare to obey her dictates in the desert; and I wish thee to believe the sincerity of my soul, for falsehood can avail us nothing. Be free to partake of these fruits; be free to repose on my couch; and when the labour of thy journey is repaired, we will converse with sincerity and freedom."—The noble traveller declined the courtesy of his offer, and listened to the hermit with joy.

"To him who sitteth above the water-floods, and weighs creation in the balance, be glory for ever and ever. Amen. I have been distinguished in the world as a luminary of science; I have wept for the vanity of wisdom; I have dictated to the rulers of the land, and have been flattered with the friendship of my sovereign. The sunshine of prosperity, O my son, awakened an insect into life, and the reptile presumed upon his power. When I stood up in the assembly of Wisdom, the aged counsellor laid his withered finger on his lips, and the young men were silent with expectation. I spake, and it was recorded; I commanded, and it was done. I was stimulated by the breath of dying creatures, like myself, to accomplish the greatest achievements; and acknowledged no standard for rectitude and honour, but the clamour of popular applause. If I planned with policy, my son, or pleaded with rhetoric; taught with truth, or judged with equity; served my God, or saved my country; I did all for the voice of the people. The voice of the people was my grandeur and my glory, my riches and my strength; it supported me as a pillar of the state, and exalted my vanity to the stars. Though, in solitude, I have often petitioned the Eternal for an asylum from myself; yet, in public, the voice of the people made me happy. Ah, my son, great is the weakness of the wisest; and many are the lessons of humility that time have yet to teach thee! Listen then to the voice of an experienced monitor; let my words sink deep into thy heart, and let thy ear be open to instruction. I had arrived to the summit of my fortune and my

folly, when a vision of the night reclaimed me. I beheld in my dream, and my heart melted with astonishment and terror; I beheld the dissolution of the world, and the judgment of the great day; I saw the heavens and the earth convulsed, and the pillars of creation tremble; the moon was turned into blood (horrid change!) and the sun grew dark as sackcloth, at the presence of the Lord of Nature. I heard the blast of the trumpet of the archangel sounding through the regions of death; and I beheld myriads of everlasting souls stand trembling before the throne. I looked for my ensigns of dignity, and found myself naked and ashamed. I listened for the shouts of the throng, but all was silent as the grave. The lightnings flew fast about my head, and the thunders dismayed me. I saw a mountain piled up to the clouds with the volumes of wisdom, and would have rested my feet upon it, but it perished in an instant in the flames. Then I called upon the spirits of the just for help, and no man listened to my complainings. I laid my hand upon the once mighty Princes of the earth, and their sceptres vanished into air. Where (I cried) are the multitudes who once supported me? let them now save me, or I perish. I called with a despairing voice, but the multitude could save no more. Then it was the darkness of everlasting horror seized me. I would have wept sore, but had no tears. I would have died, but the dominion of death was over. I would have joyfully compounded for ages of pain, but my sentence was irrevocable and eternal. Gracious Alla! can the agony of that night ever be forgotten! In my fancy I would have pleaded with the Most High, but his reproof silenced me for ever. When I called thee from darkness and from dust, (said a tremendous voice, piercing as the sound of a trumpet) when I endowed thee with capacities for society, exalted thee above created natures, and blessed thee with the light of reason, I taught thee, by an agent in thy own breast, the difference between good and evil, and informed thy senses, that my Providence is ever present with all the wonders of my creation. I instructed thee to live for the benefit of others, to serve society with thy heart and hand, but to worship no master but him who gave thee being, to make my will the rule of thy life, and my presence the predominating witness of thy actions. But thou didst call

As 2

upon

upon me as thy caprice directed, and hast not walked uniformly before me. If I answered thy petition in distress, why in prosperity didst thou remember my mercies no more? Thou hast considered me a Being of like fluctuating passions with thyself, though my attributes are as steadfast and immoveable as the everlasting foundation of my throne. Thou hast sought to hide thee from my face in time, and therefore throughout the endless ages of eternity thou shalt witness to its smiles no more.----Trembling I awoke, and started from my sofa, and laid my forehead in the dust, and was wrapt in silent adoration from the rising to the setting sun. As the light of celestial truth dawned upon my heart, the shadows of ignorance retired. The world was divested of its flattery at once, and I penetrated with the eye of an eagle into the superior duties of the man. I sought the society of myself, and renounced a paltry felicity that depended on the opinion of others. I would have instructed the son of my sovereign, the mighty Amurath, to have departed from the errors of his education, but was forbidden by my lord the King. He was disgusted with a humiliating doctrine, that degraded the dignity of title, and banished me to this distance from the capital of my country. Here, my son, I have learned great truths, that neither courts or schools have ever taught me. That the approbation of conscience is to be preferred to the opi-

nion of the multitude; that the wisdom of the heart is superior to the visions of the brain; that our virtues must proceed from a settled principle of action, from a reverence for the witness in our own breasts, and the eye that is over all. I have long attended strictly to this important lesson, and if my sovereign should once again summons my grey head to council, I would endeavour to convince him, that the man who studies his duty to his God, and to himself, is best qualified to serve his country and his King."

Behold then! cried Amurath, in an ecstasy of pleasure, great counsellor! behold your King disguised in the humble habits of a pilgrim, see Amurath the ruler of the nations. I have deserted my people in search of truth, and will now return to convince them I have found it. I shall henceforth never want a supreme incentive to good, and an awful restraint from evil. I will be just from the superior principles of intrinsic virtue, and be happy in consulting the approbation of that invisible witness, whose blessing can afford a never-failing support, when the sound of adulation shall cease, and the people can applaud no more.

The monarch took the hermit affectionately by the hand, he led him back in triumph to his court, and reassumed his throne with content, for the heart of Amurath was happy.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

## MEN'S CHARACTERS formed by their OCCUPATIONS.

First Man creates, and then he fears the elf:  
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself.

THERE is an absurdity which reigns and prevails much amongst us, and of which very few, or even any, have taken any notice: it is, the idea and character we annex to every man, according to his occupation. I believe, few will attempt to deny this assertion; and though it fails in personal application, yet in general it is received and adopted.

But by this scale of function we often do injury to one man, while we allow too great a share of merit to another. We are ever apt to censure the Butcher with the epithet *cruel*; while we allow *meekness* to a Taylor, who is very often a turbulent tyrant, made up of shreds and patches. I have known Butchers as

gentle as the lambs they killed, and Tayors as *sharp* as the needles they used.

To the Farmer we always give the qualified adjective *honest*; but according to the observations which I have made, in general, perhaps there is not so cozening, thrifty, sharpening a people in the Community. There are no men who sell bargains so dear, nor who haggle so close, nor who will take advantage in making a purchase, or selling a commodity, like to the *honest* Farmer. But then, again, I have heard a keen Gentleman say, who antiated amongst Graziers a fortune of seventy thousand pounds, that he never made a bad debt with a Farmer, not lost

a shilling in trade 'till he came to deal with Gentlemen Merchants.

To the Merchants we always annex *affluence, dignity, and liberality*; and often compliment a Spendthrift with saying, "He is as *generous* as a Prince." I have known, amongst this class of men, many who have got high credit with the world for the cut of their cloaths, and the form of their wig; by which they have obtained with the people the characters of *rich-taking* old fellows. They have chuckled at the joke, have supported it to the last, and then died not worth a groat.

The Man of Letters, who leads a sedentary life, and prefers the food of books to the viands of a Court; whether an author of *essays* in prose, or a builder of the sublime and beautiful rhyme; is always treated ludicrously by the unthinking, unbended world, who have confirmed a proverb on such a character; "Zounds! he is as *poor* as a Poet." And though a man of profound study, with a fertile genius, is the first ornament of human nature, nevertheless we carp at the character when it appears abroad, and hardly pay it common decent respect 'till it is dead. Doth this arise from charity or envy? I fear from the latter; being always sensible enough to know our own ignorance, and weak enough to censure that dignified character we cannot attain to. With raptures a rich blockhead will read the compositions of a dead Poet, and in extasy with him alive to give him a due respect; and yet the world have suffered Homer to starve, and Lloyd to die in prison.

"Forgetting that Mæcenās was a Knight,  
"They mention him as if to use his name  
"Was in some measure to partake his fame:  
"Tho' Virgil, was he living, in the street  
"Might rot for them, or perish in the Fleet.  
"See how they redden, and the change dis-  
claim!  
"Virgil,—and in the Fleet—'forbid it shame!  
"Hence, ye vain boasters, to the Fleet repair,  
"And ask, with blushes ask if LLOYD is  
there!"

It is endless to enumerate the many instances of want amongst Men of Genius even in our own island; and it is again an high reproach to those who lived with them, to have suffered such parts to wither and decay neglected in obscurity. No person ever heard of Charles the Second's neglect of Butler without indignation, whose compositions were so pleasing to his mind, that he was never without his works in his pocket; and though these very works afforded

such excellent entertainment to him, yet he suffered the Author even to want bread; which Mr. Samuel Wesley hath lively painted in the subsequent epitaph:

The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown:  
He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

But why Men of Genius may be more needy than the less wise Members of the Community, is owing to their ardent pursuit of their studies, and a total neglect of the pecuniary advantages in life: while heavy blockheads, with the knowledge that two and two make four, shall amass riches, and set up to be the patrons of Wit and Genius.

When we speak of a Soldier, we never think of his wealth; it is not asked: It is more surprising to us to hear of his being rich, than of his being poor. To the military character we annex *gallantry and courage*. A soldier in all countries is a character of reputation, admired and esteemed. In England we say, He is a *soldier*—a *gallant fellow*, and a *gallant fellow*. The French have these epithets stronger—They say, He is *un galant homme*, a brave fellow, or, *un homme galant*, a stirring fellow; and in general we only expect from a soldier, when we speak of him, *manners, vivacity, and courage*.

The Sailor, again, though a soldier too, is quite different. On the Sailor we also bestow the epithets *brave, honest, generous, and inconstant*. The maid, when she speaks of her sweetheart, always calls him an *honest Jack Tar*; and from their good-nature and cheerful giddiness on shore, they draw the attention of every body even to a degree of envy; for the variety of a sailor's life always keeps him in high spirits.

You never speak of a Barber, but you annex the idea of a *chattering, empty, trifling* fellow, a fellow of *feathers and powder*;—and by the same rule, whenever you speak of a Jockey, you feel yourself immediately on your guard to avoid a *cheat*.

Many professions (be the young men ever so different in disposition when bound apprentice thereto) soften the manners to a degree of effeminacy; such as Haberdashers, Mercers, Male-Milleners, Perfumers, Glovers, Toy-men, Retail-Drapers, &c. &c. These occupations are of a trivial, giggling, trifling nature, and reduce the vigour of manhood to the silken thread of the business. I have seen a powdered coxcomb of this gaway make value himself upon his success of speech in persuading a woman to buy what she did not like; flatter himself with

with the power of his inkle eloquence, and tell a thousand white lies with the most solemn asseverations, displaying his white hands at the same time, and turning up the white of his leaden eye. Ladies so imposed upon are pleased, and value the *pretty fellow* for his volubility and impudence.

You will see behind a Perfumer's counter, near Charing-cross, a Male-Female *Thing* of this sort; a lisping, shambling, scented, heterogeneous Capon. The *Thing* does not know whether to speak or not, or whether *it* is alive or dead. Whether *it* is asleep or awake. *It* seems to believe *its* hair is dressed, and *it* seems conscious *it* is pretty, and that all the Belles admire *it*. When *it* speaks, *it* is only to shew *its* teeth; and then *it* seems to be afraid of the moisture chapping *its* red lips, which are softened by salve, and so nicely covered, that I verily believe *it* would not suffer the

prettiest girl to kiss them, for fear of taking off the perfumed grease.

In this group of characters, I had been worthy of chastisement if I had omitted the Lawyer. The Lawyer is a well known disposition; and to the name and character you hardly ever heard the word *honest* annexed.—An *honest* Lawyer is a very rare bird upon earth—a very black swan—and such a thing as no person has courage to recommend, or faith to believe just. I am much afraid the Community too often suffer by this universal opinion? for when the Man of Law finds he must be branded, he concludes that he may as well be so for some wealthy purpose, as be stigmatised with a character he never meant to deserve; and by this means many men do that which, if they were not believed in general to be knaves, they would shun, from the hope of preserving their characters from defamation and putrefaction.

## A N E C D O T E S.

### The ART of PLEASING.

**M**ANKIND being in general less solicitous to gain instruction than applause, we are certain of displeasing in conversation, when we appear more attentive to ourselves than to the company around us.

The famous Racine, in the view of disgusting his son from the pursuit of Poetry, which he carried to a frantic excess, and apprehensive that he might attribute to his tragedies the caresses which several of the nobility lavished upon him, used often to say, "Think not, my son, that it is my Poetry which procures me all these kindnesses; the verses of Corneille are an hundred times superior to mine, and yet nobody regards him; they only love him in the mouth of his actors. Instead of tiring people with the recital of my works, I never mention them, and am contented if I can entertain my visitors with topics that are amusing, and agreeable to themselves. My talent with them is not to make them sensible that I am a man of wit, but that they have wit themselves. Thus when you see a nobleman frequently pass whole hours with me, you would be astonished, if you were present, to observe him frequently leave me with out my having spoken four words; but by degrees I put him in a humour of prattling, and he goes away still more satisfied with himself than with me."

From this little Anecdote, the intelligent reader may learn what all would wish to attain—"The grand art of pleasing in conversation, which almost wholly consists in hearing much and speaking little.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

### The BRIDLE.

A young man of some fashion and rank, just returned from making the *grand tour*, and who has, in the true modern stile, tinged himself with most of the vices and follies of the places he passed through, and, together with many other *accomplishments*, gained a little knowledge in the *creative art*; he for some time used it, graced by an endless volubility of tongue, to the downright disgust of many gentlemen who frequented a polite coffee-house at the west end of the town. One day particularly, he was detailing out accounts of the number of presents he had received whilst abroad, especially a rich bridle from the King of France, the ornaments, &c, whereof were of gold: it is so exquisitely fine, said his Lordship, that it can never be used in the mouth of *any* horse; what shall I do with it, *Coburn*? continued he, to an old veteran in the army—put it on your tongue, my Lord, returned the soldier. His Lordship was silenced, and peace has since been restored to the coffee-room.

[*London Mag.*]

## NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

D R U R Y - L A N E.

**T**HIS Theatre was opened on Saturday, Sept. 17, with the Comedy of *The Drummer, or The Haunted House*; previous to which a new Prelude was performed, called,

*The MEETING of the COMPANY,*

O R,

*BAYES'S ART of ACTING;*

of which the following are the outlines :

THE scene discovers carpenters, scene-men, painters, &c. at work upon the stage, musicians and dancers practising, and players rehearsing. The master carpenter enters, and insists on their retiring, as they hinder him from making the necessary preparations for opening the house) which they accordingly do. The Prompter then enquires of Parsons the success of his country expedition, who tells him their business has been very well, their houses some bad, many good; that they have had an intrigue or two, with indispositions as usual. Weston next arrives, whom Parsons congratulates upon the healthiness of his looks, and the clearness of his skin, and observes, that his nose is of the same colour with the rest of his face. Oh, I have turned over a new leaf, replies Weston---“ Ay, in a taylor-keeper's book, I suppose.” No, no, replies the little comedian, the leaves are all full there; but I am determined to live sober and grow better, tho' I can't help confessing there's a pleasure in being ill which none but actors know.

The Manager then joins the party, and the discourse turns on the animadversions contained in the news-papers upon the players, wherein Patent justly remarks, “ that if the actors shewed more sensibility in their business, and less out of it, they need not mind what was said of them.” It is true, says he, news-papers are a kind of *police*, and sometimes go too far in endeavouring to correct the follies or defects of others, and so may justifies and constables, but that is no reason we should not have any. Come, come, it must be confessed in favour of the diurnal publications, that if we and our betters were not a little watched, the state and the stage would both suffer.”

After a short contest between Weston and Hurst, with respect to their theatrical

consequence, Bayes (King) addresses them as persons engaged to play in his piece, and assures them he has got a plan in which he proves, that there is nothing in acting either tragedy or comedy, and that he can make comedians---tragedians, and *vice versa*. He then produces his plan, which he calls his grand specific, and directs his patients to arrange themselves on the stage, which they do in a semicircle. He then desires the man who is the *least fit* to play the hero in tragedy, or the fine gentleman in comedy, to step forth. At this not one of them stir: but on Weston whispering Bayes to take it the other way, and to direct the one who is *most fit* to represent the above characters to step forth, they all run forwards, proving that every one supposes himself fit for a hero or a fine gentleman.

Bayes proceeds in his instructions, and in opposition to Shakespeare, advises them continually to overstep the modesty of nature, as modesty will never do upon the stage. Weston desires the ladies particularly to attend to that circumstance.--- My art of acting, continues Bayes, is compromised, like the *Iliad*, in a nutshell---crack it then, says Weston, and give us the kernel. Bayes proceeds; Stick close to art, turn nature out of door, Rant, rant away, till you can rant no more.

Oh, says Weston, we can all do that.

Bayes. T' extort applause, distort yourselves, bounce, bawl, And, to compleat confusion, take---a fall.

[Throwing himself down.]

Bayes then places his pupils in a ludicrous staring attitude, and tells them,

— To add to the distress,

What your face cannot let your wig express.

He here mentions the great advantages of a white handkerchief and a suit of mourning. I have seen a fine gay feathered Romeo, says he, on hearing of the death of Juliet, furnish himself with a compleat suit of mourning, before the taylor could finish a single button-hole.

He proceeds to give them instructions with respect to the comic walk, the purport of which is, that they should never stand still, but frisk about, take snuff, laugh, tune, sing, caper, &c.

“ Life's a post-chaise, oil it with pleasure, boy!”

Smooth thy the wheels when they're greased with joy.”

He



He capers out, (his pupils following him) and immediately returns, perfectly pleased with the progress his scholars have made, but is not a little disappointed at hearing Weston declare that he will caper no more, and that the players refuse to proceed in practising any more of his lessons. He threatens Weston with complaining to the town of his treatment; and they mutually address the pit in a very ludicrous manner, which concludes with little Tom's declaring that if Bayes proceeds upon his ranting, roaring, capering, face-making plan, the audience will go to sleep: he must go to goal, and then there will be an end of poor little Johnny Pringle and his pig.

Bayes being left alone, vents his passion in a soliloquy, in which he execrates the actors, wishes the house may always be as empty as it was at that time; that the ladies may disturb the performers by their tittle tattle; that the gentlemen may admire themselves, fat citizens snore in the boxes, the pit be filled with crabbed critics, the galleries leave their horse laughs and good humours at home, and he, if he ever forgives the insult he has received, be condemned not only to perform there all the winter, but to continue thro' the summer, the director of fiddlers, tumblers, rope-dancers, and pantomimes.

Such is the substance of the new prelude, which was well received by the audience, and furnished a fresh opportunity to Mr. King and Mr. Weston to exert their comic abilities.

[Lond. Mag.]

## COVENT-GARDEN.

THE Proprietors of this Playhouse, since the resignation of Mr. Colman, have taken the management into their own hands, and seem to promise very fairly for deserving the protection of the public. They opened on Monday, Sept. 19, with Shakespeare's Comedy of All's Well that Ends Well; to which the following new PROLOGUE was spoken by Mr. Woodward.

OPEN the door! This opportunity is well!  
 DOOR-KEEPER. Consider sir, pray!  
 Think how this will tell!  
 WOODWARD. I say, I will—  
 DOOR-KEEPER. But stay, sir, till I ring the bell!

WOODWARD. Why, you're a fool!—  
 The rogue has put me in a rage;  
 Here, take my furtout, I'll walk across the stage.

[Enters, making his bow.]  
 You see I broke thro' forms, with bold neglect,  
 Eager to pay my earliest respect;  
 Let me look round—the prettiest hotel I've seen!  
 The good old adage right—New brooms sweep clean.

Warm work my masters! wonderful the change!  
 Desertions many! revolutions strange!  
 Shall we be prelude-struck! Let dastards fear!  
 No, no, Hal, they shall find no boy's play here;

Shall Alexander to a stripling yield?  
 [Takes off Falstaff.]  
 We'll fight on crutches e'er we'll quit the field,  
 Triumphant cars shall roll, and minstrels play;  
 We can processionize as well as they.  
 We'll have a paper too at our command!  
 And Chronicle gainst Farthing Post shall stand.

Ha! "Who's afraid?"  
 [Taking off Keckley.]

We'll paragraph and puff,  
 And damn'd be he who first cries, hold!  
 enough.  
 We'll fight them on this scene, bouance, roar,  
 and brag,

Until our eye-lids will no longer wag.  
 Though great their chief in cabinet and field,  
 His judgment, arms, and e'en his sevenfold shield,

Heroes are men, and must to numbers yield,  
 We'll ransack Europe, then, for fresh supplies,  
 And lift troops never born; the dead shall rise;  
 Thunder and lightning, cataracts shall spout,  
 And paste-board viands cram the rabble rout.  
 Sound an alarm! the hour of battle's near!  
 Fear we broadsides? "Have we not Hyrcan here?"  
 [Taking off Pistol.]

Each leader to his charge—the battle glows;  
 Come forth, my friends, to face these gallant foes!

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;"  
 On you our fate depends, on you our fires,  
 "Pleas'd to be happy as you are pleas'd to be blest."

Grant us but subsidies to stand th' attack,  
 What should we fear—with you our bulwark back:  
 When we are recreant, desert our cause,  
 Whilst we deserve, shew favour and applause.

These things promis'd, the great event we try;

"And you, the judges, bear a wary eye."  
 This truth to either potentate I'll tell,  
 Finis Coronat—All is Well that ends Well.

The inside of Covent-Garden Theatre is considerably alter'd for the better. The front boxes are much enlarged, and fresh lined. The whole house is new painted; in doing which, much of that gaudy finery is removed; and it has now an air of neatness, particularly pleasing.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. 23. *The Works of Benjamin Hoadly, D. D. successively Bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester. Published by his son John Hoadly, LL. D. Chancellor of the Diocese of Winchester. Folio. 3 vols. With an index to the whole, and an introductory account of the author. 4l. 10s. Horsfield.*

ALTHOUGH several of the pieces contained in these volumes are somewhat temporary, the greatest part of them are general, as the truths which they inculcate are eternal: and all of them will continue to be acceptable to every candid enquirer into the natural, political, and religious rights of Englishmen and Protestants, as long as the language in which they are written shall be understood.

The pieces contained in the first volume of this edition of Bishop Hoadly's works, exclusive of the introductory papers, are,

I. Tracts, collected into a volume, in 1715.

II. Tracts on Conformity to Church and State.

The nature and value of these numerous tracts being too well known to require any particular discussion of them here, we shall content ourselves with transcribing a general observation relating to them, and to the reception they met with in the world, as it stands in page 700 of the first volume, viz. "That though the principles \* maintained by my Lord of Bangor do appear to be the only ones upon which our reformation, or indeed any reformation, can be justifiable; tho' they evidently tend to vindicate Christianity from the objections that are unanswerable by those who contend for the contradictory principles, such as that it makes God a Being acting not by reason, or according to the fitness of things, but by arbitrary will and pleasure; making his creatures happiness or misery in the next world depend on the accidental circumstances of being born and educated in this or that society of men; giving them faculties in this world, which they must not use; and enduing them with reason and judgment for no other purpose but to try their faith in renouncing them. Though this and much more be true; yet the number of those who appear in public opposition to him, increases: as fast as former ones are baffled, new ones of higher stations and greater dignity succeed; while many, who are of the same sentiments with

\* This refers particularly to the pieces published by the Bishop in the famous Bangorian Controversy.

him, content themselves with being well-wishers to his cause; and, except those who at first sided with him, few openly appear to his assistance."

The remark added by the writer of the letter from which the foregoing passage is taken, is worthy of particular notice, and is, perhaps, capable of some degree of application to the conduct of our spiritual Lords, of the present time:—"I cannot think standing *neuter* defensible when points of this weight are debating. I had almost said, it was a shame, that among so many Bishops, who are heartily friends to the common rights of mankind, and the liberties of Christians, not *one* should think himself obliged to share the pains and the resentment which a generous attempt to assert and secure them has brought upon my Lord of Bangor, from the patrons of slavery and ecclesiastical ambition."

Vol. II. contains:

I. Tracts relating to the measures of submission to the civil magistrate.

II. Tracts written by Bishop Hoadly in the Bangorian Controversy, as it was afterwards called.

In the third volume we have, 1. The political pieces. 2. An account of the life and writings of Dr. Clarke. 3. The practical divinity. 4. The famous letter to Clement Chevalier, Esq; relating to the notable forgery committed by Fournier, in order to defraud the Bishop of 8,800*l.* The writer of his life speaking of this long letter, which made a very large eighteen-penny pamphlet, justly says, "It was the astonishing performance of a Divine turned of *eighty-one*; and he received many compliments on that account, both by visits and letters, from several of the greatest lawyers of the age. Mr. Horace Walpole, of Strawberry-hill, humorously said,—The Bishop had not only got the better of his adversary [Fournier] but of his *old age*."

We cannot more properly conclude this article, than by an extract from Dr. Aken-side's Ode, addressed to the Bishop in 1754:

O nurse of Freedom, *Albion* say,  
Thou tamer of despotic sway,  
What man, among thy sons around,  
Thou heir to glory hast thou found?  
What page, in all thy annals bright,  
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd,  
Than that where Truth, by Hoadly's aid,  
Shines thro' Imposture's solemn shade,  
Thro' kingly and thro' sacerdotal night?

To him the teacher blest'd,  
Who sent religion, from the palmy field  
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the West,  
And lifted up the veil which heaven from  
earth concealed,

To *Hoadly* thus his mandate he address'd:

"Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law  
From hands rapacious, and from tongues  
impure;

"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure

"Fell *Persecution's* mortal snares to aid;

"Let not my words be impious chains to  
draw

"The freeborn soul in more than brutal  
awe,

"To *Fairb* without assent, *Allegiance* unre-  
paid."

No cold or unperforming hand  
Was arm'd by heav'n with this command.  
The world soon felt it; and on high,  
To *William's* ear, with welcome joy  
Did *Locke* among the blest unfold  
The rising hope of *Hoadly's* name,  
*Godolpin* then confirm'd the fame;  
And *Somers* when from earth he came,  
And generous *Stanbope* the fair sequel told.\*

Then drew the lawgivers around,  
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)  
And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,  
What private force could thus subdue  
The Vulgar and the Great combin'd;  
Could war with sacred *Folly* wage;  
Could a whole nation disengage  
From the dread bonds of many an age,  
And to new habits mould the public mind.

For not a conqueror's sword  
Nor the strong powers to civil founders  
known

Went his: but *Truth* by faithful search  
explor'd,  
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty  
sown.

Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd  
To freedom) freedom too for others sought.  
Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,  
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine  
Could longer guard from *Reason's* warfare  
safe;

Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,  
Nor synods by the *papal* genius taught,  
Nor *St. John's* spirit loose, nor *Atterbury's*  
rage.

[Monthly Review.]

\* "Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty; Lord Godolpin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power; Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the Nonjuring clergy against the Protestant establishment; and Lord Stanbope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation."

Dr. Akenſide's note.

24. *Political Arithmetic. Containing Observations on the present state of Great Britain; and the principles of her policy in the encouragement of Agriculture. By Arthur Young, Esq; Sec. St. 3d. boards. Nicoll.*

THE subjects of this work are extremely various and important, comprehending no less than every circumstance in national conduct that tends either to the advancement or obstruction of agriculture.

The great design of the work is to shew that the agriculture, wealth, population, and happiness of the lower classes are in this kingdom in a very high degree of perfection; in a much higher than is admitted by several very respectable writers: In proving this we find the subjects of the corn trade, taxation in England, inclosures, luxury, size of farms, prices of provisions, and state of population, treated in a more complete manner than in any other work we have seen; indeed, we conceive this part of Mr. Young's enquiry to be handled with greater ability than he has shewn on any former occasion; having replied to the false ideas of many writers on those subjects in a very sensible manner; of which we shall produce specimens sufficient to justify us in this assertion.

Under the article luxury, the author has started a new argument to shew that luxury, instead of raising, *sinks* the price of meat; which he does in the following words. "A late writer seems to condemn what is called luxury, for the waste it creates, for the number of domestic servants, for horses, and for the slaughter of calves and lambs, which he thinks makes mutton and beef dearer. I am sorry I cannot fully agree with him; we both speak of these matters, not with a view to visionary useless ideas of the manners of the people, but relative only to the encouragement of agriculture and increase of plenty: in this light what difference is there between *waste* and *regular* consumption? Between bread eat at my lord's table, and barley consumed by his hounds, or oats by his horses? All these methods of consumption are nothing to the farmer; the mere purchase of the commodities is what encourages him, in consequence of which he sets heartily about a farther production of them. And how is the consumption of calves and lambs to lessen the quantity of beef and mutton? The farmer brings these things to market because they are demanded: if instead of demanding ten pounds worth of lamb, you go to market for ten pounds worth of beef, he will bring the beef for you. Here is a given demand for beef; it is supplied: luxury adds another for veal; it is supplied, certainly without taking from the beef; and if luxury doubles the demand, the farmers will answer it, and supply the old one of beef besides. But it is said, there is a given number of calves every year; if the consumption of veal was stopped, so many more would of course come to market as beef, and this additional number

number would surely make beef more plentiful, and consequently cheaper. Granted." And so you would encourage the farmer to continue this plenty of beef by lowering the price of it? this is that universal combination which runs through the supply of all sorts of markets. The case of corn has been pretty well understood, but still the remnants of these prejudices hang about us in calves, pigs, lambs, and so forth. On the contrary, you ought to act upon the reverse of these principles. Your given fact is the dearth of beef, and you want permanently to make it cheaper. Your only method is to raise the price. Encourage the slaughter of calves, which is such an encouragement to the breeder and grazier, as the export of wheat is to the corn grower; his prices rise, he becomes more spirited in his business, he brings more to market; consider this train from the beginning; is it possible it should have any other consequence? A century ago these things were so ill understood, that our ancestors gave a bounty on the export of corn, in order to make it dear: They never dreamed that they were taking the most effectual means to make it cheap; and yet it would doubtless have been thought a glaring paradox to assert, that taking great quantities of corn from our markets was not a way to raise the price; and for what I know, the idea I have just dropped, that in order to make beef cheaper, you must make it dearer, will even in this age be thought another paradox." This reasoning appears to us to be conclusive, and to contain in a few words more good sense than has on these subjects filled many volumes; the following passage is, if any thing, yet more striking and original.

"I have considered an increased demand, which raises the value of a commodity to be the means of increasing the quantity of that commodity by encouraging the production of it, and I have applied it to beef, to mutton, to wheat, and to labour. I remarked that lessening the quantity in the market while the demand continued, the same operated as an encouragement; and presently supplied more than the usual quantum: it is the same with population. You fight off your men by wars, you destroy them by great cities, you lessen them by emigrations; most infallible methods of increasing their number, provided the demand does not decline. This is exactly the same thing as rendering beef scarcer by the slaughter of calves, and wheat by exportation. Take a quantity from the market certainly you add to the value of what remains, and how can you encourage the reproduction of it more powerfully than by adding to its value?"

"Dr. Price says, that for the last eighty years there has not been one great cause of depopulation which has not operated among us. What is the great encouragement of population? *Ease of acquiring income*: it is of no consequence whether that income arises

from land, manufacture, or commerce; it is as powerful in the pay of a manufacturer, as in the wilds of America: what is the great obstacle to population? *Difficulty of acquiring income*. Here then we have a criterion by which to judge of the population or depopulation of any period. If you view the country and see agriculture under such circumstances that the farmers produce will not pay his usual improvements, and consequently dismissing the hands he formerly kept; if the manufactures of the kingdom want a market, and the active industry exerted in them becomes languid and decays; if commerce no longer supports the seamen the was wont to do; if private and public works, instead of entering into competition for hands with the manufacturer and the farmer, stand still amidst numbers who cry in vain for work: if these effects are seen, a want of employment will stare you in the face, and that want is the only cause of depopulation that can exist. Have these spectacles been common in the eyes of our people since the revolution? Are they common at present? Does not the great active cause employment operate more powerfully than ever? Away then with these visionary ideas, the disgrace of our enlightened age, the reproach of this great and flourishing nation."

Many striking observations are made on the principles of population, in which the author explains its dependence on the increase of employment; and shews that no former period could in this country be more populous than the present, because there was not an equal demand in manufactures, arts, and commerce for the surplus of the country population; a new idea which he supports with judicious arguments.

At p. 91, he explains the signs of depopulation in the following words. "As ideas of depopulation have in all ages been so common, and complaints of mischiefs in the government and policy of state ever annexed to them, and generally without any reason; it may not be amiss to bestow a few reflections, on those signs of depopulation, which, whenever they appear, may be supposed to speak truth. I have said, that populousness in England depends on employment which here operates on the same principles as plenty of land in America; this offers a very simple idea of depopulation, employment lessening. Not lessening in the parish A, while increasing in the town B; or lessening in B while increasing in A, but a general visible declension, such as would take place if the national wealth was to decline, which generally being the effect of employment must mark the state of its cause. If the seamen lessen, and your shipping falls away, it is a circumstance which to this nation would be of the highest consequence, and mark a variety of declension; if at the same time the great manufactures of the kingdom could no longer find a vent, and consequently their

B b a

people

People without employment, it would be a mark not less equivocal, if the cultivated soil lessens, if tracts once valuable become waste, and rents fall; it is an unerring sign of decay; if the prices of labour and commodities in general sink, it is no less to be depended on. These signs of national decay need not be multiplied whenever they are seen, they must mark in proportion to their extent the declension of our prosperity.

"Decrease of shipping, decline of manufactures, decline of agriculture, a general fall of prices.

"It appears to me, that these are circumstances which involve every other course of national declension; they mark a loss of wealth, a decrease of employment, which must universally bring down population with it.

"Whenever, therefore, we hear of other causes of depopulation, such as engrossing farms, inclosures, laying arable to grass, high prices of provisions, great cities, luxury, celibacy, debauchery, wars, emigrations, &c. we may very safely resolve them into a string of vulgar errors, and rest assured, that they can have no ill effect while the five great causes mentioned above do not subsist."

These are very bold ideas, and yet they seem as well founded in argument, and confirmed by instances, as any matter of this sort can be. Nothing can be of greater national consequence than these subjects, nor any which better deserve general attention. Mr. Young has made a greater progress in investigating them thoroughly and accurately, than any other writer, and this he has done without betraying the smallest tincture of the common and almost universal prejudices entertained.

Mr. Young next enquires into the proportions between the former and present prices of meat and wheat, and endeavours to prove, that meat is not at present out of proportion to the price of bread. This is a very curious part of his work, but admits not of extracts. Upon the subject of inclosures, we meet with the following conspicuous passage.

"Dr. Price and the others who assure us we should throw down our hedges, and waste one third of our farms in a barren fallow, by way of making beef and mutton cheap, will confine themselves to the inclosures which have converted arable to grass. What say they to those which have changed grass to arable? they chuse to be silent. I do not comprehend the amusement that is constantly found in looking at those objects which are supposed to be gloomy, and in regularly lamenting the evils that surround us, though they flow from causes which shower down much superior: When I look around me in this country, I think I every where see so great and animating a prospect, that the small specks which may be discerned in the hemisphere, are lost in the brilliancy that surround them. I cannot spread a curtain over the illumin'd scene, and leave nothing to view but the mere shades of so splendid a

piece. What will these gentlemen say to the enclosures of Norfolk, Suffolk, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and all the northern counties? What say they to the sands of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Nottinghamshire, which yield corn, and mutton, and beef, from the force of inclosure alone? What say they to the wolds of York and Lincoln, which from barren heaths, at 1s. per acre, are, by inclosure alone, rendered profitable farms? Ask Sir Cecil Wray, if without inclosure, he could advance his heaths by sainfoine from 1s. to 20s. an acre. What say they to the vast tracts in the Peak of Derby, which by inclosures alone are changed from black regions of ling to fertile fields covered with cattle? What say they to the improvements of moors in the northern counties, where inclosures alone have made those counties smile with culture, which before were dreary as night. What have these gentlemen to say to these instances? Cannot they manage to assure us the prospect is delusive. They can. Hear how they are characterized. "Inclosures of waste lands and commons would be useful if divided into small allotments, and given up to be occupied at moderate rents by the poor. But if besides lessening the produce of fine wool, they bear hard on the poor, by depriving them of a part of their subsistence, and only go towards increasing farms already too large, the advantages attending them may not much exceed the disadvantages." Hence, therefore, we find, all these improvements very equivocal. Before it is allowed that converting ling to corn is beneficial, it must previously be asked if the improvement is wrought by that ghostly object of dread and terror, a great farmer: before it is acknowledged right to make that sand which would not feed rabbits, produce beef and mutton, we must know whether the poor were deprived of a part of their subsistence; before you will submit to change the heaths of Lincoln to fertile fields of sainfoine, you must demand, *Were the allotments small?* I must own it is with astonishment that I thus see superior minds stooping to prejudices so unworthy of their abilities. How, in the name of common sense, were such improvements to be wrought by little, or even moderate farmers? Can such inclose wastes, at a vast expence, cover them with an hundred loads of marle, or 6 or 800 bushels of lime, keep sufficient flocks of sheep for folding, and conduct those (for the lower classes) mighty operations essential to new improvements? No. It is to great farmers you owe these; without great farms you never would have seen these improvements, much I suppose to the satisfaction of those who declare themselves so indiscriminately their enemies."

The next section entitled, Consumption of Meat, is entirely new: It is designed to

point out the importance of cattle in husbandry, and draws a comparison in this respect between France and England; shewing that this circumstance being so much superior in the latter, must not only give us a better agriculture, but render us proportionably more populous. In the following section, the writer makes some judicious observations on the conduct of the Society of Arts, and concludes with an anecdote of the education of the Prince of Wales, in relation to agriculture.

[To be concluded in our next.]

25. *A Treatise on Education.* By David Williams. 8vo. 3s. sewed. Payne.

THE author of this essay, in one of his introductory chapters, makes some general remarks on the mode of education, pursued in most of our colleges and public schools.

With respect to these institutions he says, "When they were established, the principal passion of the people was superstition. . . . The great object of education was to make a man superstitious. All the provisions of our colleges were established with that view."

From general remarks, he proceeds to consider the schemes of education proposed by Milton, Locke, Rousseau, and Helvetius; and having offered his objections to each of them, points out such improvements in our present methods, as he thinks are practicable, and yet important enough to require the public attention.

The two common principles, which now operate in education, are *fear* and *emulation*. The author disapproves of the former, and thinks it only a wretched expedient in some extraordinary cases. The latter, he says, is liable to many objections, producing envy, and other ungenerous passions. He is therefore of opinion, that the tutor should treat his pupils as his children, and endeavour to inspire them with a filial love, or as he calls it, an affectionate duty towards himself; and whilst he encourages them to exert their talents by hopes of praise, he should teach them to excel one another in acts of generosity, compassion, and friendship.

The knowledge of languages is usually the first objects of education; and the common way of teaching them is to have recourse to grammars. But our author objects to this method, and recommends the following scheme.

"If, says he, I had never seen a grammar, a dictionary, or received any instructions in education, and had a child to be taught a language, I have no doubt, but my method would have been to make words the names of things, and not the names of ideas: that is, instead of telling him a stone, a bull, or an eagle, was the name of a thing with such properties and qualities, I would have shewn him the thing itself, and then told him its name. It would not have signified to the child, whether I told it him in Greek, in La-

tin, or in English; his memory would retain the word, and his mind would have a precise and accurate idea."

Here the reader will undoubtedly ask: How will you execute your plan? You must be continually wandering over the world with your pupils. When you have a Greek word for a cow, or for an elephant, you must go many miles, perhaps, and spend much time to shew him those two different objects. And you must be likewise very exact in pointing out the difference between the cow and the bull. Or if you have occasion to mention a ghost or a devil, you would find it impossible to give your pupils an ocular demonstration.

Our author is aware of these objections, which ignorant people may raise at his expence; and therefore he replies:

"It would be proper to shew in nature as many of the objects we name, as we can conveniently come at. The others may be very tolerably substituted by sculptures, drawings, cameo's, intaglio's, and all the various assistance of the arts. The contours and colours of the shells, &c. published by Knorr, have perhaps not all the precision and delicacy of the beautiful objects he has represented. The works of Caylus, Wincelmann, and Stuart; and the bas reliefs and intaglio's, by Wedgwood and Bentley, do not render travelling and collections unnecessary to those who can afford the time and expence; but they convey much truer ideas than any verbal descriptions; and may do very well as substitutes for those originals, in nature and art, from which they are so elegantly and faithfully copied. It would be difficult to name any thing that is the object of knowledge, and furnishes a term of importance in any language, which cannot be shewn in London, either as it exists in nature, or as it is drawn and represented by some masterly artist."

To render this method of education amusing and agreeable, the pupil, our author thinks, should be taught to draw, at the same time he is taught to write; and a great part of his business should be to copy those objects, the names and properties of which he is learning.

Here, however, it should be remembered, that this ingenious plan will not supersede the use of a grammar: for the sight of all the objects in nature will not teach a young student the structure of a sentence.

Having considered the best method of learning languages, our author proceeds to enquire what languages are the proper objects of attention. We have no sort of business, he says, with Greek and Latin, but barely to know what has been written in them; and to taste at their sources those springs of knowledge, which has been so beneficial to the world. Upon this account, however, it may be allowed, that they are very proper accomplishments in the education of a gentleman.

"But,

"But, he adds, we should take up our business at its right end, and begin with learning Greek. The propriety of this method is obvious on several accounts. There is an aversion in the mind to every thing retrograde. It dislikes moving backward from improvements to rude sketches, when the contrary process would have delighted it. It is not so pleased with the finest originals, after having contemplated copies. And there is something in the mind, awkwardly expressed in English by the *love of order*, which is pleased with having every thing before it in the manner it has taken place in nature. Greek was the learned language of the world before Latin; and the first elements of all the arts and of all philosophy are to be found in the pleasing compositions of that elegant language. Most of the terms of art in all professions were borrowed by the Romans from the Greek; and from the Romans by all the nations of Europe. Why should we not therefore begin with the origin of our present knowledge; and proceed, as it has proceeded to this day? Our employment would be much more agreeable than the present method of walking backwards, and stealing only short glances at that point from which we ought to have started."

Some writers have carried this point so far, as to tell us, that we ought to begin with Hebrew, as it was the source of European languages. But if it be allowed, as it undoubtedly must, that in the study of the *Belles Lettres* and the sciences, we meet with ten times more writers, especially among the moderns, and a hundred times more quotations, in Latin than in Greek, the former of course becomes a language of more essential importance than the latter in a polite education.

When the young scholar has acquired a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, the author directs him to learn French, and afterwards to make the English language, reading, speaking, eloquence, natural, civil, and ecclesiastical history, logic, ethics, mathematics, &c. the objects of his attention.

Under the article of exercises he recommends the following method of uniting instruction and amusement.

"If a young student is accompanied by his tutor, or rather his friend, his exercises and diversions will be very different from those, which generally employ our boys at school. A walk in the fields, after reading a little in natural history, may furnish opportunities of important instruction. The garden is one of the best schools of botany, and affords the most wholesome and agreeable exercise. The hills, the dales, the rocks and quarries afford matter of speculation on their formation, use, and beauty. Many of the mathematical, astronomical, and particularly the mechanical problems, may be examined, in consequence of a ride or a walk. This will not only be present instruction, but get the

pupil into a habit of having an object and a view in every thing he does. He will then never experience the common unhappiness of not knowing what to do with himself; or when he has resolved on a ride or a walk, be miserable for want of being able to determine where to go, or on what object to engage his thoughts."

This, no doubt, would be an eligible method of conveying instruction; yet while boys are boys, it cannot be substituted in the room of play. It may be amusement to the tutor, but it will be restraint and fatigue to his pupils, and can only be considered as an agreeable employment.

The great point which the author every where inculcates, is to follow the directions of nature; and this mode of proceeding is now generally thought the most judicious.

—*Crit. Rev.*

26. *The Apology of Benjamin Ben Mordecai to his Friends for embracing Christianity; in several Letters to Eliza Levi, Merchant, of Amsterdam. Letters P. VI. VII. 4to. 6s. sewed. Wilkie.*

THERE are few converts that seem to be so well instructed in the knowledge of christianity, both as to its doctrines and evidence, as *Ben Mordecai*. His *miraculous* friend, we are persuaded, will be ready to allow, that he has much to say in his own defence, for having renounced his old profession; and, unless his native prejudices and attachments are peculiarly strong, *Mr. Levi* will very soon follow his example.

The friends of rational and scriptural christianity in general are much indebted to the labours of this excellent advocate in their cause; and, after perusing this series of letters with the attention and candour which they deserve, they will join us in opinion, that, whatever may be the issue with respect to *Mr. Levi* and his brethren of the circumcision, they cannot fail to serve the most useful purposes in establishing the truth and explaining the genuine doctrines of revelation.

The ingenious author has taken great pains to remove those prejudices that arise from a misinterpretation of the sacred writings; and, by vindicating *revealed religion* from those corruptions which have obscured its glory, and furnished its adversaries with their main objections against it, prepared the way for an impartial examination of its evidence, truth, and importance.

We are happy to find, that the cause of the petitioning clergy, with whom our best wishes are embarked, derives credit from the concurrence of this respectable writer, who has made the subjects immediately connected with his profession his peculiar study, and who deduces his system of religion, not from creeds and articles, whenever fabricated or by whomsoever imposed, but from an attentive and impartial perusal of the sacred scriptures.

tures. It cannot but give concern to the friends of truth and humanity, that minds so liberal and enlarged should, in any measure, be confined and bowed down by restraints and shackles of human invention.

Our author's motto to the 5th letter, extracted from the preface to Dr. Sykes's Essay on the truth of the christian religion, is amply verified in his successive publications:—

"It has always been my desire, to see religion treated as a rational thing; free from all absurdity and folly.—The religion of *Nature* is capable of the strictest evidence, and therefore *that* is never to be deviated from, or given up. The religion of *Christ*, as it lies in the *New Testament*, is perfectly agreeable to, and consistent with, what *natural* religion teacheth; and so it will be always found by them that examine into its truth with sincerity."

The fifth letter is introduced with an explication of *three criteria*, by which the truth of christianity is to be examined. A revelation from God must be agreeable to the nature and condition of those beings, for whose direction and benefit it is communicated; whence it follows, "That, if, upon a strict and impartial examination into the evidence in proof of a revelation from God, our understanding is not convinced, there can be no *merit* in believing it; for the *merit* of believing consists in opening our hearts to evidence, and then determining as our understanding directs. In like manner, if our understanding, after the best enquiry, is not able to direct us, what revelation comes from God, and what does not, there can be no more *merit* in receiving a *true* revelation than a *false* one: it depends entirely upon chance: and if in such a situation we should reject the truth, and espouse the error, it would not be our fault, but our misfortune; and we should deserve the pity and compassion, but by no means the resentment of those who should be acquainted with the importance of the truths we had rejected, and the ill consequence of the errors we had espoused. But to apply force and violence, or any other means in such cases, except evidence and reason, to convince the understanding, is as inconsistent with the nature of man, as it is absurd and ridiculous to think of forming axioms out of halts, or syllogisms out of chains and gibbets."

A divine revelation must likewise be agreeable to the nature, attributes, and moral character of God; "for, as nothing can become our duty, which it is contrary to the nature of *man* to perform, so neither can any thing become our duty, which is contrary to the nature and attributes of *God* to require." The chief of these, at least so far as they are immediately concerned in the moral government of mankind, are the divine justice and goodness; on each of which our author has made several pertinent and judicious remarks. The third criterion, by which the

truth of christianity is investigated *a priori*, is its consistency with the Old Testament history; and this leads to an illustration of the Scripture doctrine, concerning the *fall* of man, and his recovery from the ill effects of it by a *mediatorial redemption*.

With respect to the history of the fall, our author observes, that, whether it be literal or allegorical, the doctrine conveyed by it, as far as it relates to our conduct in life, and our future happiness, is much the same in either case. There is another question, which has created needless contention on this subject, viz. "Whether man was created immortal, and sin produced mortality, and *Christ* restores that immortality which *Adam* lost: or whether *Adam* was created mortal; and *Christ* confers upon us an immortality, which *Adam* failed of gaining by not performing the conditions, upon which it was offered him. It is sufficient for the explanation of the *christian* scheme to observe, that God promised life to *Adam* upon his obedience; & consequently, whether he was at first naturally immortal or not, he could not cease to live, while he continued obedient; and on the other hand, whether he was naturally immortal or not, he would certainly die if he was disobedient; and in either case, it may be said, that death entered into the world by sin, and that by man came death; whether it was a positive infliction of punishment, or merely the consequence of withdrawing the particular providence by which he was preserved.

"However, it is certain, that the Scriptures never give us the least hint of *Adam's* natural immortality; but through the whole history consider his existence to be dependent on the tree of life."

In considering the effects of the first apostacy, our Author observes, "there are many, who, in order to account for the present weakness and wickedness of mankind, imagine, that upon the fall of *Adam*, the human faculties were depraved, either naturally, by some taint derived from him, or by some act of God. But the scriptures say no such thing; and we want no such hypothesis to account for them; because the very same reason or cause, be it what it will, which accounts for the sin of the *first* man, who came pure out of the hands of the Creator, will account for the sins of *all* men ever since; and to suppose that God would deprave the will, or weaken the understanding of man, merely as a punishment for what they could not help, is a most unworthy imputation on the divine goodness; and it is no less so upon his wisdom, as if he were capable of contradiction and inconsistency. For, if he designed to give them eternal life, why did he make them less capable of gaining it? And if he did not design it, why did he send them a Saviour. This notion was first invented, to shew the certainty of eternal damnation, to all the posterity of *Adam*, if

Christ



Christ had not died; for as much as by this taint or corruption of nature, it was rendered impossible for them to do things well-pleasing to God. But this argument proves *too much*, and therefore concludes *nothing*. For, the less capable a man is of perfection, the less will be required of him; and if it were impossible for him to do things well-pleasing to God, it would cease to be his duty.

"Upon this mistake the generality of christians have built another equally inconsistent with their own scriptures; that, upon account of this depravation of the will and natural powers of man at the fall, a Mediator was at first introduced, as a kind of supplement to the original scheme, which was interrupted by Adam's sin. But this is not true. For it was the original design of God before the foundation of the world, to bring mankind to happiness, by the same person whom he has since constituted a Prince and a Saviour; having appointed him from the beginning, according to the different circumstances of the world, and under the different characters of the *Angel of the Covenant* and the *Messiah*, to minister to the will of the father in all things relative to the salvation of man; and to do every thing that was necessary according to his will, *pro re nata*, to bring down upon them those blessings, for which they were created and designed."

But the principal object of consideration is the method of our redemption from a state of sin and death: "*Grotius, Stillingsfleet*, and other learned men, have defended the two following propositions, as the fundamental doctrines of christianity, both which are contrary to the Old Testament, and absolutely false. First, they assert, that there is a necessity of God's vindicating his honour to the world, upon the breach of his laws; if not by the suffering of the offenders themselves, yet by the suffering of the son of God as a sacrifice for the expiation of sin, by undergoing the punishment of our iniquities, which appears to me to be the same thing as to assert, that God is not able to forgive sins, freely.

"Secondly, That a person, notwithstanding his innocence may oblige himself by an act of his own will, to undergo that punishment which *otherwise* he did not deserve; which punishment in that case will be just and agreeable to reason." The first of these principles is examined in the sequel of this letter; and the second is the subject of the seventh letter.

"Having done (says the author) with the unscriptural opinion of the christians, who teach that God has not the power to forgive sins freely; or without the punishment of the sinner, or of a mediator in its stead, I am immediately called upon, on the other hand, to answer an objection of the deists, that God cannot forgive sins by, or for the sake, or at the intercession of a mediator, which is no less opposite to the christian doctrine,

Mr. Chubb is so extravagantly sanguine upon this subject, that he tells us, "If the Apostles themselves preached any such doctrine, they were mistaken, and even a miraculous confirmation of it would not make it credible." And indeed as he understands it, he may bid defiance to whom he pleases; for he entirely mistakes the sense of the doctrine revealed, and it is impossible that the Apostles should have understood it, in such a sense as he does."

Our author proceeds to enquire what is the Scripture sense of the phrase (*for the sake of*) and how it is generally received in common language; "when it is said, that a person does a benefit, or forgives an injury, upon the *intercession*, or for the *sake* of another, it is never (*meant*) that such intercession made the person applied to either benevolent or placable; nor can it be intended to depreciate his natural disposition to forgiveness, or to exclude any other motives and considerations, which might persuade to that particular act of benevolence; but it barely means that it was a motive to it. And one would imagine, that a person well inclined to revelation, would rather have explained these words in any manner they are possibly capable of, than in a sense so big with absurdity and contradiction; for it is equally absurd and antichristian and antitheistical, to say, that any combination of circumstances can make God merciful or placable, as to say, that they can make him just and good and true. The attributes of God are eternal and unchangeable, and are not to be affected by the conduct of any being; but his providential acts *may be*, and certainly are, affected by the virtues and vices of his creatures: and if they were not so affected, he could not be a moral governor, by the exercise of a judicial providence. Repentance is a *cause* or *motive* to forgiveness, but it does not make God placable or merciful!"

After all it is remarked, "That there is no expression in the Greek Testament, which necessarily signifies, that our sins are forgiven us for Christ's sake." The Author largely explains and vindicates the use and efficacy of the *intercession of Christ*, against the objections of Mr. Chubb and other deists.

"Thus we see (says the Author at the close of his fifth letter) how the mediatorial scheme of salvation, as far as it has hitherto been considered, may be explained, agreeably to the divine attributes, the nature of man, and the ancient scriptures given to our fathers; and the fundamental doctrine of christianity freed from those difficulties, with which it has been loaded both by its friends and enemies, viz. that Almighty God has an absolute right either to forgive sins, as an all-powerful benefactor, for his own sake, and for his mercy's sake; or for the sake of a mediator, and at his intercession; as he blessed *Israel* for the sake of *Abraham* and *David*; and forgave the sins of *Abimelech* and the

the friends of *Job*, upon the intercession and for the sake of *Abraham* and *Job*, in order to manifest how much the fervent prayer of a righteous man prevails with him, as the patron of righteousness and judge of all the world. And we have no reason to imagine, that God would have given forgiveness and eternal life to penitent sinners, in any other way; because we cannot see how these blessings could have been given in so safe and wise a manner; or how the tremendous character of God, as our moral governor and judge, could be so effectually preserved by the punishment of the penitent sinners, as by rewarding the merits of *Christ* with these God-like powers, which were necessary to constitute him a Prince and a Saviour."

The design of the 6th letter is to shew, that the christian scheme, founded on the principles already established, is a regular, consistent and rational plan of divine œconomy, from the beginning to the end of the world; and for this purpose, our author undertakes to prove the three following propositions.

1. "That the original design of God from the beginning was, to bring all good men to salvation; that is, to eternal life and happiness, by his son *Jesus Christ*: and the first cause and mover in this gracious design, was the free grace and love of God.

2. "That the method in which this salvation hath been carried on through all dispensations from the beginning, hath been conducted by the ministration of *Jesus Christ*: under different names and characters; either immediately in person, or by his angel or angels.

3. "That the efficient cause or means, by which the salvation of man will be completed, will be the exercise of those God-like powers of raising the dead, forgiving sin, and giving eternal life; which were conferred on *Jesus Christ* by the father in reward of his humiliation, sufferings, and death."

The seventh letter contains a collection of dissertations on various subjects; the opinions of several very respectable writers on the nature and end of the sufferings of Christ are particularly examined: and, the author having exploded the notion both of *imputed* sin and of *imputed* righteousness, inquires in what sense Christ died for us, and what is to be understood by the terms *ransom* and *sacrifice*, whereby he is described in the New Testament. He then digresses into a comparison of the sacrifice of *Christ* with the *Mosaic* sacrifices; and into other incidental inquiries, connected with his main object. He concludes with stating and obviating the principal objections of the Deists; with evincing the probability of a divine revelation, for the purposes already assigned; and with an elaborate proof of the *fact* deduced from prophecy and miracles, that such a revelation has been actually granted.

We recommend the perusal of these several letters at large, to those who desire farther

satisfaction on the interesting subjects discussed in them.—*Monthly Review*.

27. *An History of the Earth, and animated Nature.* By Oliver Goldsmith. In Eight Vols. 8vo. 2l. 8s. boards. New-Jersey: [Continued.]

AFTER delivering an account of the internal structure of the earth, the author proceeds to the caves and subterraneous passages. Many of these, he observes, are not the production of nature, but of human industry; such as the famous labyrinth of Candia, and the stone-quarry of Maestricht; the latter of which is so large that forty thousand people may be contained in it. Among the artificial caverns, are likewise to be ranked the catacombs in Egypt and Italy. Few countries, if any, are destitute of natural caverns. In England those of Oakey hole, the Devil's hole, and Penpark-hole, are the most conspicuous; but the grotto of Antiparos, a small island in the Archipelago, is admitted to be the most extraordinary production yet discovered of this kind, both for beauty and extent.

By what means those immense caverns has been formed, is a subject of disquisition to the writer of natural history. The author, therefore, adopts the opinion that this effect has been produced by waters, which finding subterraneous passages, and gradually hollowing the beds in which they flowed, the ground immediately above them has sunk down closer to their surface, leaving the upper strata still suspended.

The next chapter treats of mines, damp, and mineral vapours. Here the author observes, that upon our descent into mines of considerable depth, the cold seems to increase for some time; till having descended further, the air becomes gradually warmer, so that at last the labourers can scarce bear any covering while they work. This phenomenon, the historian observes, was supposed by Boyle, to proceed from magazines of fire lying nearer the centre of the earth, and diffusing their heat around them.

Our author afterwards delivers a distinct account of the several species of vapours that are found in mines; to the qualities of which he imputes in a great measure the salubrity or unwholesomeness of different climates and soils.

The ninth chapter comprises the subject of volcanoes, or burning mountains. There is no quarter of the world where some of these perpetual conflagrations are not to be found. In Europe, *Ætna*, *Vesuvius*, and *Hecle*, are universally known. In Asia, particularly in the islands of the Indian ocean, volcanoes are more numerous. The most famous on the continent is that of *Albournas*, near mount *Taurus*. In the island of *Ternato*, there is a volcano, which is said to burn most furiously at the equinoxes, on account of the winds which then agitate the

flames. In Africa, there is a burning cavern near Fez, with the Volcano of the island del Fuogo, and the Peak of Teneriffe. In America, however, these tremendous scenes are most frequent and remarkable. Vesuvius and *Ætna* itself, we are told, are but mere fire-works, when compared to the burning mountains of the Andes, Arequipa, Carassa, and Malahallo are each of great consideration; but that of Cotopaxi, in the province of Quito, is described as superlatively wonderful. This mountain is said to be more than three miles of perpendicular height from the sea, and became a volcano at the time when the Spaniards first arrived in that country.

The author of this work dissents, with good reason, from the opinion of M. Buffon, who imagines that a volcano extends only a very little way below the base of the mountain.

"We can never suppose, says the great naturalist last mentioned, that these substances are ejected from any great distance below, if we only consider the great force already required to fling them up to such vast heights above the mouth of the mountain; if we consider the substances thrown up, which we shall find upon inspection to be the same with those of the mountain below; if we take into our consideration, that air is always necessary to keep up the flame; but, most of all, if we attend to one circumstance, which is, that if these substances were exploded from a vast depth below, the same force required to shoot them up so high, would act against the sides of the volcano, and tear the whole mountain in pieces. To all this specious reasoning, particular answers might easily be given; as that the length of the funnel encreases the force of the explosion; that the sides of the funnel are actually often burst with the great violence of the flame; that air may be supposed at depths at least as far as the perpendicular fissures descend. But the best answer is a well-known fact; namely, that the quantity of matter discharged from *Ætna* alone, is supposed, upon a moderate computation, to exceed twenty times the original bulk of the mountain. The greatest part of Sicily seems covered with its eruptions. The inhabitants of Catania have found, at the distance of several miles, streets and houses, sixty feet deep, overwhelmed by the lava or matter it has discharged. But what is still more remarkable, the walls of these very houses have been built of materials, evidently thrown up by the mountain. The inference from all this is very obvious; that the matter thus exploded cannot belong to the mountain itself; otherwise, it would have been quickly consumed; it cannot be derived from moderate depths, since its amazing quantity evinces, that all the places near the bottom must have long since been exhausted; nor can it have an extensive, and, if I may so call it, a superficial spread, for

then the country round would be quickly undermined; it must, therefore, be supplied from the deeper regions of the earth; those undiscovered tracts where the Deity performs his wonders in solitude, satisfied with self-approbation!"

From treating of volcanoes, the author proceeds, by a natural transition, to consider the phenomenon of earthquakes, which are so much of the same nature with the former, that they both seem to originate from one common cause; there being no other perceptible difference between them but that the rage of the volcano is spent in the eruption, while that of the earthquake, by being confined, produces more violent convulsions. He justly rejects the distinctions which philosophers have made of earthquakes into the tremulous, the pulsative, the perpendicular, and the inclined kind; observing, that these are mere accidental differences arising either from the situation of the country that is agitated, or the cause of the concussion. He no less philosophically disapproves of the distinction introduced by M. Buffon, who supposes one species of earthquake to be occasioned by fire, and another by the expansion of confined air.

"For how, says our author, do these two causes differ? Fire is an agent of no power whatsoever without air. It is the air, which being at first compressed, and then dilated in a cannon, that drives the ball with such force. It is the air struggling for vent in a volcano, that throws up its contents to such vast heights. In short, it is the air confined in the bowels of the earth, and acquiring elasticity by heat, that produces all those appearances which are generally ascribed to the operation of fire. When, therefore, we are told that there are two causes of earthquakes, we only learn, that a greater or smaller quantity of heat produces those terrible effects; for air is the only active operator in either."

In the eleventh chapter our attention is fixed on the appearance of new islands, and tracts of land, and the disappearing of others. These extraordinary phenomena are the consequence of the great operations of nature which have afforded subject for the two preceding divisions of the work. New islands, our author observes, are formed in two ways; either suddenly by the action of subterraneous fires, or more slowly, by the deposition of mud, carried down by rivers, and stopped by some accident; of both which kinds, as also of the disappearing of land, he produces several instances.

In the subsequent chapter, the author proceeds to take a view of the mountains, those immense piles of nature's erecting, as he styles them, that seem to mock the minuteness of human magnificence. He observes, that in flat countries, the smallest elevation is regarded as a remarkable eminence; and that in Holland, they shew a little ridge of hills,

hills, near the sea side, which Boerhaave was used to point out to his pupils as being mountains of no small consideration. Though such an anecdote may seem very extraordinary to an English reader, the historian remarks, that even in this country we have no adequate ideas of a mountain-prospect; our hills being generally of easy ascent, and covered to the top with verdure.

Various are the conjectures which have been formed by philosophers, respecting the origin and use of mountains. Some suppose them to have been formed at the time of the deluge; others imagine, that they existed from the creation; while a different class of enquirers maintain they were produced by earthquakes; and a fourth ascribes them entirely to the fluctuations of the deep, with which they suppose in the beginning the whole globe was surrounded. Our author confesses his surprize to find the question agitated among philosophers, who might with equal reason have enquired concerning the final cause of plains.

"The most rational answer, therefore, says he, why either mountains or plains were formed, seems to be, that they were thus fashioned by the hand of wisdom, in order that pain and pleasure should be so contiguous as that morality might be exercised either in bearing the one, or communicating the other."

The historian observes that, whatever may be the cause, the greatest and highest mountains are found under the equator; whereas towards the poles, though the earth be craggy and uneven, the height of the mountains is very inconsiderable. Among the most remarkable mountains mentioned by the author, a particular description of the Andes, which he has translated from Ulloa, conveys a lively idea of those wonderful objects of nature; but which our limits will not afford room for inserting.

The succeeding chapter contains an account of the element of water, where we are presented with the various observations and opinions of philosophers respecting this fluid.

The subject next treated is, Of the Origin of Rivers, a point which has been variously agitated in the philosophical world. In this department, the author gives a description of the four quarters of the globe, their rise and course; after which he mentions the several remarkable cataracts which are found in those rivers. His description of that of Niagara, in the river St. Laurence, in Canada, which is admitted to be the most astonishing and magnificent of any thing of the kind that is known in the whole compass of nature, we shall insert for the gratification of our readers.

"This amazing fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from the lake Erie into the lake Ontario. We have already said that St. Lawrence was one

of the largest rivers in the world; and yet the whole of its waters are here poured down, by a fall of an hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond with the greatness of the scene; a river, extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rise, like a wall, across the whole bed of its stream. The width of the river, a little above, is near three quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks, where it grows narrower, are four hundred yards over. Their direction is not straight across, but hollowing inwards like an horse-shoe; so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, presents a kind of theatre the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top into two; but it unites again long before it has got to the bottom. The noise of the fall is heard at several leagues distance; and the fury of the waters at the bottom of their fall is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist that rises to the very clouds; and that produces a most beautiful rainbow, when the sun shines. It may easily be conceived, that such a cataract quite destroys the navigation of the stream; and yet some Indian canoes, as it is said, have been known to venture down it with safety."

The historian afterwards treats at large of the ocean in general, and of its saltness; of the tides, motion, and currents of the sea, with their effects; and of the changes produced by the sea upon the earth. On these several subjects he presents us with the opinions of the most approved philosophers, to which he adds many judicious observations. He proceeds in the same manner through the remaining part of the first volume, which contains, A summary account of the mechanical properties of air; an ingenious essay towards a natural history of the air; the theory of winds, irregular and regular; with that of meteors, and such appearances as result from a combination of the elements. To the whole is subjoined a pertinent, beautiful, and sentimental conclusion.—*Crit. R.*

28. *An Argument in Defence of Literary Property.* By Francis Hargrave, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Ottridge.

THIS ingenious argument is written with great clearness of thought and expression; the author enters into a full investigation of several parts of the subject, and suggests some new and important ideas, which merit attention.

Concerning the practicability of ascertaining the right of literary property, (after waving the authority of examples, and determining

mining to reason wholly from the nature of the subject in which the property is claimed) he says :

“ The subject of the property is a written composition ; and that one written composition may be distinguished from another, is a truth too evident to be much argued upon. Every man has a mode of combining and expressing his ideas peculiar to himself. The same doctrines, the same opinions, never come from two persons, or even from the same person at different times, clothed wholly in the same language. A strong resemblance of style, of sentiment, of plan and disposition, will be frequently found ; but there is such an infinite variety in the modes of thinking and writing, as well in the extent and connection of our ideas, as in the use and arrangement of words, that a literary work really original, like the human face, will always have some singularities, some lines, some features, to characterize it, and to fix and establish its identity ; and to assert the contrary with respect to either, would be justly deemed equally opposite to reason and universal experience.

“ But it is objected, that only corporeal things can be the objects of property ; and that every species of incorporeal property has respect to, and must have, a corporeal substance for its support. To which the plain answer is, That whatever is susceptible of an exclusive enjoyment, may be property ; and that rights may arise, which, though quite unconnected with any thing corporeal, may be confined in the exercise to certain persons, and be as capable of a separate enjoyment, and of modes of alienation and transmission, as any species of corporeal substance. How the exclusive right of printing any particular book may originate ; what may give a proper title to the sole exercise of such a right, whether authorship, or any other cause, is not here of the least importance ; because if springing from any source, the right may be well appropriated, the argument of impracticability will fall to the ground, and consequently the objection derived from the supposed want of something corporeal to uphold and sustain the right.”

On the question whether publication destroys an author's exclusive property in his work, Mr. Hargrave says—

“ It is asked, how an author, after publishing his work, can confine it to himself, and exclude the world from participating of the sentiments it contains ? This objection depends on the supposition, that the exclusive right claimed for an author is to the idea and knowledge communicated in a literary composition. An attempt to appropriate to the author and his assigns, the perpetual use of the ideas contained in a written composition, might well be deemed so absurd and impracticable, as to deserve to be treated in a court of justice with equal contempt and indignation ; and it would be a

disgrace to argue in favour of such a claim. But the claim of literary property is not of this ridiculous and unreasonable kind ; and to represent it as such, however it may serve the purposes of declamation, or of wit and humour, is a fallacy too gross to be successfully disguised. What the author claims, is merely to have the sole right of printing his own works. As to the ideas conveyed, every author, when he publishes, necessarily gives the full use of them to the world at large. To communicate and sell knowledge to the public, and at the same moment to stipulate that none but the author or his bookseller shall make use of it, is an idea, which Avarice herself has not yet suggested. But imputing this absurdity to the claim of literary property, is mere imagination ; and so must be deemed, until it can be demonstrated that the printing a book cannot be appropriated, without at the same time appropriating the use of the knowledge contained in it ; or in other words, that the use of the ideas communicated by an author cannot be common to all, unless the right of printing his works is common also.”

Concerning the expediency of confining the right of printing particular books to certain persons, he says—

“ It is apprehended by many, that if there was not any such thing as property in the printing of books, the art of printing would be more beneficial to the public in general, as well as to those who practise the art, or are connected with it, in particular. But the truth is, that the opinion, however popular it may be, is without the least foundation. How would making the right of printing every book common be advantageous to those concerned in printing or manufacturing books, or in book-selling ? Every impression of a work is attended with such great expences, that nothing less than securing the sale of a large number of copies within a certain time can bring back the money expended, with a reasonable allowance for interest and profit. But is this to be effected, if immediately after the impression of a book by one man, all others are to be left at liberty to make and vend impressions of the same work ? A second, by printing with an inferior type, on an inferior paper, is enabled to undersell the printer of the first impression, and defeats him of the benefit of it, either by preventing the sale of it within due time, or perhaps by totally stopping it. The second printer is exposed to the same kind of hostility ; and a third person, by printing in a manner still worse, still more inferior, ruins the second ; a fourth a third ; and so on would it be in progression, till experience of the disadvantages of a rivalry so general would convince all concerned, mediately or immediately, in the trade of printing, that it must be ruinous to carry it on, without an appropriation of copies to secure a reasonable profit on the sale of each impression.

“ Having

"Having thus explained the disadvantages, which would accrue to those concerned in printing, if copies were common, I will now ask, how the making them so could produce the least benefit to the public in general? Would lessening, or rather annihilating, the profits of printing, tend to encourage persons to be adventurers in the trade of printing? Would it make books cheaper? So long indeed as the least legal idea of property in copies remains, most persons will probably hold it both dishonourable and unsafe to pirate editions; and so long only can the few, who now distinguish themselves by trafficking in that way, afford to undersell the real proprietors. Such persons at present enjoy all the fruits of a concurrent property without paying any price for it; and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that they should undersell those who have paid a full and valuable consideration for the purchase of their copies. But if the right of printing books should once be declared common by a judicial opinion; the advantage, which enables particular persons to undersell those who claim the property, would cease; pirating would then become general; and perhaps those, who now practise it, would themselves be sacrifices to their own success in the cause they support. Whilst the question of literary property is in a suspended state, they have the harvest to themselves; but if they should gain their cause, like other Samsons, they would be crushed by the fall of the building they are pulling down."

From these extracts, the merit of this publication will be sufficiently apparent, without any laboured encomium.—*Mon. Rev.*

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The Parthian Exile; a tragedy: As performed several times at Coventry and Worcester. By G. Downing, comedian, 1s. 6d.—*Disapproved. M. R.*

## FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

MARIA to HENRY.

*[With a beautiful Engraving.]*

EXCEPT to thee, the author of my woe,  
Unknown to all the silent tear shall flow.  
In these retreats my life shall waste away,  
The bloom of youth, and beauty's charm,  
decay; [hide,  
These pathless shades this fallen form shall  
So late array'd in all the pomp of pride.

In grandeur's scenes, where pleasure tun'd  
her song,  
The crowd ador'd me as I pass'd along;  
E'en crown-encircled heads have bent the  
knee,

And vainly sued for—what I gave to thee.  
Ah! fall'n from *honour, innocence, and truth*,  
(The blest companions of my early youth)  
Why from MARIA did those guardians rove,  
And leave her open to the wiles of *love*?  
By *love* betray'd I fell an easy prey,  
'Twas *love* that lur'd the honour'd guides  
away.

Shock'd at my fall, to an untimely grave,  
(From which nor tears nor penitence could  
save)

A tender mother drops;—ah! there my heart  
Felt a deep wound, and sinks beneath the  
smart.

This hapless parent of a wretched child,  
In life's last scene with fond affection smil'd;  
Smil'd, while the tear ran trickling down  
her face,

And anxious clasp'd me in a last embrace,  
Then sighing deep,—“Deluded girl!” the  
cry'd,

“Thy mother's blessing shall not be deny'd;  
“For though, too sure, my hopes to see thee  
“blest,

“Ere heav'n had call'd me to eternal rest,  
“Are vanish'd now, a better hope shall rise,  
“We'll meet, my child, where ev'ry sorrow  
“dies.

“Till that blest period I must bid adieu,—  
“Remember that a mother died for you.

“Yet think not that I'm wishing to destroy  
“The calm of peace, the harmless hour of joy;

“So far remember, that the spot of shame  
“May not be deepen'd on your sullied fame;

“So far remember, that if Henry plead,  
“My child may ne'er repeat the guilty deed.

“So far remember, and content I die;  
“May tears of sorrow never damp thine eye;

“For you I've liv'd, and oh! may heav'n's care  
“Preserve thee yet from anguish and despair!

“May virtue, peace, and all their joys be  
“thine, [“mine!”

“—And oh! may heav'n's forgiveness equal

She spake:—she press'd my trembling  
hands, and sigh'd;

Then gave a last, *last* look,—and patient died.  
Soon from that hour I bent my pensive way,

Where silent shades arise, estrang'd from day;  
Alone in these unsocial bounds I rove,

For ever lost to thee, and guilty love.  
And where the rocks hang bending o'er the  
deep,

I haste at silent eve, to sit and weep;  
See the dark cloud with fullen front descend,

While tempests rise that force the trees to  
bend,

Nor e'er attempt to seek a friendly shade,  
Tho' the loud blast sweep whistling round my  
head.

The child that caus'd a parent's tear to flow,  
Should feel the full excess of ev'ry woe;

Nor dare to murmur at almighty pow'r,  
But turn each thought upon life's final hour:

That awful period hastens on its way,  
I feel, I feel each vital pow'r decay;

See death approach, while yet in beauty's  
bloom,

Yet fall resign'd, nor murmur at my doom;

Last night, as on my bed of pain I lay,  
And wept the long and silent hours away,

I heard, or thought I heard, a heav'nly strain,  
The pleasing melody remov'd my pain;

While, robd in white, my mother's form  
descends,

And tow'rd my bed in smiling aspect bends.  
Then with a look which calm'd my beating  
heart,

“Depart, (she cries) each mortal fear depart;  
“From heav'n, where true unsullied bliss I  
“find,

“I'm sent to *calm*, and not *disturb* the mind.  
“Attend the strain which seems convey'd in  
“air, [“there;

“Thy lot is heav'n, and I shall meet thee  
“Attend the strain, for I must haste away  
“To realms of glory and unfading day.”

The vision vanish'd, while a heav'nly sound,  
And beams of radiant light, prevail'd around;

Now from their happy stations, fix'd on high,  
Immortal forms seem'd bursting from the sky;

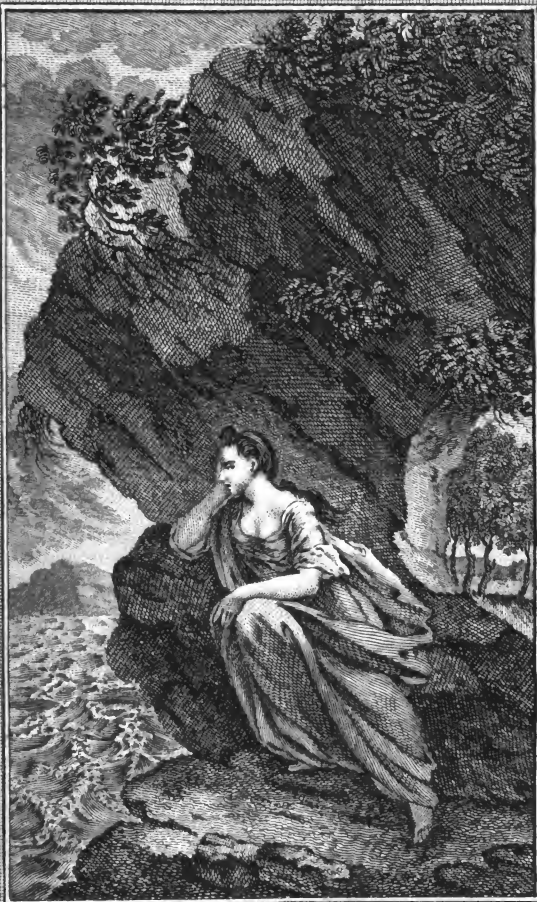
Rang'd in the air their tuneful harps they  
string,

While thus the cherub-host began to sing:  
“Lov'd repentant, cease to weep,  
“Death shall come like gentle sleep,  
“Grief subside, and pain be o'er;

“No



*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*



MARIA.

And where the Rocks hang bending o'er the deep,  
I haste at silent eve, to sit and weep.





"No more to feel his chaf't'ning rod,  
 "Now thy *father*, and thy God,  
 "Calls thee to a happy shore.

"Blessed mourner, come away,  
 "Here a bright unclouded ray  
 "Ever gilds the vaulted skies;  
 "Come, and join the tuneful train,  
 "In a loud and solemn strain,  
 "That to Heav'n's King shall rise."

They ceas'd,—yet left such pleasing hopes  
 behind, [sign'd;  
 That soothe my pain, and make me more re-  
 Now with a real joy, unknown before,  
 I wait the hour that wafts me to the shore,  
 Where endless joys in quick succession reign,  
 Unknown the sting of shame, of guilt the  
 pain.

Oh *Henry*, *Henry*, what's thy joys to mine!  
 Oh! let my hope, and let my heav'n be *thine*!  
 Nor vainly think, when health begins to fail,  
 The pray'r which fear shall prompt will then  
 prevail. [days  
 Ah! no!—the wretch that wafts his early  
 In idle pleasure that too soon decays,  
 Shall find despair attend his latest breath,  
 Without one hope to cheer the hour of death.

Newgate-street,  
 London.

T. B.  
 No Candidate.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.

IF the following may raise its humble head  
 amid superior flowers, in your fair garden,  
 admit it among the lovely tribe, and you'll  
 oblige your truly sincere well-wisher, who  
 (while your Miscellany continues what it  
 is) is determined not to send a line to any  
 other work.—I remain, Sirs,

Your humble servant,

Newgate-Street,  
 London.

T. B.  
 No Candidate.

HENRY to EDWARD.

SAY, *Edward*, where shall *Henry* fly from  
 pain? [shame?

Where thun the searching sting of guilt and  
 Too long by heav'n uncheck'd I've dar'd to  
 rove,

Thro' all the flow'ry paths of guilty love.  
 Now late despair bids ev'ry horror rise,  
 Impending vengeance trembles in the skies.

Ah wretch!—by injur'd heav'n, by earth  
 condemn'd, [bend,

Now bursts the storm, and thou art forc'd to  
 While joyless, hopeless, prostrate on the  
 ground, wound,

This bleeding heart is conscious of the

Ere this, *Maria*'s dead!—from care remov'd,  
 A victim falling to the man she lov'd.

—Yes, *Henry*, robb'd her of a spotless fame,  
 Nor strove to hide,—but triumph'd in her  
 shame.

Sure then above a sadness reign'd o'er all,  
 And weeping angels view'd an angel fall.

Her blood, her fortunes were as great as  
 mine,

Which prov'd a stronger motive to the crime.  
 Proud of the prize, among th' unfeeling gay,  
 I spread her sullied honour to the day.

—Curse on that wretch, who led my early  
 youth

Far, far from honour, honesty, and truth;  
 Who, proud of empty titles, light and vain,  
 With dauntless front would glory in his shame;  
 With whom I hasten'd to the midnight deed,  
 Where some sweet innocent was doom'd to  
 bleed:

Some parent's hope, by art entic'd away,  
 To shame, to death, and cruel men a prey.  
 —Too well you know, by his example won,  
 Your friend, the noble *Harcourt*, was undone!  
 Unhappy youth!—thy hour was quickly past,  
 Thy joys, like mine, were never form'd to last.  
 With deep concern I saw him yield his breath,  
 Unwilling fall beneath the stroke of death:  
 Doom'd at an early age to feel the dart,  
 Which fell disease had planted at his heart.  
 Past were those scenes of revelry and noise,  
 Where guilt prevail'd and pleasure's fleeting  
 joys;

No more for him intemperance held her bowl,  
 That drowns each nobler purpose of the soul;  
 No more, *Amelia*, lately ruin'd fair!

Shall yield her charms that he may riot there.  
 Not yet seventeen, she now, alas! must rove  
 Thro' wretched scenes of variegated love;  
 No friendly hand to lead her from the road,  
 That tempts the wand'rer far from heav'n  
 and God:

Soon must her breast be harrow'd by despair,  
 For ever lodg'd a wretched inmate there.  
 When palid sickness o'er her form shall prey,  
 And cause each lovely tint to fade away,  
 Denied a parent's tear, uncheer'd must lie,  
 Bend her fine form, and disregarded die.

In vain! for crimes like these the tear shall  
 flow,

The pangs they give no interval can know;  
 For ever o'er the past, remembrance strays,  
 And former scenes of guilt again portrays.

Oh! well my heart recalls the fatal day  
 When lov'd *Maria* wander'd far away;  
 While the poor wretch that at her mansion  
 fed, bread;  
 Approach'd the gate, but mis'd his daily  
 Then sighing deep, he rais'd his weeping eyes,  
 Imploring heav'n to guide where'er she flies.  
 Where now, he cries, shall want's sad chil-  
 dren go?

Where find relief from poverty and woe?  
 Who now from cold and hunger shall defend?  
 Since she is gone, that prov'd our ready friend.

'Twas then severe reflection forc'd its way,  
 And deep despair had mark'd me for a prey:  
 You, *Edward*, oft have heard me curse the  
 That gave *Maria* to my cruel pow'r. [hour,  
 —A parent hurried to an early tomb;  
 A virgin ruin'd, ere she reach'd her bloom;—  
 Call'd

Call'd loud, that Justice from her throne  
might hear,  
And force the author of th' wrongs to fear.  
In vain you tried, by ev'ry friendly aid,  
To draw my footsteps from the dreary shade;  
And while you strove to raise me from the  
ground,

The bird of constant love flew wheeling round:  
Surpriz'd you took the letter which it bore,  
For me directed, from a distant shore;  
I snatch'd it quick, by some sad instinct led,  
And poor Maria's fatal story read.—  
Oh! how I dwelt upon the tale of woe,—  
Yet still was lost, I knew not where to go.  
Just heav'n! I cried, and must she yield her  
breath,

Alone, and helpless at the hour of death.  
Forbid it, oh thou pow'r, that rules above,  
Look down with pity, and each pang remove.  
For nine long months has thy poor servant  
stray'd

In nature's rudest plains, and wildest shade.  
Oh! lead her back to these her fields again,  
And pour thy pow'rful balm o'er ev'ry pain:  
But if thy will ordains she there must die,  
Oh! lead my steps to meet her closing eye;  
Permit me to fulfil a last desire,  
And arm in arm with the dear saint expire.  
—In vain!—offended heaven turn'd aside,  
My prayer rejected, and my wish denied:

—Oh! could I find that rock which o'er the  
deep, [weep;  
Bends its proud head, where she retir'd to  
Gain its high summit, only to behold  
Her lovely form, now lifeless, pale, and cold;  
O'er the last dear remains I'd weeping lay,  
To storms expos'd, to ev'ry blast a prey;  
Then in my arms I'd bear it to the shade,  
And ev'ry rite shou'd there be duly paid;  
With aching heart these hands shou'd form a  
bed, [dead;  
Tear the hard earth, and place the honour'd  
O'er the new grave, while darkness hemm'd  
me round,  
I'd pass the night, extended on the ground;  
In that lone spot my life shou'd waste away,  
'Till weary nature felt her last decay;  
There ponder o'er the scenes for ever fled,  
'Till earth receiv'd me to its friendly bed.

—In vain! in vain these heart-felt wishes  
rise,

No more her form shall meet these weeping  
eyes!

—Yet heav'n has fixt a time,—an awful hour,  
When earth, and sea, and skies shall feel its  
power;

Then the loud trump, that calls the quick  
and dead,

Shall raise Maria from her unknown bed.—  
There rests my hope!—her form again shall  
rise,

Again shall bloom in the eternal skies:  
And ah! in penitence, and heart-felt pray'r,  
May rise to heav'n, and find admittance there,

Peace, tho' long fled, may yet return again,  
Its healing balm may yet relieve my pain:  
Eternal hopes may wait my parting breath,  
Chear life's last hour, and pluck the sting of  
death.

\*\*\*\*\*

On the Death of THOMAS POWYS, Esq; of  
Hardwick in Shropshire.

Addressed to his L. A. D. Y.

THINK not, *Narcissa*, we have hearts  
of stone,  
We catch your sighs, and echo groan for  
groan!

But what, alas! is all created art,  
To sooth the anguish of a bleeding heart!  
From richer streams the healing balm must  
flow,

By Faith distill'd into the breast of woe.  
The cause, we grant, whence your affliction  
springs,

Is such as touches Nature's *nice* strings;  
Tears the fine fibres of the soul in twain,  
And proves the system of the *Stoic* vain:  
E'en Faith reverb'rates, at the deep-felt  
wound,

And all the *Cbristian*'s in the *Lower* drown'd.  
But here, ah! here, how shall my numbers  
paint,

The living *Husband*—or the dying *Saint*?  
How draw the picture, as it strikes my view,  
In colours deep?—but deeper still to you!  
Tho' vain the task—and here I droop behind,  
The rising *image* stands before your mind.

For oh! He was—(and heav'n confirms  
the page)

Too bright a star for this degen'rate age!  
Too ripe for bliss, to stay beneath those skies,  
Where pleasure sickens, and where comfort  
dies;

Where Hope's gay pinions are no sooner  
spread,

But some fell foe lays the poor flutt'ring dead.  
And lo! in mercy, and in boundless grace,  
Jesus transports him to the realms of peace:  
In one short moment bids his cares remove,  
And opens wide the visions of his love:  
Gives him to drink at those celestial streams,  
Which wrapt the prophets in extatic dreams;  
To range the fields, where breathe immortal  
gales,

And whispering spirits tell their new-born  
tales;

To gaze eternal on those rays divine,  
Which round the *Godhead* and the *Manhood*  
shine.

Yet still, methinks, with pity in his eye,  
One tender glance be throws beneath the sky;  
Marks all your anguish, bids your care subside,  
Which soon shall sink in *Jordan's* friendly  
tide;

That stream whose waves shall land you on  
a shore,

Where adverse storms shall never part you  
more.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

## TO BEAUTY.

AN Irregular ODE.

**H**ARK! what mean those dire alarms?  
Methinks I hear the brazen sound of arms.

Ah! see where *Turk* and *Rusi* the conflict wage;  
See where the *Danube*, swollen with thousands slain,

The hapless victims of *Bellona's* rage,  
Rolls on his troubled streams more furious to the main.

—Enough—and leave the rueful sight;  
Let *Fancy* check her wandering flight:  
Shock'd at the scene, in wild dismay,  
My tim'rous Muse intreats thy stay.

Fly from hell-born discord far,  
From noise of camps, and din of war,  
From armed hosts, and plains embro'd with gore, [cannon's roar.  
Far from the trumpet's bray, and the loud

Thro' different scenes we'll rove,  
Scenes of beauty, scenes of love;  
Here my first-fruits at *Beauty's* shrine I'll pay:  
For her I wake the lyre,

For her I tune the humble lay:—  
Oh! wou'd some heav'nly pow'r my breast inspire,

With warmth divine my bosom fire,  
Then shou'd each line with gentle ardour glow, [subject flow.  
My numbers soft and smooth shou'd like my

Hail! *Beauty's Queen!* of potentates supreme,  
That ever stretch'd their ample sway!

No clime, nor distant shore,  
Can bound thy vast, thy universal pow'r:  
The harden'd heart, the stubborn knee,  
Bend in lowliness to thee;

See the rough sons of Mars obey;  
Full oft 'midst blood they catch the flame,  
And list on thy side, desert the trade of arms:

Deeply immers'd in learned toils and cares,  
The studious sage a moment spares,  
Though systems lay half-form'd, to gaze upon thy charms.

Sound to *BEAUTY*, sound the strain,  
Who once in *Paphos* held her blissful reign;  
From thence she rul'd the nations round,  
The willing world the *Paphian* goddess own'd.

Oh! happy isle! (as poets sing)  
To visit thee she left the bright abodes,  
The nectar'd feast, and converse of the gods.  
—What sudden splendors, from yon op'ning skies,

Flash upon my ravish'd eyes.—  
Ah! how divinely fair! 'tis she, 'tis she;  
Lo! thro' the smooth expanse she glides,  
Around her hovering on the wing  
A thousand little loves in wanton glee:  
And lo! thro' yielding air,  
Drawn by doves, who soft and fair  
As their gentle mistresses are,  
To earth her iv'ry car in triumph guides,

Sing what millions round her throne  
(For here below by proxy still she reigns)

Sigh out, in piteous moan,  
The pangs they feel from *Cupid's* wound,  
Yet as by strong enchantment bound,  
With fondness feed their woes, and smile  
beneath their chains.

With more than *Syren* arts,  
With spells, that magic's self can charm,  
And the stern tyrant's brow of all its rage  
disarm,

She wins, she captivates our hearts:  
Yes—savage tempers have confess'd her pow'r,  
To infant softness chang'd, they thirst for  
blood no more.

Of all the treasure'd stores of *Nature's* god,  
Of ev'ry gift his bounty hath bestow'd,

The choicest, rarest blessing,  
The beauteous fair one lives possessing.  
Females were sure the fav'rites of heav'n,  
To whom this quality divine was giv'n;  
Yet the usurper *Man*, with vain pretended  
claim,

As vicar-lord on earth, will reign supreme.  
'Tis true, he boasts a fortitude of soul,  
A fearless brav'ry in th' imbattled field;

But *Beauty* needs nor sword, nor shield,  
Who can with softness arm'd her fiercest foes  
controul.

Her eyes alone can peace or war declare;  
There peaceful sweets are stor'd, there ma-  
gazines of war;

Legions of loves there ambush'd lie;  
*Cupid* arm'd with darts and flames,  
There his am'rous mischief aims;  
*Cupid* there lights his torch, his shafts in  
glances flie.

Sound to *BEAUTY*, sound the strain;  
In ev'ry breast may love and beauty reign.  
If e'er, (which heav'n avert) to her and love,  
This heart of mine rebellious prove;

If e'er the faithless lyre  
Forget to sound her sov'reign praise,  
In sweet melodious airs,  
Such as love and soft desire,  
Such as beauty's charms inspire,  
Whene'er to rapt'rous bliss th' entranced  
soul they raise;

O'er my poor devoted head,  
His sable wings may drowsy dullness spread.  
Tho' oft, to aid my song,  
I call on *Phoebus* and the tuneful throng,  
May *Phoebus* and the nine be deaf to all my  
pray'rs.

We must, we will her pow'r obey,  
The muse to *Beauty* shall her homage pay!

\*\*\*\*\*

## E P I T A P H

In Easthampstead Church-Yard, Berks, to the  
memory of *Mary* the daughter of *Edward* and  
*Mary Cotterell*, who died in her 15th year.

**N**YMPH, over thee, so good, tho' young,  
Each bosom heaves a sigh,  
Applauses flow from every tongue,  
And tears from every eye.

D d

The

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The TRUE PORTRAIT OF  
THE ESSENCE OF VIRTUE.

IN Man, too oft, a well-dissembled part;  
A self-denying pride in Woman's heart;  
In synods faith; and, in the fields of fame,  
Valour usurps fair Virtue's sacred name.  
Who'er their sense of virtue would express,  
'Tis still by something they themselves possess.  
Hence youth, good humour, frugal craft,  
old-age;

Warm politicians term it party rage;  
True churchmen, zeal right orthodox; and  
hence,

Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;  
To Constancy alone fond lovers join it,  
And maids unask'd to Chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will?  
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?  
Yes; would we search for what we were  
design'd, [kind;  
And for what end sh' Almighty form'd man—  
A rule of life unerring we should see,—  
For to pursue that end, must virtue be.

Then what is that?—Not want of power,  
or fame;

Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name;  
But a chain his blessings to diffuse,  
And fear lest millions should existence lose;  
His goodness only could his pow'r employ,  
And an eternal war to propagate his joy.

Hence souls and sense, diffus'd through  
ev'ry place,

Make happiness as infinite as space;  
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,  
Orbs roll on orbs, and glow with mutual  
rays; [art,

Each is a world, where, form'd with wond'rous  
Unnumber'd species live through every part:  
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies,  
Myriads of creatures still successive rise;  
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,  
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;  
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,  
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell;  
All form'd with proper faculties to share  
The daily benefits of their maker's care:  
The great creator from his heavenly throne,  
Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks  
down.

And his eternal law is only this,—  
That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature to plain this primal law displays,  
Each living creature sees it, and obeys;  
Each, form'd for all, promotes through pri-  
vate care

The public good, and justly tastes its share.  
All understand their great creator's will,  
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill;  
Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,  
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride;  
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,  
Delights in others' woe, and courts his own;  
Racks and destroys, with tort'ring steel and  
flame,

For luxury brutes, and man himself for same;  
Sets superstition high on virtue's throne,  
Then thinks his maker's temper like his own;  
Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,  
As if he could atone for crimes by more—

New easy is our yoke! how light our load!  
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God;  
For his own sake no duty he can ask,  
The common welfare is our only task;  
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,  
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and lust,  
With ev'ry act injurious to our own.  
Or other's good,—for such are crimes alone;  
For this are peace, love, charity enjoind,  
With all that can secure and bless mankind.  
Thus is the public safety virtue's cause,  
And happiness the end of all her laws;  
For such by nature is the human frame,  
Our duty and our interest are the same.

God, forming by degrees to bless mankind,  
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,  
Where, for awhile, his fond paternal arm  
Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear:  
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell, dispense  
delight,

Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;  
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs, to us their spoils  
reign,

Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine;  
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give  
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live:  
Seasons but change new pleasures to produce,  
And elements contend to serve our use:  
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring  
wings, [kings,

The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and  
All that our reverence, joy, or hope create,  
Are the gay play-things of this infant state.  
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,  
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;  
Or, if some stripes from providence we feel,  
He strikes with pity, and true wounds to heal,  
Kindly, perhaps sometimes afflict us here,  
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,  
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,  
And wean us from delights that cannot last.  
Our present good the easy taste is made;  
To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade;  
For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,  
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy:  
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,  
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;  
Wast us to regions of eternal peace,  
Where bliss and virtue grow with like in-  
crease;

From strength to strength our souls for ever  
guide

Through wond'rous scenes of being yet un-  
try'd, [grow,  
Where in each stage we shall more perfect  
And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh! would mankind but make these truths  
their guide,

And force the helm from prejudice and pride;  
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's  
our friend,

Virtue our good, and happiness our end,

How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,  
And error, fraud, and superstition fail.

No more applause would on ambition wait,  
And laying waste the world be counted great;  
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,  
Than armies overthrow'n, and thousands slain;  
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,  
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;  
Our own and other's good each hour employ,  
And all things smile with universal joy;  
Virtue, with happiness her consort join'd,  
Would regulate and bless each human mind,  
And man be what his maker first design'd.

\*\*\*\*\*  
*The Vicissitude and Vanity of all sublunary  
Enjoyments.*

WHAT is this fleeting life of Man?—

The scanty measure of a span,  
A bubble, or a dream;  
With sharp corroding cares perplex,  
To sin and death itself annex—  
Ah!—melancholy theme!

Behold the infant on the breast,  
His little peevish soul oppress'd  
With grief and empty fears.  
We read his passion in his eyes;  
He spends his breath in sobs and cries,  
And bathes himself in tears.

Few years revolv'd, he's sent to school,  
Where taught to think and live by rule,  
What discontent he bears!  
Whilst book and pen his time employ,  
There's none so wretched as a boy,  
Nor so involv'd in cares.

Anon, extravagant desires,  
Tumultuous thoughts, and am'rous fires,  
Within his bosom rage;  
These reason long assays to tame,  
By dread of pain, and want, and shame,  
And tedious wars they wage.

But time, at length, like fate prevails,  
Tho' Reason, Jove's great daughter, fails,  
And life grows more sedate;  
What once he made the total sum  
Of all delight, is now become  
The object of his hate.

Now happiness is drawn from gold,  
And in the shining lists enroll'd,  
Of honour, wealth, and fame;  
For this he toils, for this his days  
Are spent; by this he hopes to raise  
A grand immortal name.

But gold has wings, and will not stay,  
Man would pursue, but feels decay  
The fond pursuit restrain:  
And now beneath the hand of death  
He sinks, and yields, with grief, his breath,  
Which yet he drew in vain.

He, he alone can life possess,  
Whom smiling HOPE shall deign to bless,  
Fair daughter of the skies!  
A friend to Virtue's friends alone,  
The worlds above are all her own,  
And there enjoyment lies.

*To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.*

S I R,

I send you the following manuscript, which I found amongst some old papers, as a curiosity well deserving a publication in the Monthly Miscellany. It is not altogether uninteresting at present, tho' written so long ago as the Protectorate of Cromwell, and is usher'd in with the following preface expressing the occasion of it, viz.

To my Grandmother *Sturges*, who erected a little closet to hide her common-prayer-book in, to secure it from the Roundheads, with which she acquainted a learned Divine, who sent her these verses in his exile, with a common-prayer-book in a black velvet cover.

SINCE it has pleas'd our wife and newborn state,  
The common-pray'r-book t' excommunicate  
To turn it out of all, as if it were  
Some grand malignant, or some cavalier;  
Since in our churches 'tis by them forbid,  
To say such pray'rs as our forefathers did,  
So that God's house must now be call'd no more

The house of pray'r, as ever call'd before,  
As if those christians were resolv'd to stir  
That house as ill as ever did the Jews;  
Since that of Christ may now of pray'r be said,  
"It wants a place whereon to lay its head!"  
I cannot chuse but think it pleas'd care  
To build your closet for distressful pray'r,  
Which here, in mourning clad, presents itself,  
Begging some vacant corner of your self;  
For since now banish'd from the public view,  
'Tis rarely own'd, and entertain'd by few  
How times and men are chang'd! Who  
would have thought

To've seen the service book thus set at naught!  
A book worth gold, if rightly understood,  
Compos'd by martyrs, and its seal their blood;  
Once burn'd by papists merciless, because  
It was repugnant to their popish laws;  
Now by our zealots 'tis condemn'd to die,  
Because (forsooth!) 'tis full of popery;  
And thus we see the golden mean desy'd,  
And thus 'twixt two extremes 'tis crucified:  
But 'tis no wonder; we see stranger things,  
Kings must be subjects now, and subjects  
Kings;

The meaner sort of men have all the pow'r,  
The upper end is now beneath the low'r,  
The head beneath the feet; these wear the crown;

Who would n't think the world turn'd upside down?

Learning must now give place to ignorance,  
So must a statute to an ordinance,  
Religion to prophaneity and vain glory,  
The common-pray'r-book to the directory:  
All things are out of order, and I fear  
Are like to be, till we be as we were,  
Till bishops shall return to end the stir  
'Twixt independant and the presbyter,  
Till Kings be Kings, and till at length we see  
The church enjoy her ancient liturgy,

D d s

"Till

'Till loyalty be had in more regard,  
And till rebellion meet its just reward :  
And, that these things may be, we'll not  
despair ;  
All this, and more, may be obtain'd by pray'r.

\*\*\*\*\*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

### KITTY. AN ELEGY.

ATTEND, ye nymphs, whose softer  
bosoms know

But, to be constant, as the turtle-dove;  
Pity the heart from whence these sorrows flow,  
A heart, once happy in its Kitty's love:

How sweetly pass'd the hours when she  
was near,

Unknown the happiness which warm'd  
my breast;

Where she would hide herself from every fear,  
And in my arms bid care and sorrow rest.

Reclining there she'd listen to the tale  
Which artless love, and homely Damon told;

Her Damon thought his truth would sure  
prevail; [fold.

When blushes spoke what she durst not un-  
When from her lips such winning words  
would flow,

And from her eyes such love-fraught  
glances steal;

On them, I fix'd each wish'd-for bliss below,  
And felt the pleasure, conscious truth  
doth feel.

How oft has she, with heart-oppressive sighs,  
Strove to alleviate, what she could not cure:

Care, in the path of life that lurking lies,  
And sorrows, men are destin'd to endure.

Oft have we tript it o'er the flow'ry fields,  
Oft wander'd in the abbey's cloister'd ile;

Without her now the plain no pleasure yields,  
Those illes are darksome, robb'd of Kitty's  
smile.

For e'en to me th' enliv'ning smile's denied,  
And giv'n to one, alas! to one more gay:

—Would from this sad frail clay the breath  
would glide,

For R\*\*\*\*nd's ta'en its very soul away,  
He with the flatt'ring tongue of guileful youth

To gain my Kitty's heart has fondly strove,  
And would seduce her innocence and truth:

—Villain forbear—she is—she is my love,  
But ah! too sure, with his prevalent art,

He gains, oh! heav'ns! his utmost wish  
he gains;

Tears her for ever from her Damon's heart,  
And, to compass his guilt, her virtue stains!

Oh! could my Kitty, still I call her mine,  
'Tis to my pen a fond familiar phrase;

Could the so easily her truth resign,  
With love of gold, her better love erase:

For thee I every wealthier fair despis'd,  
Each woman's charms, but thine alone,

withstood,  
Above or gold, or beauty's lure, I priz'd

The heart I once believ'd divinely good,

Heav'ns! doth that heart, which only virtue  
knew;

Revel with R\*\*\*\*nds in the soft delight;  
Lose its bright honour in the public stew,

In sleep the day, in lawless love the night!  
It does,—It does: And e'en the faithless she

Wantonly told me of her guilty joys;  
Boasted the happiness, of being free

From the dull chain, which roving love  
annoys.

Now in her gawdy silken pride she treads  
The paths of vice and wiles of loose desire;

Regardless of the tears her Damon sheds  
To ease his bosom's unrelenting fire.

His breast deprived of each consoling thought,  
Here bids adieu to heart-enliv'ning mirth:

His mind for ever is with sorrow fraught,  
"For heav'n hath lost its image here on earth."

Soho, Sept. 19, 1774. R. I. T.

\*\*\*\*\*

To SYLVIA, with a Nosegay.

HENCE, my Sylvia, learn to prove  
The joys and bliss of youthful love;

Observe this nosegay's sweet perfume,  
Each flower in it's brightest bloom,

What odours from it's smell arise?  
What lively tints delight the eyes?

But should you keep it till the e'en,  
What piteous changes will be seen?

No rapt'rous fragrance will 't dispense,  
No rosy hues to cheer the sense;

Wither'd, worthless, scorn'd 'twill lie,  
Offensive to the nose and eye:

Meet emblem this of human fate!  
How short, precarious, is our state!

Unless we seize the present hour,  
Pleasure flies beyond our power;

Each tender, high, extatick bliss,  
The expressive squeeze, the kindling kiss,

That which no language can display,  
When youth's no more, will die away.

Learn then, my fair, be timely wife,  
Nor life's best joys with frowns despise;

Whilst nature youthful charms bestows,  
Haste to pluck sweet pleasure's rose;

With soft, kind, tender wishes glow,  
And learn what joys from wedlock flow.

S. P.

\*\*\*\*\*

### AN ELEGY.

IN vain reflection does my breast assail,  
In vain cool sober thoughts forbid to love,

More soft ideas o'er my soul prevail,  
And strong sensations those ideas move.

What mighty bliss from solitude can spring,  
What rapturous joys in deserts wait and

Tho' nature revell'd in eternal spring, [wild,  
And ev'ry breeze was fragrant, bland, and

mild?

What too can dull society bestow,  
When only common ties enchain the mind?

Some softer band the human heart should  
know,

Some dear connexion of a tenderer kind.

Here LOVE assists, and with propitious smile  
Bids us to Woman, nature's pride, repair,  
With her, oppressive sorrow to beguile,  
With her indulging, lose each anxious care,  
Yield then, my soul, to love's superior pow'r,  
Of beauteous woman own the pleasing sway,  
Whilst gentle Sylvia smiles the happy hour,  
Whilst vigorous youth and nature bids be gay.

S. P.

\*\*\*\*\*

### The WARY DAMSEL.

CELIA, the beauteous shining fair,  
(Of all the youthful swains the care!)  
Ador'd by all, by all address'd,  
Had charms unparallel'd confest'd,  
Decius, tho' far advanc'd in years,  
Amidst the crowd of youths appears;  
Fancies a coach and equipage  
May balance all decays by age;  
He judges riches claim respect,  
Where youthful airs can naught effect;  
Proposes large demesnes t' entail,  
(A bait that seldom us'd to fail),  
"And why so coy? enchanting fair!  
"Can't these proposals reach your ear?"  
"This treasur'd hoard—accept—and this,  
"As earnest of our future bliss.  
"At balls and plays you shall out-shine  
"All your whole sex, if you'll be mine.  
"Make way; why, fellow, stand you there!  
"Are Lady Decius' servants there?"  
"The women's envy you'll be then,  
"And admiration of the men!"  
Celia attentive, all he said  
Had heard, and, like a cautious maid,  
Th'roughly the bliss propos'd traces;  
Against her gains her losses places.  
"Honour has charms our sex to move:  
"But where is the endearment love;  
"Wealth, it is true, affords some pleasure:  
"But where is rich content, that treasure?"  
Thus having canvass'd things, and weigh'd  
In even-balance all, the maid  
Wisely resolv'd her choice to fix  
On Thyrsis, not a coach and six!

The flame, she judg'd, must soon expire  
Whose only fuel is false fire.

Southampton.

E. W.

\*\*\*\*\*

### EPIGRAMS.

—Xantippe loquitur.—

NAY, prythee, dear Thomas, never rave  
thus and curse, [worse:  
Remembering you took me for better for  
I know it, quoth Thomas; but then, ma-  
dam, look you, [I took you.  
You prove on the trial—much worse than

EATING a mity cheese, elate with pride,  
"I, Samson-like, slay thousands," Dam-  
mon cry'd;  
To him Melites quick reply'd, "'Tis true,  
"And the same weapon serv'd both him and  
you."

On a young Lady who encouraged two Lovers,  
and was disappointed of both.

PATTY, new vers'd in every art  
To conquer and subdue,  
Can't now command a single heart,  
Who us'd to boast of two.  
Presumptuous maid! no more presume  
To triumph in thy pride;  
Submit with patience to thy doom,  
Thou ne'er wilt be a bride.  
Southampton.

M. G.

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### A S O N G.

CRIES Damon, teaz'd by dearest life,  
To trudge to Vauxhall with her,  
"If song from hell could fetch a wife,  
"Why can't it send one thither?"  
"But if, alas! to Pluto's cell  
"By music none are driven,  
"Say, Handel, is there not a spell  
"Can send her soul to heaven?"  
"Come, then, some sweet entrancing strain,  
"To native skies restore her,  
"That when to angel turn'd again,  
"I may again adore her."

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### EX TEMPORE,

On seeing a Lady weep at reading CLARISSA.

IF from the fictitious tender tale,  
The generous tear oft falls,  
What wounds that gentle heart must feel,  
When truth for pity falls.  
Should disappointment goad our breast,  
Or ills which life endures,  
Happy the man, whom heaven has blest  
With sympathy like yours.

### INSCRIPTION

On the Monument of Sir John Newdigate,  
buried in Harefield Church. 1610.

HERE wisdoms jewel, knighthoods  
flower,  
Cropt off in prime and youthful hower,  
Religion, meekness, faithful love,  
Which any hart might inly move;  
These ever liv'd in this knight's breast,  
Dead in his death with him doth rest:  
So that the marble selfe doth weepe  
To thinke on that which it doth keepe.  
Weep then whoe'er this stone doth see,  
Unless more hard than stone thou bee.

To Lady TOWNSHEND, and her two beauteous  
Sisters, the Miss MONTGOMERIES, called  
the IRISH GRACES.

THREE Graces in the early ages born,  
Did first the earth, and then the heav'ns  
adorn;  
The force of Nature could no further rise,  
'Till Ireland gave her three Montgomeries,  
With fairer faces, and with brighter eyes.

[Westm. Mag.]

The



## The FASHIONABLE DRESS for OCTOBER.

**L**ADIES in FULL DRESS wear their Hair much higher than for some time, and very wide at the Top, with small Flies and short Lappets, or no Lappets at all.—Silks, with small brocaded Sprigs, small Hoops, Gauze or Blend Trimmings, with no Flourishes to the Coats, only trim'd to match the sides, and ornamented with coloured Tassels, and Rows of Ribbon;—Work'd Shoes, with small Rose Buckles.

**UNDRESS**, the Cloaks rather longer, and the Hats larger, than have been worn all the Summer.—Slight Silk Brunswick Dresses and short Gauze Aprons, or Night Gowns with round puckered Cuffs, and double Robings.—Coloured Slippers, with small Roses.

## Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn, Stocks, &amp;c.

## MARRIAGES.

**O**WEN Putland Meyrick, Esq; High Sheriff of Anglesea, to Miss Clara Garth, daughter of Rd. Garth, Esq; of Mordon in Surry.

The Rev. Edward Owen, of Tottenham-Court Road, to Miss Ann Hardwick, of Albemarle-street.

Rev. Mr. Hugh Ladrents, rector of Doverdale, to Miss Farley, of Worcester.

Rev. Mr. King, rector of Mariton, to Mrs. Gold, a widow lady of Windsor.

At Corke, Richard Meade, Esq; to the Hon. Miss De Courcy, daughter of Lord Kinsale.

James Wellington, Esq; of Wilcott, Oxon, to Miss Stephens of Keacott, near Burford.

Thomas Gery Cullum, Esq; an eminent surgeon at Bury St. Edmund's, and Bath King at Arms, to Miss Hanson.

\*\*\*\*Purney, Esq; to Miss Robinson, only daughter of Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart.

Mr. Falconer, an eminent surgeon, to Miss Hewson, both of the Strand.

Mr. Jacob Glover, linen-draper, of Reading, to Miss Pottinger, of Newbury.

At Edinburgh, Col. David Hepburn, to Miss Graham, of Lamside.

The Rev. Mr. Lafargue, of Stamford, to Miss Eliz. Torkington, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Torkington, and niece to the Earl of Harborough.

William Marwood, Esq; to Miss Goulton, daughter of Christopher Goulton, Esq; of Walcot in Lincolnshire.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart, fellow of Magdalen-college, Oxford, to Miss Wallin, only daughter and heiress of Richard Wallin, Esq; of Jamaica.

At Bristol, Capt. John Ferquharson, to Mrs. Perkins, widow of the late Capt. Perkins.

Mr. Christopher Marchant, attorney, of Bristol, to Miss Jenkins, of Shirehampton.

Capt. Lyon, of the 25th regiment of foot, to Miss Hamilton, of Chatham.

At Leicester, Mr. Brook, hofier, to Miss Sutton, daughter to Mr. Alderman Sutton.

Charles Tyrrel Morgan, Esq; to Miss Raymond, of Fairford.

Richard Reves, of Rewell in Gloucestershire, Esq; to Miss Southwell, of Ashley in Worcestershire.

William Hammond, Esq; of Charles-street, Berkley-square, to Miss Elizabeth Partridge, of Curzon-street.

John Corbet, Esq; of Sundorn, to Miss Emma Leighton, second daughter of Sir Charlton Leighton, Bart.

Capt. Gape, of the twelfth regiment of foot, to Miss Pleydell, of Sitterton, Dorset.

Mr. Hallett, ironmonger, of Bath, to Miss Mary Raymond, of Milbourn-port.

Thomas Hecker, Esq; of Sherston-park, near Litchfield, to Miss Bullock, of Walsall.

Mr. Newnam, surgeon, of Cardigan, to Miss Jones, of Lanina.

Mr. William Pollard, of London, merchant, to Miss Silvester, of Reading.

George Dempster, Esq; to Miss Rose Hamming, of Warwickshire.

Rev. Mr. Bird, to Miss Dethwood, of Sturminster, Dorset.

Francis Sykes, Esq; member for Shaftesbury, to the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Monckton, daughter to the late and sister to the present Lord Galway.

Peter Golder, Esq; of Taunton, aged 57, to Miss Alicia Vere, daughter of \*\*\*\* Vere, Esq; of Breamley in Middlesex, aged 16.

Rev. Mr. John Brutton, rector of North-hill, Devon, to Miss Elizabeth Leggaficks, of Modbury.

Mr. John Symons, surgeon, and one of the common-council of Bath, to Miss James, daughter of Mr. James, a very eminent hofier, of London.

## DIED.

Miss Lucy Carver, daughter of Mr. Carver, at Bethnal-green. Her death was occasioned by the swallowing of a pin.

Suddenly, Mr. William Palmer, comedian: He had just before been at the rehearsal at Foote's theatre.

At his seat at Cole-park, near Malmsbury, Wilts, Haudey Harvey, Esq.

Dr. Hall, rector of Bocking and Southchurch, At Highfield in Shropshire, Mrs. Peshall,

the only daughter of Sir Thomas Peshall, Bart. and sister of Sir John Peshall, Bart. of Oxford; to whom devolves her elegant seat, with a considerable estate.

Thomas Caldecot, Esq; deputy recorder of Northampton.

At Edinburgh, Robert Keith, Esq; late his Majesty's envoy extraordinary at the Court of Petersburg.

Mr. James, goldsmith, of Gloucester.

**Postgrins Bee, Esq.** near Kingston in Surrey: He was one of the members of the first Parliament when King George the first came to the Throne.

**Mrs. Anna Clieve,** a maiden lady, well known for her researches in natural philosophy.

**Dagen,** who had two of his ribs broke in a battle at Waltham-Abbey a few days since.

**At Stockport in Cheshire, Dr. Edmund Wat-son,** physician.

**Mr. Abraham Langford, senior,** of the Great Piazza, Covent-Garden.

**Patrick O'Hara, Esq.** an admiral on half pay.

**Sir Charles Calder, Bart.** at Baywater-house. Aged 72, **James Lidderdale, Esq.** formerly collector of the excise at Aberdeen and Kelkin.

**Of a paralytic stroke,** at Hardwick in Shropshire, **Tho. Powys, Esq.** by whose death Berwick estate devolves to **Thomas Powys, Esq.** of Shrewsbury.

**Mrs. Machin,** sister to the late Countess of Abingdon.

**Miss Aubrey,** only daughter of **Sir Thomas Aubrey, Bart.** of Lantrithyd in Glamorganshire.

**Rev. Charles Hall, D. D.** late fellow of Corpus Christi, Oxford.

**Rev. Mr. Nash,** vicar of Sutton Courtney in Berks, late of Jesus college, Oxford.

**Mr. Francis Barnard,** master of the blue-coat charity school, at Reading.

**Mr. Richard Goss,** of Winchester; whose death was occasioned by his foot slipping on the stairs as he was going up to bed the preceding evening, by which accident he fell down and fractured his skull.

**At Dudmaston, near Bridgnorth,** in his 98th year, **Thomas Weld, Esq.** formerly lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of foot.

**Robert Marshall, Esq.** formerly one of the Judges of the court of common pleas, in Ireland.

**Mrs. Wells,** wife of **Mr. Wells,** surgeon of Bristol.

**At Bristol Hotwells,** after a lingering illness, **Miss Elizabeth Battens.**

**At Bristol, Mrs. Dymock,** wife of **Mr. Dymock,** merchant, and sister to the late **Dr. Randolph,** physician.

**Suddenly, Mr. Partridge,** an eminent jeweller, of Aldersgate-street.

**At Newton near Durham,** aged 95, **Mrs. Liddell,** mother of **Lord Ravensworth.**

**At Bicester in Oxfordshire, Mr. Hicks,** surgeon and apothecary.

**Col. John Flood,** of Floodhall in Ireland, brother to the late Lord Chief Justice.

**Mrs. Adams,** relict of **Humphry Adams, Esq.** and daughter of the late **Dr. Cranmer,** of Kingston on Thames, and last of that family.

**Richard Oliver Groome, Esq.** formerly one of the deputy accountants in the treasury-office.

**Aged 74; Mr. Tottell,** many years keeper of the Auditors Office, in Lincoln's Inn.

**At Carmarthen, the Right Hon. and Rev. Wm. Graham, Lord Viscount Preston;** a nobleman who severely experienced many trying vicissitudes of fortune. His Lady was brought to bed about nine days ago of the seventh child, who are now all living, and the eldest not twelve years old.

**In an advanced age, Mungo Campbell, Esq.** of Monzie.

**In his 69th year, at his seat at Hill-house, in Gloucestershire, Sir Onesiphorus Paul, Bart.** Suddenly, the **Rev. John Sanford,** rector of Monckton in Somerset, and prebend of the church of Wells.

**Rev. Mr. Denny,** rector of Inwardleigh, near Okehampton, Devon.

**Mrs. Hart,** sister to **William Hart, Esq.** of Stapleton, Gloucestershire.

**Mrs. Hayward,** wife of **Mr. Hayward,** pumper, of Bath.

**Mrs. Coles,** (the relict of **John Coles,** gent., attorney at law) of Bishop's-Lydeard in Somerset.

**At Thornford, near Sherborne,** in her 105th year, **Mary King;** who enjoyed a good state of health till within a short time of her death.

**Samuel Rush, Esq.** of Streetly; one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Berkshire.

**Mrs. Wake,** wife of **Mr. Wake,** apothecary, of Bath.

**At Wizland in Devonshire, Mr. Samuel Vinnerd,** formerly a purser in the royal navy. One **Thomas Colton;** a carpenter, who made his coffin, and carried it home, on returning to his own house, died directly.

**Suddenly, at Lower Swell in Gloucestershire, Sarah Duffield,** widow, aged 103, who retained her senses to the last. That she might not die unprepared, she 14 years ago provided, and hath ever since kept by her, the coffin and shroud in which she was buried.

**At Headbourn Worthy, Hants, Mr. Ambrose Pyle,** Lord of the Manor of that place.

**At Shurdington, in Gloucestershire, William Edwards, Esq.**

**John Peach, Esq.** late an eminent merchant of Bristol.

**In the 100th year of his age, Mr. Obadiah Mansley,** formerly a West-India merchant.

**At Boston, Lieut. Gower,** of the 14th regiment of foot.

**Capt. Thomas Forbes,** an officer in the royal navy, at Harwich, aged 102.

**At his uncle Sir Wm. Elvess, Bart. Mr. John Bouquet.**

#### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

**The Rev. Mr. Locke,** a priest vicar of Exeter cathedral, to the living of North-Bovey, Devon.

**Rev. Mr. Wm. Fisher,** to hold the vicarage of West Barham, with the vicarage of South Creak in Norfolk.

**Rev. Joseph Foster, B. L.** to hold the rectory of Grimoldby, with the rectory of Ireby super Humber, in Lincolnshire.

Rev. Mr. Greenall, of Cranbrooke in Kent, to the living of Althorne in Essex.

Rev. Mr. Gilbert, to the living of Confonton in Cornwall.

Rev. Watkyn Hutchinson, B. A. to the vicarage of Croyton in Yorkshire.

Rev. Wm. Saywell, to hold the rectory of Turwell, Wilts, with the rectory of Beardsley, Hampshire.

Rev. Edward Salter, to hold the vicarage of Turpuddle, with the rectory of Burton Bostock, and chapel of Shipton George, Dorsetshire.

Rev. John Garland, to the rectory of Brinklow, Warwickshire.

Rev. Mr. Jobson, to be Minor Canon of Ely cathedral.

Rev. Mr. Payne, M. A. vicar of Llangadock Crickhowel, near Abergavenny, and prebendary of Buckland Dinham, to be canon residentiary of Wells Cathedral.

Rev. Mr. Richard Hughes, priest-vicar of Wells, to the vicarage of Mudford in Somersetshire.

#### CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Thomas Jocelyn Pickard, Esq; to be collector of the customs in Antigua.

Second lieutenant John Barnes, to be first lieutenant, and Geo. Glasgow, gent. to be second lieut. in the royal reg. of artillery.

James Parker, Esq; to be a land-waiter in the port of London.

Nath. Green, Esq; to be his Majesty's consul at Trieste.

Col. Baugh, to be major general of the first regiment of foot-guards.

Royals, 2d battalion, Ensign John Campbell, to be lieutenant. Geo. Katen Kemp, ensign.

3d regiment of foot, Andrew Tucker, clerk, to be chaplain.

13th reg. of foot, George James Hamilton, to be ensign.

18th reg. of foot, Lieut. Edward Crosby, to be lieutenant.

30th reg. of foot, Charles Cracroft, ensign.

32d reg. of foot, Lieut. Wm. Moncrieffe, to be captain lieutenant. Ensign William Doughty, lieut. Jenkin Lewis, ensign.

64th reg. of foot, \*\*\*\* Shaw, to be ensign.

Mr. Rogers, son to Commissioner Rogers, to be Mayor of Plymouth.

Edward Worley, Esq; of Gatcombe, to be mayor of Newport.

Mr. Alderman Waldron, to be Mayor of Winchester.

Mr. Edgar, to be Mayor of Southampton.

Charles Hotchkiss, Esq; to be mayor of Bristol.

Sir John Fielding, Knight, to be an honorary burghes of Southampton.

Sir Alexander Powell, barrister at law, to be recorder of Blandford, Dorset, in the room of the late Counsellor Broderip.

Dr. Thomas, dean of Westminster, to the bishoprick of Rochester, in the room of the late Dr. Zachary Pearce.

From the London Gazette, Sept. 24.

#### AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From Sept. 12, to Sept. 17, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	6	3	1	3	0	2	6	3	3	

#### COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex	6	5			3	4	2	7	3	10
Surry	6	6	3	7	3	4	2	7	4	1
Hertford	6	7			2	9	2	4	3	11
Bedford	6	10	4	8	3	4	2	3	3	9
Cambridge	6	3	3	2	2	9	2	2	3	0
Huntingdon	6	6			3	8	2	3	3	7
Northampton	7	8	5	1	4	0	2	2	3	11
Rutland	7	8	5	0	4	4				
Leicester	7	11	5	10	4	4	2	4	4	1
Nottingham	7	1	5	6	4	0	2	3	4	1
Derby	8	1					2	8	4	3
Stafford	8	0	5	5	4	1	2	2	4	7
Salop	8	1	6	3	4	1	2	6		
Hereford	6	6					2	7		
Worcester	8	2			4	5	2	7	4	8
Warwick	8	3					2	9	4	11
Glocester	8	4					2	4	4	4
Wiltshire	7	3	4	4	3	5	2	7	4	6
Berks	7	0	5	1	3	4	2	6	3	10
Oxford	7	9			3	9	2	7	4	1
Bucks	6	11			3	8	2	6	4	0

#### COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	5	10	3	4	3	4	2	4	3	5
Suffolk	5	8	2	11	3	0	2	1	3	1
Norfolk	5	10	3	1	2	9	2	1		
Lincoln	6	8	4	2	3	7	2	2	3	9
York	6	11	4	9	3	5	2	3	3	9
Durham	6	11	4	3	3	7	2	4	4	0
Northum.	6	6	4	4	3	5	2	6	4	1
Cumberland	6	11	4	7	3	8	2	9	4	7
Westmore.	7	9	5	0	4	0	2	6	4	0
Lancashire	6	3			3	3	2	4	4	2
Cheshire	7	2			4	3	2	3		
Monmouth	7	8			4	0	2	2		
Somerset	7	1			3	0	2	2	4	0
Devon	6	6			3	4	1	10		
Cornwall	6	3			3	5	1	10		
Dorset	6	9			2	9	2	1	4	6
Hampshire	6	3			3	0	2	3	4	0
Suffex	5	7			2	10	2	3	3	6
Kent	6	4	3	3	3	7	2	3	3	2

From Sept. 5, to Sept. 10, 1774.

#### W A L E S.

North Wales	6	10	5	1	4	1	2	1	5	4
South Wales	6	11	6	6	3	10	1	9	3	9

#### Part of SCOTLAND.

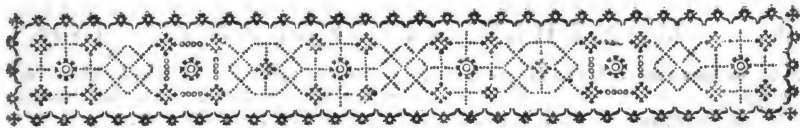
Wheat.	5	11	4	2	3	1	2	7	3	6	2	2
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Published by Authority of Parliament,  
W. COOKE.

#### PRICE of STOCKS, Sept. 8.

Bank stock, shut.	4 per cent. conf. shut.
3 ½ per cent. 1758.	3 per cent. conf. 89 ¾ th.
3 per cent. red. shut.	3 per cent. 1726. —.
India stock, 148 ½.	3 per cent. ann. shut.
India Bonds, 59 a 60 prem.	South Sea, —.
Ditto old ann. —.	Ditto new ann. 87 ½ th.
a ¼ th. Ditto 1751. —.	India Bonds 59 a 60 prem.
Navy bills, ¼ disc.	Long Ann. 26 ½
a ¼ th. Tickets, 131.	3s. od.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. Stock-Brokers,  
At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holburne.



T H E  
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,  
FOR  
NOVEMBER, 1774.

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P R I Z E E S S A Y ;

ON the UNCHANGEABLENESS of the DEITY.

**T**HE unchangeable goodness of God has always been looked upon by wise men, as the grand support of true Religion, and a source of the purest consolation to mankind, under the most afflictive dispensations of his providence. This is also the spring of our love and filial obedience to his commands. The grandeur of his inimitable perfections inspires us with awe, amazement, and admiration; but it is his unchangeable goodness which awakens the affections of love and gratitude.

That he is *good*, all nature proclaims with united voice; that he is *unchangeable*, we know from the nature of the Deity, and from his own awful declaration, "*I am God, and change not.*"

By his *omnipresence* he is intimately present with, and united to, all creation; by his *omniscience* he pervades every object, and is acquainted with every circumstance of action in the universe. Hence he cannot be ignorant of any event that takes place in the material, moral, or intellectual worlds. With him, past, present, and future, are the same; all the vast scenes of time and eternity lie open to his view. His infinite understanding takes in the whole compass of creation at one comprehensive glance; and by his *omnipresence* he supports and preserves the universe.

A constant sense of these his unchangeable perfections, and of his essential rectitude, would not only exclude many errors the human mind has imbib'd, but impress it with such a humiliating idea of its own imperfections, as would best restrain the aspirings of ambition. We should not then be so ready as we are, on many occasions, to form ideas of the Supreme Being, inconsistent with his dignity, or to debase his excellent glory by not worshipping him as God.

Our *particular* knowledge of the Deity is for the most part *negative*. We are better able to judge, in the general, what *He is not*, than what *He is*. Such is the weakness of our capacities, that we cannot contemplate on infinite perfection, without mixing ideas taken from created things. Divinity in the abstract is an object too sublime for our faculties to comprehend. Therefore when we think on God, we find it very difficult to divest our minds of the ideas of *external form, limits, passions*, and *human weakness*, though we know that all these things are remote from his nature. He is a pure, holy, undivided, imperishable Essence, perfect in himself, and in all his attributes, and righteous in all his dispensations.

Nothing that is done by any part of his creation can affect him; either by giving him any accession of happiness, or by exciting

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citing in him the emotions of grief, or displeasure.

This may, perhaps, be thought by some of my readers too bold an assertion, as it appears to contradict the *literal* sense of divers passages in scripture; but a close attention to the subject will free me from censure, and convince them of its propriety.

That my assertion is just, I will attempt to prove, first, by shewing that such passages of holy writ are not to be understood *literally*; and secondly, by pointing out the absurdity that must unavoidably follow, if we so understand them.

Wherever *parts*, and *passions*, such as *additional pleasure* arising from man's *obedience*, or *anger* for *disobedience*, are attributed to the Deity, we ought to suppose that such expressions were only adapted to the weakness and narrow capacities of those to whom they were addressed. Nothing more can, in the nature of things, be meant by *pleasure*, or *anger*, in this case, than that the consequence of such *obedience*, or *disobedience*, will be the same to men, as though they really produced such passions in God. When men by a careful observance of the divine laws act consistent with the end and design of their being, they enjoy the fruits of their labour—peace, internal complacency, and all that happiness which results from God's favour. When they *disobey* the divine laws, they bring on themselves that anxiety and pain, which according to the divine oconomy results from such actions. But in neither case can their actions *affect the Deity*, or produce any change in his will or disposition towards them. Pleasure and pain are, in the wise constitution of God's moral government, the inseparable effects of *virtue* and *vice*, here and hereafter, while the Deity, unmoved by the giddy whirl of successive events, sits enthron'd in his own essential glory. He can no more *change*, than finite beings can be *unchangeable*. A change, voluntarily, in any being, must arise either from a desire thereby to be free from some present inconvenience, or to acquire some distant good; but the Deity, not being capable of sustaining any inconvenience, and possessing every possible good, there can be no motive in nature to produce a change in him.

2dly. If such parts of scripture as seem to imply a change in God were to be understood in a *literal* sense, the most absurd consequences would follow. If the Creator could receive any *additional* pleasure from the obedience and good actions of

his creatures, then his happiness, prior to such obedience and actions, must have been imperfect; on the contrary, if the evil actions of men could excite *uneasiness* or *anger* in God, then his happiness would thereby be *lessened*: in either case, that happiness would depend on his creatures. Yet further: if the proposition is admitted, we must (from the rapid progress of evil in all ages) conclude the Deity to have been *more miserable* than any of his creatures.

These are some of the consequences that result from supposing the Deity a changeable Being; or, that he is affected by the actions of those beings he has formed; consequences which to name on any other account than to expose their absurdity, were little less than blaspheming God, or rather an image which we have set up in our minds, and worshipped instead of God.

But upon this foundation almost all the superstitions of mankind have been built. Numerous forms, rites, and modes of religious worship, have been established on, and dated their origin from, these erroneous notions of Deity; while the pure, rational religion, that is alone acceptable to him, has been neglected and contemned.

The obedience and service that God requires of men in all ages, is a perfect surrender of the *heart* and *affections* to his will. This is a service which as dependant beings we owe to him, and from which alone true felicity flows; a service which, altho' it adds nothing to *his* happiness, (because that which is already perfect can receive no addition) yet is of the most happy consequence to mankind. Rewards and punishments both here and hereafter, are the necessary consequence of right and wrong action in *moral agents*; and do not flow from arbitrary will, or any change in God's disposition towards them. Let them be happy or miserable in time, or throughout eternity, it cannot affect the Creator.

He who is supremely perfect in himself can never change: "*I am God, and change not.*" Hence flows the hope, hence is deriv'd the certainty, of every wise and good man. They know that notwithstanding human opinions have uncertainty wrote upon them, this principle standeth sure, and is fixed on an immovable basis.

When we look up to him who is the source of all perfection, the spring of all our joys, and presume to tread the sacred courts of Deity, it becomes us to step on with

with the most humble reverence. He is indeed almighty, good, and glorious; beyond the comprehension of men or angels. Let not, therefore, frail mortals cloath him with imperfection, or cast a shade on the excellencies of his name. A holy diffidence ought to cover our minds when we contemplate an object so unspeakably great and awful. Let us not indulge the presumptuous curiosity of prying into the secret counsels of his providence, or of exploring the unsearchable mystery of his uncreated Essence;

but rather, under a humiliating sense of his perfections, and our weakness, ascribe every excellent attribute to him in silent mental adoration. If blest with the smiles of his favour in this life, grateful thanksgivings are his due; if afflictive dispensations are allotted to us; if sorrows assail, and every other comfort is imbibed with woe, we have *this* for our consolation, that "*He is the same, and his years shall never fail.*"

EUSEDORUS.

Bardfield, Essex.

For the MISCELLANY.

# A LETTER from a YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

In the Neighbourhood of LONDON, to his SISTER in the COUNTRY.

*My dear Sister,*

WHEN I last was so happy as to hear from your fair self, you was pleased to desire of me some account of London. It always gives me a peculiar satisfaction when I find myself able either to profit or entertain my dearest, youngest, eldest, and my only Sister.

London is a place an hundred times bigger than Salisbury, divided into wide, handsome streets, and large open squares. It is about seven miles in length, and three or four in breadth; a monstrous size you will say for a town; yet this great place is always so crowded, it is scarce passable. At one end, the streets are filled with people, who crowd them because they have a great deal to do; the other end with folk who encumber them, because they have nothing else to do. After all, London is scarce worth your notice, unless you are delighted with what is enough to distract a sober head. For instance, coaches rattling, chairmen swearing, beggars fighting, chimney-sweepers bawling, are the entertainment of every part of the town.

How very different from this are the calm retreats of the country! while London is only fit for those who have large estates, and bad consciences, where by a round of dissipation they may waste the one, and stifle the silent admonitions of the other. I know some retired spots, where an angel might almost spend his eternity, and wish no other heaven. And indeed, by what I can understand, Father Adam, and Mother Eve, were never at London in their lives, yet they were very

happy: You may therefore think them old-fashioned folks. But I assure you their taste was not so bad, though they prefer'd *shady groves, and purling streams, with gentle sleep, and pleasing dreams,* to all the noisy round of modern pleasures.

But to the purpose. I flatter myself you will be better pleased with some little account of our situation here, than with the most laboured description of London. This is a place more within your comprehension.

We call it G—— Lodge, from the second title of my Lord M——. It is a neat brick building, composed of two small wings, and a bow-front, which we enter by ten steps; before which is a run for a coach, inclosed with iron palisades. Fronting us is a large common, which, with the cattle on it, looks pretty, and much like a private park; this opens on the left to an heath, many miles extended. The furniture I shall say nothing of, as you may judge it suitable to a Nobleman's house. Behind, we enter the garden by as many more steps, which is about four acres. First, we have a lawn, which forms a semicircle, inclosed with clumps of evergreens, through which we look into a thick grove, which grows thinner on the sides, and is interperfed with flowering shrubs, and bounded by a pond. But I must not forget an aviary at the farther end of the grove, which consists chiefly of canary birds, whose merry songs take off from the gloominess of the trees. Yet methinks 'tis cruel to deprive *them* of liberty, that *we* may be diverted. Your tender heart, I am sure,

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could never feel a pleasure in that, which to another's breast gives pain.

The country all about is enchanting. The Thames, which is a large river, is lined on each side with Noblemen's seats. Its silver stream, covered with innumerable flights of swans, and boats and barges continually under sail, vary the scene, and form a living picture. From the neighbouring hills we see this rich prospect at one view, have the City of London behind us, and almost look so far into Wiltshire, as to see where you now are.--- Are not calm walks of evening here an enjoyment beyond a gilt coach? beyond all pomp and grandeur?

When these great people, my dear, shew their parade and state, they shew their all. Theirs is but the appearance of happiness.

Peace of mind, and health of body, sweet content, and joys that spring from conscious innocence and virtue, are seldom their lot. No, my dear, they belong to you, and long may you preserve them! These are blessings beyond the golden glories even of a crown. They will keep their beauties, when all things else shall fail, and make their possessor ever lovely.

But my reflections are dry. Indeed you must be heartily tired with me already. But before I leave off, I must insist on your believing me ever to have your happiness at heart, ever ready to promote it, and to be,

My dear Nancy,  
Yours most affectionately,  
A. B.

For the MISCELLANY.

## REFLECTIONS on SYMPATHY with SORROW.

**T**HE word SYMPATHY, in its most proper and primitive signification, denotes our fellow feeling with the sufferings of others. It is, in some sense, more universal than that with joy. What we feel does not, indeed, amount to that complete Sympathy, to that harmony and correspondence of sentiments, which constitutes approbation. We do not weep, and exclaim, and lament, with the sufferer. We are sensible, on the contrary, of his weakness, and of the extravagance of his passion, and yet often feel a very sensible concern upon his account. But if we do not entirely enter into, and go along with, the joy of another, we have no sort of regard or fellow-feeling for it. The man who skips and dances about with that intemperate and senseless joy which we cannot accompany him in, is the object of our contempt and indignation.

Pain, besides, whether of mind or body, is a more pungent sensation than pleasure; and our sympathy with pain, though it falls greatly short of what is naturally felt by the sufferer, is generally a more lively and distinct perception than our sympathy with pleasure. Certain it is, we often struggle to keep down our sympathy with the sorrows of others. For, whenever we are not under the observation of the sufferer, we endeavour, for our own sake, to suppress it as much as we can, and yet are not always successful. But we never have occasion to make this opposition to our

sympathy with joy. If there is any envy in the case, we never feel the least propensity towards it; and, if there is none, we give way to it without any reluctance. On the contrary, as we are always ashamed of our own envy, we often pretend, and sometimes really wish, to sympathize with the joy of others, when by that disagreeable sentiment we are disqualified from doing so. We are glad, we say, upon account of our neighbour's good fortune, when in our hearts perhaps we are really sorry. We often feel a sympathy with sorrow, when we would wish to be rid of it; and we often miss that wish joy when we would be glad to have it. We have some indulgence for that excessive grief which we cannot entirely go along with. But we have no such indulgence for the intemperance of joy, because we are not conscious that any such vast effort is requisite to bring it down to what we can entirely enter into. The man, who, under the greatest calamities, can command his sorrow, seems worthy of the highest admiration; but he, who, in the fulness of prosperity, can in the same manner master his joy, seems hardly to deserve any praise.

What can be added to the happiness of the man who is in health, who is out of debt, and has a clear conscience? To one in this situation, all accessions of fortune may properly be said to be superfluous: but, though little can be added to this state, much may be taken from it. Tho' between

between this condition and the highest pitch of human prosperity, the interval is but a trifle; between it and the lowest depth of misery, the distance is immense and prodigious. Adversity, upon this account, necessarily depresses the mind of the sufferer much more below its natural state, than prosperity can elevate him above it. It is, therefore, upon this account, that, though our sympathy with sorrow is often a more pungent sensation than our sympathy with joy, it always falls much more short of the violence of what is naturally felt by the person principally concerned.

It is agreeable to sympathise with joy; and, where our envy does not oppose it, our heart abandons itself with satisfaction to the highest transports of that delightful sentiment. But it is painful to go along with grief, and we always enter into it with reluctance. When we attend to the representation of a tragedy, we struggle against that sympathetic sorrow which the entertainment inspires as long as we can, and we give way to it at last only when we can no longer avoid it; we even then endeavour to cover our concern from the company: if we shed tears, we carefully conceal them, and are afraid lest the spectators, not entering into this excessive tenderness, should regard it as effeminacy and weakness. The wretch, whose misfortunes call upon our compassion, feels with what reluctance we are likely to enter into this sorrow, and therefore proposes his grief to us with fear and hesitation; he even smothers the half of it, and is ashamed, upon account of this hard-heartedness of mankind, to give vent to the fulness of his affliction. It is otherwise with the man who riots in joy and success. Wherever envy does not interest us against him, he expects our completest sympathy. He does not fear, therefore, to announce himself with shouts of exultation, in full confidence that we are heartily disposed to go along with him.

How hearty are the acclamations of the mob, who never bear any envy to their superiors, at a triumph or public entry? And how sedate and moderate is commonly their grief at an execution? Our sorrow at a funeral generally amounts to no more than an affected gravity; but our mirth at a christening, or a marriage, is always from the heart, and without any affectation. On the contrary, when we condole with our friends in their afflictions, how little do we feel, in comparison of what they feel? We sit down by them,

we look at them, and, while they relate to us the circumstances of their misfortune, we listen to them with gravity and attention: but while their narration is every moment interrupted by those natural bursts of passion, which often seem almost to choke them in the midst of it, how far are the languid emotions of our hearts from keeping time to the transports of theirs? We may be sensible, at the same time, that their passion is natural, and no greater than what we ourselves might feel upon the like occasion. We may even inwardly reproach ourselves with our own want of sensibility, and perhaps, upon that account, work ourselves up into an artificial sympathy, which, however, when it is raised, is the slightest and most transitory imaginable; and, generally, as soon as we have left the room, vanishes, and is gone for ever. Nature, it seems, when she loaded us with our own sorrows, thought that they were enough, and therefore did not command us to take any further share in those of others, than what was necessary to prompt us to relieve them.

It is upon account of this dull sensibility to the afflictions of others, that magnanimity amidst great distress appears always so divinely graceful. He appears to be more than mortal, who can support the most dreadful calamities. We are amazed to find that he can command himself so entirely. His firmness, at the same time, perfectly coincides with our insensibility. There is the most perfect correspondence between his sentiments and ours, and upon that account the most perfect propriety in his behaviour. We wonder with surprise and astonishment at that strength of mind which is capable of so noble and generous an effort; and this sentiment of complete sympathy and approbation, mixed and animated with wonder and surprise, constitutes what is properly called admiration. Cato, surrounded on all sides by his enemies, unable to resist them, disdaining to submit to them, and reduced, by the proud maxims of that age, to the necessity of destroying himself; yet, never shrinking from his misfortunes, never supplicating, with the lamentable voice of wretchedness, those miserable, sympathetic tears, which we are always so unwilling to give; but, on the contrary, arming himself with manly fortitude, and, the moment before he executes his fatal resolution, giving, with his usual tranquility, all necessary orders for the safety of his friends, appears to Seneca, that great preacher of insensibility,



bility, a spectacle which even the gods themselves might behold with pleasure and admiration.

Whenever we meet, in common life, with any examples of such heroic magnanimity, we are always extremely affected. We are more apt to weep and shed tears for such as, in this manner, seem to feel nothing for themselves, than for those who give way to all the weakness of sorrow; and, in this particular case, the sympathetic grief of the spectator appears to go beyond the original passion in the person principally concerned. The friends of Socrates all wept when he drank the last potion, while he himself expressed the gayest and most chearful tranquility.— Upon all such occasions the spectator makes no effort, and has no occasion to make any, in order to conquer his sympathetic sorrow. He is under no fear that it will transport him to any thing that is extravagant and improper; he is rather

pleased with the sensibility of his own heart, and gives way to it with complacence and self-approbation.

On the contrary, he always appears, in some measure, mean and despicable, who is sunk in sorrow and dejection upon account of any calamity of his own. We cannot bring ourselves to feel for him, what he feels for himself, and what, perhaps, we should feel for ourselves, if in his situation: we therefore despise him; unjustly perhaps, if any sentiment could be regarded as unjust, to which we are by nature irresistibly determined. How did it disgrace the memory of the intrepid Duke of Byron, who had so often braved death in the field, that he wept upon the scaffold, when he beheld the state to which he was fallen, and remembered the favour and the glory from which his own rashness had so unfortunately thrown him!

ERASTUS,

Oxford.

A Candidate.

## CEREMONY OF THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

**A**FTER the Cardinals have retired to their cells, and each prayed for inspiration for the government of their choice, each Cardinal writes the name of him whom he votes for in a scroll of five pages. On the first is written (by one of his servants, that the Cardinal may not be discovered by his hand) *Ego eligo in summum pontificem reverendum dominum — meum Cardinalem*. On this fold two others are doubled down, and sealed with a private seal. On the fourth the Cardinal writes his own name, and covers it with the fifth folding. Then sitting on benches in the chapel, with their scrolls in their hands, they go up to the altar by turns, and, after a short prayer on their knees, throw the scroll into a chalice upon the table, the first Cardinal Bishop sitting on the right hand, and the first Cardinal Deacon on the left. The Cardinals being returned to their places, the Cardinal Bishop turns out the scrolls into a plate, which he holds in his left hand, and gives them, one by one, to the Cardinal Deacon, who reads them with an audible voice, whilst the Cardinals note down how many voices each person has; and then the Master of the Ceremonies burns the scrolls in a chafing-dish, that it may not be known for whom any one gives his voice. If two-thirds of the number

present agree, the election is finished, and he on whom the two-thirds fall, is declared Pope.

If the votes do not rise to a sufficient number, billets are taken, in order to chuse the Pope by way of *accessus*; and indeed there scarcely ever is an election without this *accessus*; it being scarce known that the holy father should be chosen by the former way alone. The *accessus* therefore is to correct the scrutiny. In this they give their votes by other billets, on which is written *accedo domini* — (when they join their first vote to another) or *accedo nemini* — (when they keep to their first vote). This is derived from the ancient method of debating in the Roman Senate, where, when one Senator was of another's opinion, he rose up, and went over to his colleague, which was called *Pedibus ire in sententiam*. When they kept their places, they said, *accedo ad sententiam*.

When the Cardinal is thus chosen Pope, the Master of the Ceremonies comes to his cell, to acquaint him with the news of his promotion, whereupon he is conducted to the chapel, and clad in the pontifical habit, and there receives the adoration paid by the Cardinals to the Popes. Then all the gates of the Conclave being opened, the new Pope shews himself to the people,

people, and blesses them, the first Cardinal Deacon proclaiming aloud these words: *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum, Papam habemus. Reverendissimus Dominus Cardinalis — electus est in summum pontificem, et eligit sibi nomen.*

After this he is carried to St. Peter's church, and placed upon the altar of the holy Apostles, where the Cardinals come a second time to the adoration. Some days after is performed the ceremony of his coronation, before the door of St. Peter's church, where is erected a throne, upon which the new Pope ascends, has his mitre taken off, and a crown put upon his head, in the presence of all the people. Afterwards is a grand cavalcade from St.

Peter's church to St. John's de Lateran, where the Archbishop of that church presents the new Pope with two keys, the one of gold, the other of silver: one of which is a sign of the power he has of giving absolution, and opening the gates of heaven to all believers; the other of excommunicating sinners, and dooming them to purgatory.

Notwithstanding the solemnity of these ceremonies, which the vulgar ascribe to the immediate conduct of the Holy Ghost, the election is generally brought about by strokes of policy, and the Cardinals go into their cells, with a previous determination for their favourite.

A T R E A T I S E O N  
G H O S T S A N D A P P A R I T I O N S.

A Friend of mine, who inhabits a large old house in a country village, being last winter in town, during his absence his servants were very much alarmed by a Ghost, which they discovered one moonlight night, standing at a window in an old gallery which had been long shut up as useless. Their fears of this phantom, at length, became so predominant over their reason, that they unanimously resolved to go in a body (for none of them, upon any consideration, would consent to be left behind) to fetch the curate of the parish to come and lay it. The curate they found, but it was with great reluctance he could be persuaded to quit his tankard of ale and his pipe to accompany them; at last, he complied with their intreaties, and went to the spot where this Apparition was to be seen. At first, so strange a phenomenon somewhat surpris'd him, but he had the address to get all to follow him to the gallery, when they found the Spectre, the dismal disturber of their peace, no more than a small statue of Mercury, which had fallen down in the garden, and been placed there out of the way, by one of the servants, at that time absent with his master.

I shall first endeavour to define the idea that people in general, entertain concerning Apparitions: they are, generally speaking, considered as the intellectual faculties, or souls, of people who have already departed from this world, but,

for unknown reasons, appear again amongst us, in the form of those bodies they animated when living, but still, void of all corporeal substance. This is the notion commonly entertained by people of reason who have any faith in the real existence of such beings. As to people of another class, who are fond of the marvellous, and more extravagant notions, it would be endless to enumerate the many grim forms, and wonderful shapes they find them in; not contented with representing them spitting fire, making hideous noises, vanishing in clouds of smoke, &c. but if we believe what they say, they frequently are to be met with disguised in the shape of black dogs, white bears, headless horses, and many other forms as unaccountable as that there should be people in the world who believe in such wonderful chimeras. But whatever form they may appear in to our external senses, or we picture them in our imaginations, we all seem to concur in considering them with fear and horror; our ideas always represent them to us as objects of the greatest terror.

Whether we are sometimes favoured with visits from the dead, I will leave to the decision of more able pens than mine; but only suppose we are; how must our inconsistent behaviour frustrate the intention of such visits! For intention there must be; we cannot possibly imagine it is to answer no purpose they leave their peaceful mansions to return to this world;

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we have then as much, nay surely more reason to think it is for our benefit than the contrary, yet, no sooner do we see the appearance of a body who we know has quitted this mortal state, but our blood chills in our veins; we are petrified with fear; our apprehensions are wound up to the highest pitch with horror; and we look upon it as the dreadful omen of some future accident.

Let us but make use of our reason, and examine into this matter: how extravagant our fears! how ridiculous our conduct will appear! Why should we suppose that we could receive more injury from the mere shadow of a dear departed friend, than that friend would have done us when living? or should we meet with the appearance of an enemy, why should we fear such a phantom, more than we did that enemy when possessed of corporeal substance? and nevertheless I will venture to say there are few people in the world, who would not much sooner be alone with their most inveterate enemy, whilst living (however they might dread such a rencounter) than they would meet him after he had finished his journey through this transitory world, although they knew him divested of all real substance.

On the contrary, could we conquer our prejudices, and pay a proper regard to such appearances, how do we know but for reasons impenetrable to us, it might be attended with beneficial consequences to ourselves? and further perhaps we might be able to render some services to our friends, even after we were deprived of their society by the unrelenting hand of death.

I shall now, as concisely as possible, endeavour to shew from whence our fears upon this point originate.

They must undoubtedly arise from very strong impressions when we are young; they are ideas we imbibe before we are capable of reasoning against the extrava-

gancy of them, and such ideas are much the most difficult to eradicate. We have numberless instances of people, in other respects of the clearest understandings, weak in this one point to such a degree, that they would rather put themselves to any inconvenience, than enter a church, or pass through a church-yard, after night had covered it with her sable wings; which plainly demonstrates that impressions received in our infancy, however absurd they may appear to our reason afterwards, are never to be totally erased, even by the assistance which philosophy affords us.

Were the superintendants of our youth to instill different notions, how different would be the effect! Was a person who had never heard of such a thing as a ghost to be told, on such a day you will see your great grandfather in the same manner as he appeared when an inhabitant of this world; instead of repugnance and horror, with what pleasure would they embrace the opportunity!

But what should be still a more convincing reason against our strange prejudices upon this head, is that out of all the accounts we have both ancient and modern concerning spectres, we never find that they have been guilty of any real mischief. I never yet met with any person who had received any injury from them, but what had been merely the result of their own fear and apprehensions; yet so obstinately are we prepossessed against a set of beings whom I don't know that we have any reason at all to fear, that the same prejudices which have so strongly prevailed for ages past, will in all probability continue so to do, unless some of these imaginary hugbears, more sociable than the rest, will condescend to find out some method to cure us of our fears, and convince us of their pacific intentions.

X. Y. Z.

[Sent. Mag.]

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## THOUGHTS ON THE MORAL RECTITUDE of the PRESENT TIMES.

FROM the many moral and sermonic essays you have presented the public with in your work, many people would imagine you thought the world wanted mending. But how, in the name of goodness, could such a preposterous idea find a place in your head? or, what is

still worse, how came you to expose your weakness so much as to make that idea public? In order to remove so palpable an error from your mind, and from the minds of such of your readers as may entertain it, I send you the following demonstrative proof of the contrary.

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It has been a kind of fashion among your moral writers for some years past to declaim, in melancholy mood, on the vices of the present age. They have represented us as divested of virtue and religion; as the slaves of passion, the willing votaries of vice, and hourly ripening for destruction. 'Tis all a solemn farce. The account would indeed be a little alarming as they have stated it, did it not want one necessary ingredient, truth.

The world, it must be owned, is not altogether so wise, and good, and perfect, as it ought to be, or might be, considering the great pains you and your brethren of the quill have taken to mend it; but where shall we find a better?

Our grave declaimers set the examples of ancient days before us, and persuade us to copy after them; but if we trace back the pages of history, and compare generations that are past with the present, with what advantage and honour will the latter appear on the comparison!

It has been generally allowed that wisdom, freedom, and virtue are what render a nation great and honourable; and that these are the durable pillars on which alone the fabric of human happiness can be erected with security. I grant it, in its full force, and by this criterion will I proceed to examine the manners of the present age. Is there a four moralist, or misanthropic declaimer, who, with a grave lengthened visage, will presume to tell me there ever was, in any age or country, more freedom, wisdom, and virtue conspicuous in the manners of the people than appears among us at this day? If there is, he will be considered by the many as an instrument out of tune, and his lessons thought

—"Tedious as a twice-told tale,  
"Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

Men's minds are now finely rescued from the fetters of restraint: they both think and act freely. Their notions and opinions, like the arts and sciences, are brought to a degree of perfection, within the course of half a century, unknown to former ages. We have, with much application, found out, that what our frigid forefathers deemed wisdom, freedom, and virtue, are only pusillanimity, abject slavery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, and heroically exult in the discovery. It was indeed formerly thought a mark of wisdom for a man to enquire into his truest interest, to pursue it steadily, and

to prefer a future lasting good to such present indulgences as tended to destroy it; to consider a future state of rewards and punishments as certain, and to prepare for it: but men are now grown wiser,---they enjoy the present hour, for they see life is uncertain, and as to a future state, they have found out that it is at best very doubtful whether there will be any.

With respect to freedom, in its antiquated sense they nobly despise it, and are wise enough to submit with alacrity to those chains which custom, fashion, and their animal passions have by their own conduct rivetted upon them. They have discovered that this is true freedom, and glory in the change. Discarding all the profane maxims of infidelity, they now take the scriptures for their guide, and generally reduce to practice that noble precept, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." With the wise man, they are "commending mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, drink, and be merry;" and although there are divers parts of scripture that seem to contradict this, yet they have discovered them to have been only the forgeries of some half-starved monk, who envied human happiness because the rigid rules of his order would not permit him to enjoy it.

Virtue, in its primitive signification, is now considered as a quaint old-fashioned thing, which none but fools regard. The old, musty rules of prudence, temperance, sincerity, humility, and piety, are found to be only the antiquated maxims of dull souls, incapable of relishing the true pleasures of life, and therefore discarded with contempt.

This general reformation is visible in all ranks of the people, from the peer to the peasant, from the R---t R-v---d F---r in G-d to the lowest of his spiritual sons. Our bishops are indeed little and low, exemplary, and laying up for themselves treasure which "moth and rust cannot corrupt." Conscious of the inestimable value of their lives, they seldom risk themselves in imminent danger from the "fiery darts of the wicked one" in their spiritual warfare. Like prudent generals, they leave it to subalterns to bear the burden and heat of the battle against "spiritual wickedness in high places." They experience the truth of that text verified, "The righteous shall inherit the earth." With this inheritance they are content, for heaven is found to be ideal, as Milton's Limbo of Vanity.

The inferior officers, indeed, of the church militant, having no regard to the pecuniary rewards of their office, exhibit much valour in the noble science of eating and drinking, lest "to-morrow they die." Such is their disregard for things of this world, that some of them, like the primitive Christians, have only one coat; and yet their wives and daughters are constantly employed, like Lydia of old, in making garments for the poor, and administering to their necessities.

The doctrines of Christianity are peaceable doctrines---they teach us to love our enemies. This precept is generally and literally fulfilled among us, to the entire demolition of numerous pipes of wine, and puncheons of rum and brandy every day in our land. Solomon, indeed, hath said, "Look not upon the wine when it giveth its colour in the cup; and Joel says, "Weep and howl all ye drinkers of wine," but we know that these sayings are not to be understood literally, for "the letter killeth," but we know by experience that it is the spirit which giveth life. Let us, therefore, with Judah, "wash our garments in wine, and our cloaths in the blood of grapes." Herein is the scripture verified.---We are, indeed, commanded to "fast and pray," but I was lately informed by a worthy clergyman, whose rosy cheeks were as prominent as those of the sculptured cherubs in our ancient cathedrals, that, on examining an ancient Armenian manuscript translation of the scriptures, taken from the Greek of the septuagint by Mampræus, Diodati, Snigigeus, Bruciosi, and others, he finds it should be rendered "Feast and sing."

This interpretation of a text, which had, through misapprehension, made so many walking skeletons in former ages, is so perfectly consistent with the above quoted precept of the wise man, that there can be no doubt of its propriety. This sense is now generally affixed to the passage, and has been of infinite service in elevating the minds of the people: "And in the midst of their feasts they sing and make melody."

The care and watchfulness of these men over their flocks is very conspicuous; they watch their crops, the increase of their fruits, pigs, and poultry, with as much diligence as the patriarch did the flocks of Laban; and, lest any of the people should be over-burthened with things of a perishing nature, they will very freely and generously ease them of the tenth part of them, fearing, no

doubt, that too much of this world's goods might prove a snare to them.---This care has in some instances been extended to eggs and ducklings. By these acts of kindness they are become the darlings of the people,---every mouth extols them, and every tongue proclaims their praise. The churches are crowded to hear them, and the poor partake of their bounty at the doors of the tabernacle.

We are commanded in scripture "not to lay up treasure on earth:" this precept is generally complied with by almost every rank of the people;---they now wisely consider that wealth unenjoyed is unprofitable, and therefore make use of every expedient in their power to get rid of it, "lest it should prove a snare to them."

Some, indeed, have not confined their activity in this way solely to their own property, but have borrowed from their neighbours, as the Israelites did of the Egyptians, without any intention of repaying them, fearing, no doubt, that it might corrupt their hearts, and lead them into idolatry: and a grateful public have frequently rewarded the zeal of these worthies, by recording their names and actions in that column of fame, vulgarly called the Gazette; and some of them have been exalted above their fellows in the view of the public.

Nor is the contempt of riches more obvious among us than the contempt of pride and flattery. Truth guides the tongue, and humility clothes the heart; sincerity, with her open face, sits in the midst of the congregations of the people, and looks 'compliment out of countenance. How rarely are any instances of flattery and falsehood to be found! Ask a great man to be your friend, and to grant you a favour---he will immediately become so, and grant it---in keeping that out of your reach which, if possessed, you might make a bad use of.---The promises of a lord are always kept, and the reason why they have been accused of breaking them is because they have not been understood.---When a lord says, *I will serve you*, he means the same as the poor man does when he puts the word *not* in the middle of the sentence. If a lord makes his tradesmen wait a long time for payment, it is doubtless because he knows the danger of riches in the hands of mechanics and dealers, who might abuse it on their lusts.

We are now convinced that pride was, not

made for man---and realize the apothegm. How meek do our teachers appear! they humble themselves, and "become vile in the sight of the people."

—Some of them holding no converse with their hearers, but at a tythe-feast, lest their hearts should be puffed up with their praises, and lest gratitude should resound in their ears; others, further advanced in stability, and conscious of their own strength, will mix with the meanest, accommodate themselves to their manners, and, in order to set those practices in the most odious light, will condescend to intoxicate themselves, and swear with all the grace of a carman or porter. In thus demeaning themselves they have doubtless an eye to the words of the apostle, where he tells us "He became all things to all men, in order that he might gain some."

The ladies---alias all who wear petticoats---join heartily in this reformation. ---Conscious of the power of native beauty, and fearing it might lead the hearts of men astray, they now veil their charms, and hide the beauteous blending of the lily and rose in their cheeks with rouge, carmine, and cosmetics, to weaken the force of the temptation to our eyes. And whoever observes how careful they now are to keep at home,

and mind their domestic concerns; how cautious they are of listening to, or propagating any report that has the appearance of scandal; how averse to cards, assemblies, routs, and plays, and how provident in all their expences and economy, must be obliged to own the like hath not been seen in our land!

From these loose hints the public will discover my design, and be convinced how little occasion there is for renewing dull lectures of morality at this day. How ridiculous then is it, for you to be always pestering our ears with complaints on the depravity of the times, when every thing is evidently ripening into perfection as fast as possible. In the above essay I mean not to give offence to any individual; but as the language of penegyric often offends the ear of delicacy and virtue, I am not without a suspicion that some may be displeased; the clergy in particular; but from them I fear not much, because as it is a part of their duty to inculcate the doctrine of forgiveness, they cannot be supposed wanting in practising this precept; however, to quiet their minds, I will take my leave, by assuring them, that when they become *less* virtuous I will cease to praise them.

[Sent. Mag.]

A F R A G M E N T O F  
A N C I E N T P O E T R Y.

**A**UTUMN is dark on the mountains; a grey mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, and marks the grave of Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and shew the grave of the dead. At times here are seen the ghosts of the deceased, when the musing hunter alone stalks slowly over the heath.

Who can reach the source of thy race, O Connal? And who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth, who shall supply the place of Connal?

Here was the din of arms, and here were the groans of the dying. Mournful are the wars of Fingal! O Connal! it was here thou didst fall, Thine arm was like

a storm; thy sword a beam of the sky; thy height a rock on the plain; thine eyes a furnace of fire. Louder than a storm was thy voice; when thou confoundedst the field, warriors fell by thy sword, as a thistle by the staff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark, his eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright rose their swords on each side; dire was the clang of their steel.

The daughter of Rival was near, Crimora, bright in the armour of man; her hair loose behind, her bow in her hand; she followed the youth to the war, Connal, her much beloved. She drew the string on Dargo, but erring, pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain, like a rock from the shaggy hill. What shall she do, hapless maid! He bleeds! Her Connal dies! All the night

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long the cries, and all the day, O Connal ! my love, and my friend ! With grief the sad mourner died.

Earth here encloseth the loveliest pair on the hill ; the grass grows beneath the stones of their tombs. I sit in the mournful

shade, the wind sighs through the grass, and their memory rushes on my mind.--- Un disturbed you now sleep together ; in the tomb of the mountain you rest alone.

[Sent. Mag.]

A REFUTATION of the VULGAR OPINION,

That the LUNGS of CHILDREN, who are BORN ALIVE,

Always FLOAT, when put into WATER.

**I**T is said, That, if the lungs of a deceased infant, when put into water, swim, this is admitted an evidence, that the child was born alive. Now, if this experiment (so much relied on) is proved to be uncertain and fallacious, the world will grant with me, it is an experiment of very dangerous import. That it has proved to be such, there are many gentlemen of the faculty can testify, who were present at Surgeon's-hall, when it was lately declared to be so by a learned gentleman in full court, when, on reading a lecture on the lungs, he took occasion to break off from the subject, and deliver himself in words to this effect :

“ And here I must beg leave, gentlemen, to take notice of a method made use of by some of the faculty, to ascertain whether an infant is born alive, or dead, which is by opening the thorax of the suspected infant, taking out the lungs, and casting them into water ; if they sink, it is looked upon as a fact the child was still-born ; but if they swim, then without all doubt the child was born alive.--- The truth of this experiment is founded on these reasons : All creatures which come alive into the world must breathe, which breath being received into the lungs, must necessarily inflate and puff them up ; and though in death it in a great measure expires, yet there still remains so much air in the vesiculae, as to make them buoyant in water ; on the contrary, when still-born, as it is impossible, in that state, for the lungs to receive air, they must consequently subside and sink.

“ Now this manner of reasoning, however specious it may appear, or whatever authority it may be supported by, is not strictly true, as I myself can affirm, having, in the course of my practice, had an opportunity of trying the foregoing experiment upon two different births ; the one was born alive, but died soon after ; the other dead ; when behold the lungs of the former sunk, and those of the other, to our great astonishment, swam. These, together with many other experiments I have since made upon the lungs of different animals, convince me that there is no dependence upon what Dr. Gibson looked upon as infallible ; for, although it may sometimes prove true, upon the whole it should be regarded no otherwise than as a very uncertain and precarious proof of the fact in question.

“ I make bold, therefore, humbly to recommend it to all the gentlemen who now hear me, (as a thing of the utmost consequence) to explode such a notion out of our practice, and to be particularly careful to caution our pupils against giving judgment in such cases, since it may come to pass, that on such judgment may depend the lives of many poor, unhappy women.”

These are the remarks made by that learned gentleman, whose merit is well known in London, and whose opinion is now laid before the public, in hopes that it may have its due weight, and answer the salutary purposes for which it was delivered.

[Gent. Mag.]

# The LORD TREASURER BURLEIGH'S LETTER To his Son ROBERT.

SON ROBERT,

**T**HE virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender care thy infancy was governed, together with thy late education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, put me rather in assurance than hope, that thou art not ignorant of the *summum bonum*, which is only able to make thee happy, as well in thy death, as in thy life; I mean the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer, without which all other things are vain and miserable; so that thy youth being governed by so all-sufficient a Tutor, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life with moral and divine documents.

Yet, that I may not cease of the care befitting a parent towards his child, or that thou shouldst have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others, than from whom thou receivedst thy birth and being, I think it agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with such advertisements and rules for the squaring thy life, as are gained rather by long experience than reading—to the end that thou, entering into this exorbitant age, mayst be better prepared to shun the cautelous courses whereunto the world, and the lack of experience, may draw thee; and because I would not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten parts, and next unto Moses's table, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit, and I the contentment. And these they are:

I. When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in the choice of thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or ill; and it is an action in which, like a stratagem of war, a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home, and at leisure: if weak, far off, and quickly. Enquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever, for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility; nor choose a base, uncomely creature, altogether for her wealth: for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies—the

other will be thy daily disgrace; and it will vex thee to hear her talk, and thou shalt find to thy grief, that there is nothing so fulsome as a *she fool*.

And touching the government of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and according to the measure of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly; for I never knew any grow poor by keeping an orderly table: but some consume themselves through secret vices, and then hospitality bears the blame; but banish swinish drunkenness of thy house, which is a vice that impairs health, consumes much, and makes no shew. And I never heard praise ascribed to a drunkard, but the well bearing of his liquor, which is a better recommendation for a brewer's horse, or a carman, than for a gentleman, or serving-man. And beware thou spend not above three parts of the four of thy living, nor above a third part of that in thy house, for the other two parts will do more than defray thy extraordinaries, which will always surmount thy ordinaries by far; otherwise thou shalt live, like a rich beggar, in continual want, and a needy man can never live happy, nor contented; for every the least disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell, and that gentleman that sells one acre of land loses one inch of credit; for gentility is nothing but ancient riches; so that if the foundation shrinks, the building must needs follow.

II. Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without austerity; praise them openly, reprehend them secretly, give them a good countenance, and a sufficient maintenance, according to thy ability; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and whatever portion thou shalt leave them, they will thank death for it, not thee; and I am persuaded, that the foolish cockerings of some parents, and the over-sterm carriage of others, causeth more men and women to go astray, than their natural inclinations.

Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves; and suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism; and if by travelling they get a few broken languages, that will profit them no more than to have the same meat served up in different dishes. Neither by my consent shalt thou train them up to the



the wars; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man, or a good christian; for every war is of itself unjust, unless the cause makes it just; besides, it is a science no longer in request than in use, for soldiers in peace are like chimnies in summer.

III. Live not in the country without corn or cattle about thee; for he that puts his hand to his purse for every expence of household is like him that pretends to hold water in a sieve; and what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand: for there is one penny in four saved between buying a thing at thy need, and when the markets and seasons are fittest for it. And be not served by kinsmen, friends, or men entreated to stay, for they will expect much and do little; nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are always intoxicated; and keep rather a few than one too many. Feed them all, and pay them with the most, and then thou mayst boldly require their service and duty.

IV. Let thy kindred and thy allies be always welcome to thy table. Grace them in all other honest actions, for by this means thou shalt so double that bond of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead for thee behind thy back: shake off the glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn in the summer of thy prosperity, but in any adverse storm will shelter thee no more than an arbour in winter.

V. Beware of suretyship for thy best friends, for he that pays another's debts seeks his own decay; but if thou canst not otherwise, choose rather to lend thy money thyself upon good bond, though thou borrow it: so shalt thou pleasure thy friend, and secure thyself. Neither borrow money of thy friend, but rather of a mere stranger, where paying it thou shalt hear of it no more; otherwise, thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy friend, and yet pay as dear for it as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word; for he that hath care to preserve days of payment, is lord over other men's goods.

VI. Undertake not a suit against a poor man without receiving much wrong; for, besides thou makest him thy competitor, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is no resistance. Neither attempt law against any man, before thou hast thoroughly resolved thou hast right

on thy side; and then spare neither money nor pains, for a cause or two, so followed and obtained, will free thee from suits best part of thy life.

VII. Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles; compliment him often, present him with money, yet small gifts, and a little charge; and if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be some such thing as may be daily in his sight, otherwise, in thy ambitious age, thou shalt remain like an hop without a pole, and be made a football for every insulting companion to spurn at.

VIII. Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous; with thy equals familiar, yet respectful; towards thy inferiors shew much humility and some familiarity, as to bow thy body, stretch forth thy hand, or uncover thy head, and such like popular compliments.---- The first prepares way for thy advancement, the second makes thee known for a man well bred, the third gains a good report, which once got is easily kept; for high humility takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easier won by unprofitable courtesies than by churlish benefits; yet I advise thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much: seek not to be C-----, and shun to be R-----.

IX. Trust not any man with thy life, or credit, or estate; for it is more than folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend, as that occasion being offered, he dare not become his enemy.

X. Be not scurrilous in thy conversation, nor satirical in your jests: the one will make thee unwelcome to all company; the other will pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends; for sulphurous jests, when they favour too much of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those that are touched; and though I have already pointed at this inclusive, yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution; because I have seen so many prone to quip and gird, as they would rather lose their friends than their jests. And if by chance their boiling brains yield any quaint scoff, they travail to be delivered of it, like a woman with child: these nimble apprehensions are but the froth of wit.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

The

## The HISTORY of Miss WILLIAMS;

In a LETTER to the EDITORS.

IN July, 1773, some business calling me to London, I took a lodging in the house of Mr. Mason, a reputable tradesman, near Charing Cross: in this house I occupied the middle apartment, and frequently heard the not unpleasing sound of a light female footstep on the floor above me, and on the staircase. — Good manners forbade my opening my chamber door, to indulge my curiosity with a sight of my fellow lodger; but chance soon gratified my wish, by my accidentally coming in at the street-door as she was stepping out. There was something uncommonly interesting in the appearance of this young person, exclusive of either youth or beauty, tho' she possessed them both, not being above eighteen years old, and very handsome. It proceeded from a look of diffidence, and an unfashioned air, which denoted her to be unpractised in the arts or habits of the world.

She passed along, and I entered my landlady's parlour, impelled by an earnest desire to know something more of the fair vision which had glided by me. — Mrs. Mason readily informed me of all she knew relative to this young woman, whose name she said was Williams; that she had been recommended to her by a person whom she had formerly known, and who had kept a little school at Horsham in Sussex; that she had lodged and boarded with her about four months, paying regularly for her entertainment at the end of the week; that she never went out, but to Church, which she daily frequented, or to take a walk round the Park; that no creature had come to visit her, nor had even a letter been directed to her, since she had been under her roof; that she was of a grave, but not a melancholy cast, worked well at her needle, seemed fond of reading, and sometimes sung sweetly in her own chamber, when she thought no one could hear her; that she often declined accompanying her to the public gardens, nor could ever be prevailed upon to sit five minutes at a time in the shop; that she sometimes mentioned her having a friend in the country, whom she much wished to see, but did not expect that pleasure soon.

From this account I found it impossible to form any reasonable conjecture with regard to the real situation of the young woman. Her forlorn and friendless state might induce a belief of her being one of those unhappy females who have been seduced from the fostering arms of parental affection, and kept secluded from the world to gratify the suspicious temper of her betrayer, who, conscious of his designing to abandon her, might naturally suspect her fidelity to him. But in such a case the absence from her friends would be a source of sorrow; and Miss Williams was not sad: her confinement, too, was voluntary, and her constant attendance on the service of the church spoke a mind devoid of guilt, or its attendant, shame. If she were privately married, her husband would either write, or come to her, and she would necessarily bewail his absence; and if she was what she appeared to be, a virtuous single woman, it was almost impossible she should be so totally unconnected with the whole world, as not to have one friend or correspondent in it.

In short, after puzzling myself, in vain, about this fair mystery, I gave up all hopes of being able to unravel her destiny, and endeavoured to banish her entirely out of my mind; when one evening a loud rapping at the door, and the entrance of a person in a sedan chair, who enquired for Miss Williams, revived mine and my landlady's curiosity, who flew out of her parlour, and lighted up a gentleman nearly of my own age to her young inmate's apartment, and putting out her own candle, and gently stepping into a closet adjoining to Miss Williams's room, sat herself down to listen to the conversation.

In about three quarters of an hour, I was surprised and shocked at hearing a sudden noise, like that of an heavy weight tumbling on the floor, which was instantly followed by a loud and piercing shriek, and almost as suddenly echoed by Mrs. Mason from her concealment, which she now quitted, and called out for help for *the dead gentleman*. On this alarm, I flew up stairs, and found the disconsolate Miss Williams kneeling on the ground, with a ghastly aspect, and vainly endeavouring to raise

raise a lifeless body, whose weight seem'd too ponderous for her strength. I aided her with all of mine; and our landlord coming to our assistance, we with some difficulty laid the corpse, for such it now was, upon the bed.

My servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon, who arrived in a few minutes. During this interval, the unhappy girl shewed every symptom of the deepest sorrow; she fixed her eyes upon the lifeless form that lay before her, and exclaimed, "Oh! he is gone! my father, friend, and benefactor!" At the same time, drops, chasing, sprinkling of water, and every other means, were used to call back the parting spirit which had so lately left its long-accustomed mansion. But when the surgeon had vainly tried to make the stagnated blood flow from the opened vein, and steadily pronounced that life was fled, distraction seized on the now wretched maid; she tore her hair, beat her breast, and hardly was with-held from doing violence to herself. At length, quite overcome by the too strong exertion of her passions, she fainted quite away, from whence she was recovered to a state of languid stupor, and seemed insensible to all around her. In this melancholy situation she was conveyed into my apartment, where I left her with Mrs. Mason, and returned up stairs to have a consultation with the man of the house and the surgeon, to determine in what manner to proceed, on this extraordinary event.

My landlord had already searched the pockets of the deceased, but found neither letter, or address of any kind, that could indicate who he was. In his pocket-book there were Bank of England bills to the amount of two hundred pounds, one half of which were endorsed, in a very particular hand-writing, *Mary Williams*.

We all remained totally at a loss in what manner to proceed, when my landlord, who was extremely anxious for the credit of his house, and of course unwilling that a coroner's inquest should be held there, observed, that his wife must know more of the matter than we, as she had been listening to all the discourse that passed between the Corpse and Miss Williams, previous to his death. Mrs. Mason was accordingly summoned from her attendance on the afflicted fair one, and questioned with regard to what she had discovered in her auditory; but all our enquiries were fruitless: she said

Miss Williams only called him *Sir*, and addressed him with the respectful manners of an affectionate daughter; while he seemed to treat her with the familiar tenderness of a fond and long-absent father.

As my landlady's information did not suggest the least rule for our conduct in the present difficult crisis, her husband insisted on her endeavouring to persuade Miss Williams to acquaint her with the name and abode of the deceased, that he might be conveyed home that night, and save them any further trouble; but after all her most earnest enquiries, she received no reply from the almost petrified Miss Williams, but, "Alas! I know not."

I confess I was startled at such an answer, and began to fear her reason was disordered by the shock her sensibility must have received from the sudden death of one whom I considered as her parent or guardian. I therefore advised her being immediately let blood, and suffered to give full vent to her sorrows, without being interrupted or importuned for the present, by any farther questions. With much difficulty I obtained a promise of profound silence from Mrs. Mason, and leaving the fair mourner in possession of my apartment, took a bed at the Hummums.

On my return home in the morning, I found the *searchers* had entered Mr. Mason's house, and a very riotous mob was gathered round it, who threatened to pull it down, if they were not suffered to see the corpse of the man whom they said he had murdered. When I had made my way thro' the croud, I found both Mr. and Mrs. Mason in the utmost distress, not knowing how to act, as Miss Williams, though to all appearance in her perfect senses, persisted still in denying her having any knowledge of the name, family, profession, or adode, of her deceased friend, saying only that he had been her benefactor from her earliest years, and that she had no other friend but him.

I then took upon me to persuade her to be so far communicative with regard to her departed friend, as might relieve the people of the house from the irksomeness of their situation, and to relate by what chance she became acquainted with her benefactor. I framed my address towards the weeping maid with all the softness and gentleness I could possibly assume: she heard me patiently, and even seemed to suppress her sighs, and stop her flowing tears, to listen to my speech; and

and when I had ceased speaking, she rose, and with a look of the most perfect innocence, and all the firmness which attends on truth, replied to my question in the following words:

"The deepest trace that remains upon my memory, with regard to my existence, is, that I was placed, when a child, in a very wretched house at Guildford, under the care of a parish-nurse, who treated me most inhumanly. I had one day given some of my breakfast, to a little kitten that cried for hunger; which so enraged this brutal woman, that she fell upon and beat me most unmercifully.

"It happened, that at that moment, my ever dear benefactor passing by, and hearing my shrieks, humanely stepped in and rescued me from the hands of my tyrant. He had justice enough to enquire into the cause of her severity, and on being informed of it, became more interested in my favour. He set me on one of his knees, and placed the kitten on t'other, and when I stroked it, and patted it, "Ah poor pussy!" he caught me in his arms, and seemed delighted with the tenderness of my expression to the innocent cause of my sufferings. He gave the nurse a proper reproof, and bade her to take care of the child and the cat, and he would call to see them again in a few days.

"When he left me, I thought my little heart flew after him, and his idea was never absent from my mind.----I could not then be above four years old, and yet I think if I had never seen him more, I never should have forgot him. His was the first voice that had ever soothed my infant ear with the soft sounds of fondness. In about ten days he returned, and brought an order to the nurse to deliver me to him, which she most unwillingly obeyed; but positively refused to let me take the half-starved kitten with me, unless he would pay her a guinea for it; he complied with her exorbitant demand, and so rendered two little animals happy.

"From this scene of misery I was conveyed to a very decent house at Horsham, and treated with the utmost kindness by the person to whose care I was entrusted.---I remained three years, during which time I saw my benefactor but thrice. At the expiration of that time, I was removed to a school in the same town, kept by two sisters, of the name of Tyrel, and there I continued till the elder of them died, and the school

was broke up. The youngest sister then brought me to this house, and recommended me to the care of Mrs. Mason.

"During the ten years I lived with those good women, I received an annual visit from my friend. I found he always paid a year before-hand for me, and left ten guineas in the hands of one of my mistresses, exclusive of my common expences for cloaths, and other necessaries, in case I should be sick, or he should fail to come at his usual time, which was generally the end of July, or beginning of August.

"For the last three years I spent at Horsham, I was continually resolving that the next time I saw my friend, I would enquire his name, and how I became intitled to his goodness? But the moment I beheld him, my resolution vanished. No words can ever describe the respectful tenderness I felt for him; and I should readily have persuaded myself that it was filial love, if I had not for ever recollected the particular circumstances which had first introduced me to his notice. Fatal timidity, which has left me as totally ignorant of every thing that relates to myself, as I am of my patron's name or family!

"The good Mrs. Tyrel, when she left me in this house, gave me about forty pounds, which she said belonged to me, as it was the surplus of the money that had been left in her hands for my use. She bid me keep up my spirits, and said when my father, (for so she always called him) came to Horsham, she would let him know where she had placed me. The good woman lived but to fulfil her promise; for my departed friend informed me, last night, that she died about a week after he saw her last.

"I have now, Sir, related every circumstance with which I am acquainted, relative to my more than father, and my unhappy self. I implore your advice in the present crisis. With regard to his dear remains, let them be treated with that respect I owed him living; and the last farthing I am mistress of, shall be expended for the pious purpose. I am, thank heaven and my departed friend, who had taken care to provide me with a proper education, well qualified to get my bread, by work or service, nor do I feel an anxious thought about my future welfare."

I confess, I was charmed with the spirit of candour and generosity that appeared in Miss Williams's account of

herself. A mean mind would never have revealed the lowness of its situation; and the frankness with which she acknowledged hers, raised her to the highest pitch in my esteem. While she was speaking, it occurred to me, from the circumstance of the particular season of the year when her friend made his annual visit into the country, that he might possibly be a lawyer; as the months of July and August are the usual time of the assizes; and that it was likely he might be, like myself, an old bachelor, and might probably have chambers in some of our Inns of Court.

Upon this surmise, I set out directly for the Temple, luckily met with the porter, described the dress and figure of the person who lay dead at Mr. Mason's, and enquired if he knew such a one? The man instantly replied, "It must be my good master, Counsellor G-----l, whose servants were all alarmed at his staying out last night, as he has not done such a thing these ten years, and his elder brother, 'Squire G-----l, of Suffex, came to town this morning, and is now waiting to see the Counsellor at his chambers."

I begged of the porter to conduct me thither, and met the gentleman he mentioned, whose appearance confirmed his relation to the deceased. With the best preparation which the time would admit of, I informed him of the circumstances of his brother's death, and took occasion to mention his attachment to Miss Williams. We set out together in Mr. G-----l's coach; and the moment he beheld the corpse, Nature proclaimed the consanguinity of brotherhood; for he wept bitterly.

The body was immediately put into a coach, and conveyed to his late home. Mr. G-----l saw Miss Williams, spoke kindly to her, and bid her be of comfort; said, he doubted not the veracity of the story I had told him, was sure his brother had made a proper provision for her in his will, and desired to see her and me together, in a few days. In less than a week he sent to desire she would come to his lodgings, in Soho-square, and bring a friend with her; upon which summons she intreated Mrs. Mason and me to accompany her.

Mr. G-----l received us very politely, but with an air of real concern told our young friend, that after the most diligent search through his brother's papers, he had not been able to find a will, nor any memorandum where-

in her name was mentioned, except one of a very slight nature, in a pocket-book, which was fourteen years old; he therefore entreated her to recollect, if possible, what kind of connection there had been between his late brother and her, and assured her, that if she could claim any relationship, or even promise of provision from him, he would do more than justice to her plea.

The honest generous girl frankly declared she had not the least claim to his intended bounty, and without the least hesitation or variation related the same story with which the reader is already acquainted. I saw Mr. G-----l's countenance much moved, during her artless tale; which when she had finished, he produced the pocket-book he had mentioned, in which were only these few words: "August 3d, 1759, I have this day taken a female child under my protection, whom I mean to educate and provide for, as she is friendless, and of an amiable disposition. Her name is Mary Williams."

"Now, madam, said Mr. G-----l, I am fully convinced you are the person here mentioned, from the particulars of your own story. Your candour in relating it deserves a reward; and my respect for my brother's memory inclines me to fulfil his wish. I will, therefore, to-morrow morning, order my lawyer to draw up a deed of gift, which shall convey to you the sum of one hundred pounds per annum, during your life; and if a match worthy of your merit should be proposed to you, I will then add one thousand pounds to it, upon your wedding-day. In the mean time, accept of this sum (presenting her with the hundred pounds in bills, which had been found in Counsellor G-----l's pocket, with her name indorsed) as a present from your late benefactor, and may you long enjoy my little gift!"

Mr. G-----l might have gone on much longer, without interruption. Gratitude had overpowered every faculty of the gentle Williams's soul; and left her but just strength sufficient to throw herself at his feet, bursting into a flood of tears.-----Mrs. Mason was struck dumb with astonishment, and stared at the good man as a supernatural being. For my part, "altho' unused to the melting mood," I found it necessary to apply my handkerchief to my eyes, and remained silent, because I could not speak.

[*Westm. Mag.*]

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF  
A MUSICAL PERFORMER.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

AS I am desirous of contributing, as far as in my power, to your valuable *Monthly Miscellany's* entertaining productions, permit me to send you an extract of a letter from Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, dated Oct. 28.

"During our annual fair here this month, a young Gentleman, who seems to be about 26 years of age, came upon a visit to a friend in this town, and has greatly entertain'd, as well as agreeably surpriz'd, many who have been in his company, by a method of diversion truly singular; and which, I dare venture to say, he may challenge all England to perform besides himself—which is, by imitating so well, with his voice and a violin, several different instruments, that at a little distance, even a good judge of music might really imagine it was a whole band performing in concert, and he has deceiv'd many who have heard him.

"He sings in three distinct voices; a clear treble, a good tenor, and a strong bass. I have heard him several times, and have been much entertain'd with his astonishing command of voice, sometimes

imitating the French Horn, and at others the Organ, and Trumpet, extremely naturally; while he play'd off some of the finest songs out of the Oratorio of the Messiah, especially *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, &c. &c. *The trumpet shall sound*, &c. with the grand chorus, *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain*, &c. with judgment and execution.

"Pray, if you can, do get to hear him in London. I find he lives in H—— street, and his name is \*\*\*\*\* He is a gentleman of fortune and character, I'm inform'd, and ready to entertain any one of a musical turn, who is desirous of hearing him. You'll be greatly delighted, I'm certain, especially as I know you are fond of every thing out of the common road, which this gentleman's performance may justly be reckon'd, as it may without impropriety be stil'd, what I believe was never heard of in the world before:

A CONCERT perform'd by a Gentleman,  
SOLUS.

I am, dear Sir, &c."

For the MISCELLANY,

CHARACTER OF

EVAGORAS, KING OF SALAMIN,

By ISOCRATES.

THOUGH he was only king of a little state, Isocrates, who was able to judge of virtue and merit, compares him with the most powerful Monarchs, and proposes him as the perfect model of a good King, convinced that not the extent of provinces, but extent of mind, and greatness of soul, constitute great princes. He does, in fact, point out to us many qualities truly royal in him, and which ought to give us a very high idea of his merit.

Evagoras was not of the number of those princes, who believe that to reign is sufficient to be of the Blood Royal, and

that the birth, which gave us a right to the crown, gives also the merit and qualities necessary to wear it with honour. He did not fancy that it could be supposed, as every other condition and station of life made a kind of apprenticeship necessary to its success, the art of reigning, the most difficult and important of all, should require no pains and preparation for its attainment.

He came into the world with the most happy dispositions; a great fund of genius, an easy conception, a lively and instant penetration, which nothing escaped; and a solidity of judgment, that immediately

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resolved

resolved what it was necessary to act; qualities which might seem to dispense with all study and application; and yet, as if he had been born without talents, and found himself obliged to supply what he might by nature, he neglected no means for the embellishment of his mind, and employed a considerable part of his time in instructing himself, in reflecting, meditating, and consulting the judgment and merit of others.

When he ascended the throne, his greatest care and application was to know mankind, in which the ability of a prince, and of those who are at the head of affairs, principally consist. He had, no doubt, prepared himself for that science by the study of history, which gives a kind of anticipation of it, supplies the place of experience, and teaches us what the men are with whom we live, by what they have been in other ages. But we study men quite differently in themselves: by their manners, characters, conduct and actions. The love of the commonwealth rendered him attentive to all persons, who were capable of serving or hurting it. He applied himself to the discovery of their most secret inclinations and principles of action, and to the knowledge of their different talents and degrees of capacity, in order to assign each his proper post, to bestow authority according to merit, and to make the private and public good promote each other. He neither rewarded nor punished his subjects, says Isocrates, from the report of others, but solely upon his own knowledge and experience of them; and neither the virtues of the good, nor the vices of the bad, escaped his virtue and penetration. He had one quality very seldom found in those who possess the first rank in authority, especially when they believe themselves capable of governing alone; I mean a wonderful docility and attention to the sense of others, which arose from a diffidence in his own abilities. With his great qualities he did not seem to have occasion for recourse to the counsel of others, and nevertheless made no resolution, and formed no enterprize, without having first consulted the wise persons he had placed about him in his court, instead of which, pride and presumption, the latent poisons of sovereign power, incline the greatest part of those who arrive at thrones, either to ask no counsel at all, or not to follow it when they do.

Intent upon discovering the excellent in every form of government, and in private

life, he proposed the uniting of all their high qualities, and great advantages in himself; affable and popular, as in a republican state; grave and serious, as in the council of the aged and the senate; steady and decisive as monarchy, after mature deliberation; a profound politician, by the extent and rectitude of his views; an accomplished warrior, from intrepid valour in battles, directed by wise moderation; a good father, a good relation, a good friend, and what crowns all his praise, in every circumstance of his character, always great, and always himself.

He supported his dignity and rank, not with an air of pride and haughtiness, but by a serenity of aspect, and a mild and easy majesty, resulting from innate virtue, and the evidence of a good conscience. He won the hearts of his friends by his liberality, and conquered others by a greatness of soul, to which they could not refuse their esteem and admiration.

But what was most royal in him, and attracted the entire confidence of his subjects, neighbours, and even enemies, was his sincerity, faith, and regard to all his engagements, and his hatred, or rather detestation, for all disguises, falsehood, and fraud. A single word on his side had as much regard paid to it as the most sacred oath; and it was universally known that nothing was capable of inducing him to violate it in the least circumstance whatsoever.

It was by all these excellent qualities that he effectually reformed the city of Salamin, and entirely changed the face of its affairs in a very short time. He found it gross, savage, and barbarous, without any taste either for learning, commerce, or arms. What cannot a prince do that loves his people, and is beloved by them? who believes himself great and powerful only to render them happy; and knows how to set a just value upon, and do honour to their labours, industry, and merit of every kind?

He had been many years upon the throne, before arts, sciences, commerce, navigation, and military discipline were seen to flourish at Salamin; inasmuch, that that city did not give place to the most opulent of Greece.

Isocrates often repeats, that in the praises he gives Evagoras, of which I have only extracted a part, far from exaggerating any thing, he falls always short of truth. To what can we attribute

bute a reign so wise, so just, so moderate, so constantly employed in rendering his subjects happy, and in promoting the public good? The condition of Evagoras, before he came to govern, seems to me to have contributed very much to it.

The being born a prince, and having never experienced any other condition but that of master and sovereign, are, in my opinion, great obstacles to the knowledge and practice of that high station. Evagoras, who came into the world under a tyrant, had long obeyed before he commanded. He had been born in a private and dependant life, the yoke of an absolute and despotic power. He had seen himself exposed to envy and calumny, and had been in danger for his merit and virtue. Such a prince had only to be told upon his ascending the throne, what was said to a great emperor (Trajan) "You have not always been what you are now. Adversity has prepared you to make a good use of

power. You have lived long amongst us, and like us, you have been in danger under bad princes. You have trembled for yourself, and know by experience how virtue and innocence have been treated." What he had personally suffered, what he had feared for himself or others, what he had seen unjust and unreasonable in the conduct of his predecessors, had opened his eyes, and taught him all his duty. It sufficed to tell him, what the Emperor Galba told Piso, when he adopted him his associate in the empire :--- "Remember what you condemned or applauded in princes when you were a private man. You have only to consult the judgment passed upon them, and act conformably to it, for your instruction in the art of reigning well."

Evagoras is supposed to have reigned about the æra of the world, 3618, before Christ 385.

*Islington.*

HENRICUS.



O N

## SATURDAY, AND ABSURD CLEANLINESS.

My wife's of manners, gentle, pure, and kind,  
An honest heart—a most ingenuous mind ;  
Beauteous and gay, domestic without vice ;  
And but one fault—indeed she's over nice.  
Mops, pails, and brushes, dusters, matts, and  
soap,

Are scepters of controul—her joy, her hope.  
Each day we scrub and scower house, yard,  
and limb,  
And on a Saturday, ye Gods, we swim !

**T**HOU Xantippe once broke the head of  
Socrates, and he had temper to bear  
it, yet, if we had the old fellow amongst us  
now, I believe we should try his philosophic  
patience on a Saturday. The rage of  
scowering and cleansing is not peculiar  
to our house, for I find all my friends  
complain of the universal deluge on the  
Saturday. In short, it is the vice of our  
Ladies; and what they call being only  
clean, is a general inconvenience to business  
and health.

The cleaning begins, like the sabbath  
of the Jews, of the Friday, being ordered  
hastily and early to bed---that the dining-  
room may be scrubbed out;---or else are  
all crammed into a little parlour, and  
smothered, by way of being cleanly.---  
To accomplish this, the stairs being just

scowered, we are all commanded to go up  
bare-footed, though at the risk of a tertian  
ague, or a fore throat.

Early in the morning the servants are  
rung up, and for the operation of the  
morning dressed accordingly; and, tho'  
smart enough on other occasions, yet to  
see them in their Saturday's garb for the  
mop and broom rencounter, you would  
imagine them to be Sybils, or Norwood  
Fortune-tellers.

To get at the breakfast-room, I am  
under the necessity of wading over the  
shoes; and if I am not very accurate in  
my steering, I am sure to tumble over a  
pail, or break my shins a-crofs the mop.  
The weather hath nothing to do with this  
aquatic operation; frost or snow, dry or  
wet, the house must be cleaned on that  
day; and, during breakfast, every door  
and window is opened to give a quick  
current to the air, that the rooms may be  
dried soon. By this means, unless cloathed  
in furr, I am perished to death, and sure  
to take cold. Arguments avail nothing.  
Mistresses and servants are combined in  
the watry plot, and swim or drown is the  
only alternative.

Sometimes I have pleaded for a room  
that



that hath not been used in the week ;— but in vain :—the word *was* is general ; and all must float, from the garret to the cellar. I once or twice in my life ventured to take a peep at the Cook in the Kitchen ; but, to be sure, no Fury could look so fierce ; her hair was dishevelled about her shoulders ; she mounted on high pattens ; her dressers covered with pots and pans, and her face all besmeared with soot and brick-dust.

The animals, too, upon this day of execution, skulk into holes and corners ; the dogs retreat with their tails between their legs to the stable ; and poor domestic puss is obliged to ascend a beer-barrel in the cellar, by way of throne, where she purrs away her time, longing for the return of the dove and the olive branch, as much as Noah did in the old surge-beaten ark.

But these misfortunes are not all : My wife, and all the maids, as if by intuition or agreement, or inspiration, or devilish witchcraft, are all in the dumps ; they universally put on one face ; and by the lip of Hebe I swear, for these last ten years, I have not seen a Saturday smile on their fair faces.

I have often thought Mr. Addison took his hint of the first speech in his Cato, from the last day of the week at his house ; for great wits are very apt to adopt sublime passages from very ludicrous hints ; and tho' some people may call it a parody, I am rather inclined to believe it an original thought.

The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day ;  
'Th' important Saturday ;  
The great, th' important, humid Saturday,  
Big with the fate of Bucket—and of Broom !

This Saturday carries with it a general persecution. It is not that we are harassed from room to room ; floated from

the cellar to the garret ; washed out of the house of ease ; and starved to death with thorough airs, but our stomachs, our craving bellies, pinch for it too.

Nothing is to be fouled ; all is to be reserved for Sunday. The dinner must be made of small scraps ; the pantry must be cleared, tho' the offals are musty, and the bread is mouldy ; for the laws of Media and Persia will sooner give way, than the adopted tyranny supported once a week in every mansion. I very often, to keep off the ague, draw a cork extraordinary, for there is positively nothing else left for it ; and if by misfortune a drop of wine sullies the bright Bath lacquer'd table, my Lady rises with the dignity of a pontiff, and with a rubber labours for twenty minutes against the spot—for our tables, you must know, ever since we got the receipt at Speenhamland for cleaning mahogany, would serve the purpose of looking-glasses ; and this is the brightest jewel in our diadem. Now, tho' my wife possesseth the virtues of Dian---yet, the plagues of Egypt never came on the natives once a week, to which we are bound to submit,---in spite of every argument salutary and festive.

I know but one wedded fair one who is a happy contradiction to this weekly rule of conduct ; which is *Bellaflora* ;---she is never disturbed by the washing ; hath constantly the same table covered, and the same temper to grace it : she never considers cleanliness further than as conducive to decency and health ; and then embraces such opportunities, that the very cat of the family shall not be under the distress of wetting her feet. The morning, early, is used to adjust these matters---the night late---or absent hours, which fall to the lot of every family.

[West. Mag.]

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### A LETTER to a YOUNG LADY, On FEMALE AMUSEMENTS.

**E**VERY period of life, my worthy girl, has amusements which are natural and proper to it. You may indulge the variety of your taste in these, while you keep within the bounds of that propriety which is suitable to your sex.

Some amusements are conducive to health, as various kinds of exercise : some are connected with qualities really useful,

as different kinds of women's work, and all the domestic concerns of a family :--- some are elegant accomplishments, as dress, dancing, music, and drawing : such books as improve your understanding, enlarge your knowledge, and cultivate your taste, may be considered in a higher point of view than mere amusements.--- There are a variety of others, which are neither

neither useful nor ornamental, such as play of different kinds.

I would particularly recommend to you those exercises that oblige you to be much abroad in the open air, such as walking and riding on horse-back. These will give vigour to your constitution, and a bloom to your complexion. If you accustom yourself to go abroad always in carriages, you will soon become so enervated, as to be unable to go out of doors without them. They are like most articles of luxury, useful and agreeable when judiciously used; but, when habitual, they become both insipid and pernicious.

An attention to your health is a duty you owe to yourself and to your friends: But health seldom fails to have an influence on the spirits and temper.---The finest geniuses, the most delicate minds, have very frequently a correspondent delicacy of bodily constitution, which they are too apt to neglect. Their luxury lies in reading and late hours, equally enemies to health and beauty. But, though good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it, but enjoy it in grateful silence. We so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that, when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to her excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of.

The intention of your being taught needle-work, knitting, and such-like, is not on account of the intrinsic value of all you can do with your hands, which is trifling; but to enable you to judge more perfectly of that kind of work, and to direct the execution, and to direct the execution of it in others. Another principal end is to enable you to fill up, in a tolerably agreeable way, some of the many solitary hours your must necessarily pass at home.---It is a great article, in the happiness of life, to have your pleasures as independant of others as possible. By continually gadding abroad in search of amusement, you lose the respect of all your acquaintances, whom you oppress with those visits, which by a more discreet management might have been courted.

The domestic oeconomy of a family is entirely a woman's province, and furnishes a variety of subjects for the exertion both of good sense and good taste: if you ever come to have the charge of a family, it ought to engage much of your time and attention, nor can you be

excused from this by any extent of fortune, though, with a narrow one, the ruin that follows the neglect of it may be more immediate.

I am at the greatest loss what to advise you in regard to books. There is no impropriety in reading history, or cultivating any art or science to which genius or accident leads you. The whole volume of nature lies open to your eye, and furnishes an infinite variety of entertainment: if I was sure that nature had given you such strong principles of taste and sentiment as would remain with you, and influence your future conduct, with the utmost pleasure, would I endeavour to direct your reading in such a way, as might form that taste to the utmost perfection of truth and elegance. 'But when I reflect how easy it is to warm a girl's imagination, and how difficult deeply and permanently to affect her heart; how readily she retires into every refinement of sentiment, and how easily she can sacrifice them to vanity or convenience; I think I may very probably do you an injury by artificially creating a taste, which, if nature never gave it you, would only serve to embarrass your future conduct.-----I do not want to make you any thing: I want to know what nature has made you, and to perfect you on her plan. I do not wish to have sentiments that might perplex you; I wish you to have sentiments that may uniformly and steadily guide you, and such as your heart so thoroughly approves, that you would not forego them for any consideration this world could offer.

Dress is an important article in female life; the love of dress is natural to your sex, and therefore it is proper and reasonable. Good sense will regulate your expence in it, and good taste will direct you to dress in such a way as to conceal any blemish, and set off your beauties to the greatest advantage. But much delicacy and judgment are required in the application of this rule.---A fine woman shews her charms to most advantage, when she seems most to conceal them. The finest bosom in nature is not so fine as what imagination forms. The most perfect elegance of dress appears always the most easy, and the least studied.

Do not confine your attention to dress to your public appearance. Accustom yourself to an habitual neatness, so that, in the most careless undress, in your most unguarded hours, you may have no reason to be ashamed of your appearance.

---You

--You will not easily believe how much we consider your dress as expressive of your characters. Vanity, liberty, slovenliness, folly, appear thro' it. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

In dancing, the principal parts you are to attend to are ease and grace. I would have you to dance with spirit, but never allow yourselves to be so far transported with mirth, as to forget the delicacy of your sex.---Many a girl, dancing in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to discover a spirit she little dreams of.

I know no entertainment, that gives such pleasure to a person of sentiment and humour, as the theatre.---But I am sorry to say there are few English comedies a lady can see, without a shock to delicacy. You cannot readily suspect the comments gentlemen make on your behaviour on such occasions. Men are often best acquainted with the most worthless of your sex, and from them too readily form their judgment of the rest. A virtuous girl often hears very indelicate things with a countenance no ways embarrassed, because, in truth, she does not understand them. Yet this is, most ungenerously, ascribed to that command of features, and that ready presence of mind, which you are thought to possess in a degree far beyond us; or, by still more malignant observance, it is ascribed to hardened effrontery.

Sometimes a girl laughs with all the

simplicity of unsuspected innocence, for no other reason, but being infected with other people's laughing; she is then believed to know more than she should do.

---If she does happen to understand an improper thing, she suffers a very complicated distress: she feels her modesty hurt in the most sensible manner, and, at the same time, is ashamed of appearing conscious of the injury. The only way to avoid these inconveniences is never to go to a play that is particularly offensive to delicacy.---Tragedy subjects you to no such distress:---Its sorrows will soften and ennoble your hearts.

I need say little about gaming, as I flatter myself you have no relish for it. It is a ruinous and incurable vice; and, as it leads to all the selfish and turbulent passions, is peculiarly odious in your sex. I have no objection to your playing a little at any kind of game, as a variety in your amusements, provided that what you can possibly lose is such a trifle, as can neither interest or hurt you.

In this, as well as in all important points of conduct, shew a determined resolution and steadiness. This is not, in the least, inconsistent with the softness and gentleness so amiable in your sex. On the contrary, it gives that spirit to a mild and sweet disposition, without which it is apt to degenerate into insipidity. To conclude, it makes you respectable in your own eyes, and dignifies you in ours.

I am, &c.

[Univ. Mag.]

# CURIOUS SKETCHES OF

## EMINENT CHARACTERS, who flourished formerly in these Kingdoms.

From the Rev. Mr. GRANGER's SUPPLEMENT to his BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

**J**OHAN DEE was a man of extensive learning, particularly in the mathematics, in which he had few equals; but he was vain, credulous, and enthusiastic: He was deep in astrology, and strongly tainted with the superstition of the Rosicrucians, whose dreams he listened to with eagerness, and became as great a dreamer himself as any of the fraternity.---He appears to have been, by turns, a dupe and a cheat, but acquired prodigious reputation, and was courted by the greatest princes in Europe, who thought, that, in possessing him, they should litem-

rally possess a treasure. He was offered large pensions by the Emperor Charles V. Ferdinand, Maximilian, Rodolph, and the Czar of Muscovy. He travelled over great part of Europe, and seems to have been revered by most persons of rank and eminence, as a being of a superior order. He pretended that a black stone, or speculum, which he made great use of, was brought him by angels, and that he was particularly intimate with Raphaël and Gabriel.

EDWARD KELLY, the associate of his studies and travels, who was esteemed an adept

adept in chemistry, was appointed his seer or speculator. He is said to have written down what came from the mouths of the angels or demons that appeared in the speculum. His reputation, as a Rosicrucian, was equal, at least, to that of Dr. Dee; but he was so unfortunate as to lose both his ears at Lancaster. It was confidently reported that he raised a dead body in that country. He was imprisoned for a cheat in Germany; a country which hath produced more dupes to alchemy than all the other nations in Europe. He pretended that he was enjoined by some of his friends, the angels, to have a community of wives; and he so strictly adhered to this injunction, that he seems to have made it a part of his religion. Kelly died miserably, from the effects of a fall, in escaping from his confinement in Germany; and Dee, very poor, at Mortlake, in Surry; the former in October 1595; the latter in 1608, in the 81st year of his age. The black stones, into which Dee used to call his spirits, was in the collection of the Earls of Peterborough, whence it came to Lady Elizabeth Germaine. It was next the property of the late Duke of Argyle, and is now Mr. Walpole's. It appears, upon examination, to be nothing but a polished piece of canal coal. But this is what he means, when he says,

Kelly did all his feats upon  
The Devil's looking-glass, a stone.

Hudibras, Part II. Canto 3d.

JOHN TAYLOR, commonly called the Water Poet, a native of Gloucester, was intended by his parents for a scholar; but his inclination not leading him to learning, though it did to poetry, he was taken from school before he had gone thro' his Accidence, and bound apprentice to a waterman. After he had quitted the oar, he kept a victualling-house, in Phoenix-Alley, Long-Acre, where he hung up his own head for a sign, with this inscription:

There's many a head stands for a sign,  
Then, gentle reader, why not mine.

He, according to Mr. Wood, did great service to the Royal cause, in the reign of Charles I. by his lampoons and pasquils. The works of Taylor, which are not destitute of natural humour, abound with that low jingling wit, which pleased and prevailed in the reign of James I. and which too often bordered, at least, upon bombast and nonsense. He was countenanced by a few persons of rank and in-

genuity, but was the darling and admiration of numbers of the rabble. He was himself the father of some cant words, and he has adopted others, which were only in the mouths of the lowest vulgar.--- His rhyming spirit did not evaporate with his youth; he held the pen much longer than he did the oar, and was the Poetaster of half a century. He died in 1654, aged 74.

ROGER ASCHAM, who was born at North Allerton, in Yorkshire, and educated at St. John's College, in Cambridge, was one of the brightest geniuses and politest scholars of his age. He was public orator of the University of Cambridge, and Latin Secretary to Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; the last of whom he taught to write a fine hand, and instructed in the Greek and Latin languages, of which he was a consummate master. His letters are valuable both for stile and matter, and are almost the only classical work of that kind, written by an Englishman. The most perfect collection of them, was that published by Mr. Elstole; but he had omitted the Author's poems, which are printed in other editions. His Schoolmaster abounds with great good sense, as well as knowledge of Ancient and Modern History; it is also expressive of the great humanity of the Author, who was for making the paths of knowledge as level and pleasant as possible, and for trying every gentle method for enlarging the mind, and winning the heart. His Toxophilus, a treatise of shooting in the long bow, of which he was excessive fond, is rather whimsical.--- He seems to think that a man, who would be a complete Archer, should have as great a compass of knowledge as he possessed himself. He died the 4th of January, 1569.

WILLIAM LITHGOW, a Scotsman, born the latter end of the 15th century, whose sufferings by imprisonment and torture at Malaga, and whose travels on foot over Europe, Asia, and Africa, seem to raise him almost to the rank of a martyr and a hero, published an account of his perigrinations and adventures. Though the Author deals much in the marvellous, the horrid account of the strange cruelties of which, he tells us, he was the subject, have, however, an air of truth. Soon after his arrival in England, from Malaga, he was carried to Theobald's on a feather-bed, that King James might be an eye-witness of a martyr'd anatomy, by which he means his wretched body, mangled, and reduced to a skeleton. The whole

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Court

Court crowded to see him; and his Majesty ordered him to be taken care of; and he was twice sent to Bath at his expence. By the King's command, he applied to Gondamor, the Spanish Ambassador, for the recovery of the money, and other things of value, which the Governor of Malaga had taken from him, and for a thousand pounds for his support. He was promised a full reparation for the damage he had sustained, but the perfidious Minister never performed his promise.— When he was upon the point of leaving England, Lithgow upbraided him with the breach of his word, in the Presence-chamber, before the Gentlemen of the

Court. This occasioned their fighting upon the spot; and the Ambassador, as the traveller oddly expressed it, had his fistula contrabanded with his fist. The unfortunate Lithgow, who was generally commended for his spirited behaviour, was sent to the Marshalsea, where he continued a prisoner nine months. At the conclusion of the octavo edition of his Travels, he informs us, that in his three voyages, his painful feet have traced over (besides passages of seas and rivers) thirty-six thousand and odd miles, which draweth near to twice the circumference of the whole earth.

[Univ. Mag.]

A C U R I O U S

ANECDOTE, relating to ANDREW MARVEL.

ON that side of the Humber, opposite to Kingston, lived a Lady, whose virtue and good sense recommended her to the esteem of Mr. Marvel, (the father) as his piety and understanding obliged her to take particular notice of him. From this reciprocal approbation arose an intimacy, which was soon improved into a strict friendship. This Lady had a daughter, whose integrity, devotion, filial duty, and exemplary behaviour, endeared her to all who were acquainted with her, and rendered her the darling of her mother, whose fondness for her grew to such a pitch, that she could scarce ever bear to let her be out of her sight.

Mr. Marvel being desirous of increasing, and perpetuating the friendship between the two families, asked the lady to let her beloved daughter come to Kingston, to stand god-mother to a child of his. She consented to his request, as she had a sincere regard for him; though she, by her compliance with it, deprived herself of the pleasure of her daughter's company for a longer time (there being a necessity for the young lady's sleeping at Kingston that night) than she would have agreed to, had any person but Mr. Marvel been the solicitor upon such an occasion.

The young lady came over to Kingston, and the ceremony was performed.

The next day, when she went down to the water-side, in order to return home, she found the wind very high, and the water so rough, that the passage was dangerous: it was indeed supposed to be so

dangerous, at this time, by the watermen, that they earnestly dissuaded her from all thoughts of crossing the river. She, however, not having wilfully, from her birth, given her mother a moment's uneasiness, and knowing how miserable she would be till she saw her again, insisted upon going, in spite of all Mr. Marvel himself could advance, who strenuously intreated her to return to his house, and to wait there till the weather was more favourable. At last, finding her resolutely determined to risque her life rather than hazard the displeasure of a fond parent, he informed her, that as she had brought herself into that perilous situation on his account, he thought it incumbent on him, as a man of honour, and a conscientious man, to share it with her. Accordingly, when he had with difficulty prevailed on some watermen to undertake the passage, they both stepped into the boat.

Just as they put off, Mr. Marvel threw his gold-headed cane to some of his friends on shore, telling them that as he could not permit the young lady to cross the river alone, and as he was apprehensive that the passage would be fatal, he desired them to give it to his son, bidding him at the same time to remember his father. In this manner, he armed with innocence, and his fair companion with filial duty and affection, they cheerfully proceeded to their inevitable destruction.---- The boat was overset, and they were drowned.

The lady, whose excessive fondness had

had plunged her daughter and her friend into this terrible situation, went the same afternoon into her garden, and seated herself in an arbour, from whence she could view the water. While she was looking at the sea, with a considerable deal of anxiety, as it was in a very tempestuous state, she saw, or rather thought she saw, a most lovely boy, with flaxen hair, come into the garden, and heard him, or rather thought she heard him, address her, on his approaching her directly, in the following words: "Your daughter is safe arrived, Madam." Surprized at such an address, the lady replied, "My pretty dear, how didst thou know any thing of my daughter, or that she was in danger?" Then bidding him stay, she rose and went into the house to look for a piece of new money for him, as a reward for his care and diligence. When she returned to the garden the child was gone; and upon making en-

quiries in her family about him, she found that nobody except herself had seen him, and that there was no child in the neighbourhood which answered her description. She now began to harbour suspicions of her calamity; they were soon afterwards confirmed; and the untimely fate of her friend was a great addition to the sorrow which she felt for her unfortunate daughter. Feeling also for the suffering family of her truly respected friend; considering, that while she had been only deprived of her maternal delights, they had been sunk into a helpless condition; and imagining that she was bound by the strongest ties to make every kind of reparation in her power; she sent for young Marvel, took upon herself the charge of his education, and left him her fortune at her death.

[Westm. Mag.]

## PICTURE OF A REAL GENTLEMAN.

THE word Gentleman is so variously applied, that it is impossible to give a just definition of it. Some are called Gentlemen from their birth, some from their riches, some from their situation, and some from their qualifications; but what constitutes the Real Gentleman, may, I think, be comprized in the following description:

The Real Gentleman has a heart that sympathises with the poor, and is susceptible of all the tender feelings; is a good husband, a loving parent, a sincere friend, a quiet neighbour, and a cheerful companion. Unbiassed by party, and unprejudiced by any set of men, he directs his principal attention to the good of the public, and to the satisfaction of the community. In charity, he is liberal without ostentation; and to the distressed he experiences himself a father by acts of huma-

nity. He is religious without being an enthusiast, pious without hypocrisy, and virtuous from innate principles of goodness. His deportment is graceful and easy, and his address engaging and complaisant. He is affable to his inferiors, agreeable with his equals, respectful to those who are above him, cringing to none, but polite to all.

I impartial justice on the bench he deals,  
And none his wrath but th' harden'd sinner feels.

He spares no cost nor labour in defence  
Of helpless right, and injur'd innocence.  
So much for business his capacious mind  
Appears: to worthy deeds so much inclin'd,  
That all around he plenty sows, and peace,  
And reaps of thanks and praise a large increase.

Bedford.

B.

[West. Mag.]

## NATURAL HISTORY of the COW.

OF all ruminant animals, those of the cow kind deserve the first rank, both for their size, their beauty, and their services. The horse is more properly an animal belonging to the rich; the sheep chiefly thrives in a flock, and requires attendance; but the cow is more espe-

cially the poor man's pride, his riches, and his support. There are many of our peasantry that have no other possession but a cow; and even of the advantages resulting from this most useful creature the poor are but the nominal possessors. Its flesh they cannot pretend to taste,

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since then their whole riches are at once destroyed; its calf they are obliged to fatten for sale, since veal is a delicacy they could not make any pretensions to; its very milk is wrought into butter and cheese for the tables of their masters; while they have no share even in their own possession, but the choice of their market.

The climate and pasture of Great-Britain is excellently adapted to this animal's moderate nature; and the verdure and the fertility of our plains are perfectly suited to the manner of its feeding; for, wanting the upper fore-teeth, it loves to graze in an high rich pasture. This animal makes no particular distinctions in the choice of its herbage, but indiscriminately and hastily devours the proper quantity. For this reason, in our pastures, where the grass is rather high than succulent, more flourishing than nutritious, the cow thrives admirably; and there is no part of Europe where the tame animal grows so large, yields more milk, or more readily fattens, than with us.

Our pastures supply them with abundance, and they in return enrich the pasture. The horse and the sheep are known in a course of years to impoverish the ground. The reason is, that the horse, being furnished with fore teeth in the upper jaw, nips the grass closely, and, therefore only chuses that which is the most delicate and tender; the sheep, also, though, with respect to teeth, formed like the cow, only bites the most succulent parts of the herbage: these animals, therefore, leave all the high weeds standing, and, while they cut the finer grass

too closely, suffer the ranker herbage to vegetate and over-run the pasture.

But it is otherwise with the cow; as its teeth cannot come so close to the ground as those of the horse, nor so readily as those of the sheep, which are less, it is obliged to feed upon the tallest vegetables that offer; thus it eats them all down, and, in time, levels the surface of the pasture.

The breed of cows has been improved by a foreign mixture, properly adapted to supply the imperfections of our own. Such as are purely British are far inferior in size to those on many parts of the Continent; but those which we have thus improved by far excel all others. Our Lincolnshire kind derive their size from the Holstein breed; and the large hornless cattle that are bred in some parts of England, came originally from Poland.

Of all quadrupedes, the cow seems most liable to alteration by the richness or poverty in the soil and pasture.----- The breed of the Isle of Man, and Scotland, is much less than in England or Ireland; they are differently shaped also, the dewlap being much smaller, and, as the expression is, the beast has more of the ewe neck. This, till some years ago, was considered as a deformity, and the cow was chosen with a large dewlap; however, at present it is the universal opinion, that the cow wants in udder what it has in neck, and the larger the dewlap, the smaller is the quantity of its milk. Our graziers now, therefore, endeavour to mix the two breeds; the large Holstein with the small northern; and from both results that fine milch breed, which excels any other part of the world.

## A N E C D O T E S.

### The LOIN OF BEEF.

**A**S King Henry VIII. was hunting in Windsor Forest one day, he lost himself, probably on purpose. Upon which he struck down, about dinner time, to Reading, where he disguised himself in the habit of a yeoman of the king's guard; for one of whom, by his stature and figure he might well pass.

He went to the Abbey, and was invited to dine at the Abbot's table. A Sir Loin of Beef was set before him, so knighted, faith tradition, by this King Henry; on which his majesty laid on lustily, not dis-

gracing the coat of a king's beef-eater, for whom he was taken. "Well fare thy heart, (quoth the abbot) and here, in a cup of sack, I remember the health of his grace your maker. I would give an hundred pounds, upon the condition that I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak and squeamish stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken." The King merrily pledged him, and heartily thanking him for his good cheer, after dinner, departed undiscovered.

Some weeks after, the abbot was sent for by a king's messenger, brought up to London

London, clapped into the Tower, kept close prisoner, and fed for several days with bread and water only.

The abbot's mind was sorely disquieted with thoughts and suspicions, how he might have incurred the King's displeasure. At last the day came, on which a Sir Loin of Beef was set before him, on which the abbot fed like the farmer of his grange, and verified the proverb, that "two hungry meals make the third a glutton." In bolts King Henry, out of a private lobby, where he had placed himself the invisible spectator of the abbot's behaviour. "My lord (quoth the king) lay down immediately your hundred pounds in gold, or else there shall be no going hence for you all the days of your life. I have been your physician; I have cured you of your squeamish stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand my reward for the same."

The abbot, glad to escape so, deposited the cash, and returned to Reading, murmuring at the severity of the doctor's regimen, and the exorbitance of his fees.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

#### The MISER's LEGACY.

PAULINO, finding himself bowed down with age, and ready to sink into the grave, condescends to make his will. "I give and bequeath," says he---and at the word *bequeath* he sighs---"I give and bequeath all my estates unto my son Charles."---*And your cash, Sir?*---"My cash!---What that too?---Well, my cash, since it must be so, I give and bequeath unto my son Henry."---And a tear dropped down.---*Then, Sir, your house, your furniture, your---*"Hold, my friend, hold! My house, my furniture I cannot dispose of!---Paulino would have given his reasons for it, but it was too late.---Already was his breath gone---already was he in the land of spirits.

[*West. Mag.*]

#### The VIZIR and the CHILD.

IN the reign of the wise Abaddi, a band of Arabian robbers having fortified themselves upon the top of a mountain, had desolated the roads and highways in the neighbourhood by their pillaging and barbarity, and were become formidable to the inhabitants of the country; the persons appointed for the preservation of the public peace being unable to protect them, they, therefore, petitioned the King to consult with his Ministers upon the most speedy and effectual method of dis-

lodging the ruffians from their intrenchments, lest they should fortify themselves more strongly. A tree newly planted is easily pulled up; but, when it has taken root, it is difficult to shake it: A river may be dammed at its source with a handful of earth; but, when swelled in its run, it is difficult to cross it on an elephant. The resolution of the assembly was to appoint a crafty and vigilant man to examine the condition of the robbers, and discover an occasion of attacking them at a disadvantage. For this purpose a number of men were secretly planted in the woods and avenues of the mountains. In the mean time, a party of the robbers being abroad pillaging, and returning at midnight with their booty, were surprised by these that lay in wait for them, and carried before the King, with their hands tied behind their backs. The King ordered them all to be executed: but the Vizir, seeing among them a Youth of remarkable beauty, kissed the foot of the Sublime Throne, and addressed the King to the following purport: "Great and generous Prince! This Child has but just tasted the fruit of the vine of life; he knows not yet its value: I therefore humbly supplicate your Majesty in his behalf, and will esteem it a particular favour if the Royal clemency should extend to an unhappy criminal."

"He will never become good, (answered the King) who is by nature wicked; let us therefore cut down the trunk, and extirpate the roots. To kill the serpent, and spare the brood, would surely be no mark of wisdom." "Powerful Prince! (replied the Vizir) what the King has said is very just, but this unhappy boy has not been long with these robbers, and is not yet infected with their vices: I therefore hope, when educated among people of integrity, he will become honest. He is not yet out of the state of childhood, and cannot yet be hardened in guilt. We are not born wicked: Our parents give us what instructions they please; and we are Mahometans, Jews, Christians, or Idolaters, before we are capable of thinking." "I pardon him, (said the King) contrary to my duty and my inclination. We should never pity the wickedness of their youth; A river is easily passed near its source; but, at a greater distance from its fountain, it bears down the mules and the camels with their loads."

The Vizir, having thus obtained pardon for the little criminal, put him under the care of an able preceptor; by whose instructions he profited so much as to ren-

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der himself agreeable to every one, and the Vizir was so charmed with the lad's proficiency in every art and science, that he could not help praising his genius in the presence of the King, who, smiling, said, "The progeny of a wolf will prowl for prey, though reared in the dwellings of men." Accordingly, some years after, a body of rebels elected this young man their chief, and, binding themselves to him with the strongest ties, conspired the death of the Vizir and his two sons, whom they assassinated along with their credulous father, sacking his palace, carrying off his riches, and retiring to the

retrenchments of the robbers, whence they exercised every species of hostility and rebellion.

When the King received intelligence of this massacre, he cried with great agitation, "It is impossible to make a good blade out of bad iron: Education will never humanize a heart that is savage by Nature. Flowers are the produce of good soils, weeds of bad ones.----We ought not to shew favour to the guilty, and attempt in vain to reclaim them by benefits: it is as dangerous, and perhaps as criminal, as to injure the innocent."

[Univ. Mag.]

## NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

### DRURY-LANE.

#### ELECTRA.

**A**BOUT two years ago, Dr. Franklin, who translated this tragedy from Voltaire's *Orestes*, gave it to Mrs. Yates, to be performed for her benefit, at Covent-Garden theatre, and that actress making her appearance this season at Drury-lane for the first time these eight years, the present piece was selected for her introduction, on Saturday Oct. 15, and it must be owned Mrs. Yates shone with unparalleled lustre in the part of *Electra*.

The tragedy is founded upon a passage in ancient history, which has furnished matter for many fine poetical writers, particularly Sophocles, Euripides, Voltaire, Shirley, and Thomson. The story is this: While Agamemnon was at the siege of Troy, his wife Clytemnestra was seduced by *Ægisthus*; the event of which was, that when her husband returned, she and her lover murdered him. *Ægisthus* thereupon ascended the throne, and immediately imprisoned *Electra*, the daughter of Clytemnestra. — *Orestes*, her son, was next the object of his cruelty; but he was conveyed away by *Electra*, and remained an exile for 15 years; but the oracle having declared that he should one day destroy the murderers of his father, *Ægisthus* ordered his son *Plithenes* to find him out, and murder him. — *Orestes* met the assassin by chance, and slew him; after which, attended by his friend *Pylades*, he set out for his native country, disguised as *Plithenes*, and took with

him the ashes of the deceased in an urn, as those of himself; by which means he got admittance into Mycene, and immediately made himself known to his friends. *Ægisthus* hearing of *Orestes* being come in disguise, seized upon him, and commanded him to be fettered and imprisoned, but the people rose against the usurper, and loading him with the chains designed for *Orestes*, dragged him to the tomb of Agamemnon, where *Orestes* thrusts his sword into the tyrant's heart, and pierces also that of Clytemnestra, who was flying to her husband's assistance.

#### The ELECTION.

A new Musical Interlude of this name was performed at the same Theatre, on Wednesday, Oct. 19; the design of which is to censure bribery and corruption, and to applaud the firmness of a virtuous Election.

The plot of this little Piece is very simple:---John, an honest old country baker, is solicited to give his vote in favour of a Court Candidate by his wife, but he determines to bestow his suffrage on Squire Trusty. Richard, a young gentleman, friend to Lord Courtly, makes love to Sally, daughter to the old couple, and, notwithstanding his regard for the Nobleman, cannot help applauding her father for giving his vote according to his conscience. The scene then discovers a street, in a market-town, crowded with people, who are employed in chairing Squire

Squire Trusty; and, Richard having engaged to marry Sally, the Piece terminates with a Chorus Song. The music is composed by Mr. Barthelemon, and afforded great satisfaction to the auditors, particularly the following Airs.

## R O N D E A U,

By JOHN.

Honest John no bribe can charm,  
His heart is like his oven, warm:  
Tho' poor as Job,  
He will not rob,  
Nor sell his truth to fill his fob.  
Tools and hirelings, I'd black-ball 'em!  
For to let such rascals sit  
Is as bad as using allum,  
Or as selling bread short weight.  
Tho' I oft am mealy-handed,  
I'm not mealy-mouth'd likewise;  
For a knave I'll not be branded,  
But declare without disguise,

Honest John, &amp;c.

What because my out-side's dusty,  
Must my mind be dirty too?  
They perhaps, will find me crusty,  
Who now think me soft as dough.  
I nor mind their balls nor feasting,  
Nor their specious promise heed;  
What's the bread without the yeast in?  
What's the word without the deed?

Honest John, &amp;c.

## A I R, by JOHN.

Whilst happy in my native land,  
I boast my country's charter,  
I'll never basely lend my hand  
Her liberties to barter.  
The noble mind is not at all  
By poverty degraded;  
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,  
And well I am persuaded,  
Each free-born Briton's song should be,  
"Or give me death or Liberty!"  
Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,  
And few the gifts she sends us,  
The lordly hireling often wants  
That freedom which defends us.  
By law secur'd from lawless strife,  
Our house is our Castellum;  
Thus blest all that's dear in life,  
For lucre shall we sell 'em!  
No; ev'ry Briton's song shou'd be,  
"Or give me Death or Liberty!"

## A I R, by SALLY.

Adieu to silks and fattins,  
To love and peace adieu!  
Each day in homely pattens,  
I still must bake and brew.  
Each morn, at early rising,  
Must twirl the hated mop,  
And ev'ry thought disguising,  
Attend my father's shop.

Adieu, &amp;c.

## A I R, By RICHARD.

Ah! let it ne'er with truth be said,  
That public Virtue droops her head;  
That English Faith should luckless prove,  
Or cross one English virgin's love.

If in my Sally's youthful heart  
Her Richard e'er may claim a part,  
This happy hour shall smiling prove  
That honour firmly fixes love.

## The MAID of the OAKS.

THE Fete Champetre given in the summer at the Oaks, in Surry, has given a hint to the dramatic geniuses to furnish an amusement of that rural kind for the stage. The story of the present piece (which was acted for the first time on the 5th instant) is very simple, but the music, the scenery, decorations, and dresses, were extremely attracting.

The fable is very little more than this:---Mr. Oldworth, a gentleman of family and fortune, retires soon after the death of his wife, to a seat called Oldworth's Oaks, with his daughter Maria, the Maid of the Oaks. In this retreat they are visited by Sir Henry Groveby, who, on seeing Maria, falls in love with her; Mr. Oldworth refers him to a probation of six months, at the end of which time the wedding is celebrated as a rural festival, in a manner similar to that of Lord Stanley and Lady Betty Hamilton.

The following Songs met with great approbation.

## SONG I.

Come, sing round my favourite tree,  
Ye songsters that visit the grove;  
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me;  
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my side,  
He tenderly pleaded his cause;  
I only with blushes reply'd,  
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

D A C A P O.

Come, sing round, &amp;c.

## SONG II.

Mrs. SMITH.

Breezes that attend the spring,  
Bear the sound on rosy wing;  
Waft the swelling notes away,  
'Tis Maria's wedding-day.

## CHORUS of female Voices.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,  
Call around each maid a d swain,  
Dress'd in garlands fresh and gay,  
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Mr.

Mr. VERNON.

Hence suspicion, envy, strife,  
Ev'ry ill that poisons life,  
Skulking vice, and specious art,  
All that spoils or cheats the heart.

CHORUS of Men.

Here the chaff'n'd loves invite,  
Harmless dalliance, pure delight,  
Choral sonnet, festive play;  
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

Mr. VERNON.

Plenty come, with ceaseless board;  
Mirth, to crown the ev'ning board;  
Truth, the nuptial bed to guard;  
Joy and Peace, its bright reward.

Mrs. SMITH.

But the chief invited guest,  
Health in rosy mantle drest,  
Come, and with thy lengthen'd stay,  
Make her life a bridal day.

CHORUS.

Spread the tidings o'er the plain,  
Call around each maid and swain,  
Drest in garlands fresh and gay,  
'Tis Maria's bridal day.

### SONG III.

Ye fine fangled folks, who from cities & courts,  
By your presence enliven the fields,  
Accept for your welcome, our innocent sports,  
And the fruits that our industry yields.  
No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,  
No altar to interest smokes;  
To the blessing of love, kind seasons and health,  
Is devoted the Feast of the Oaks.

From the thicket & plain, each favourite haunt,  
The villagers hasten away,  
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want,

To compensate the toil of the day;  
The milkmaid abandons her pail and her cow;  
In the furrow the plowman unyokes,  
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,

To assist at the feast of the Oaks.

The precept we teach is contentment & truth,  
That our girls may not learn to beguile,  
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,  
And decorate age with a smile;  
No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,  
No raven with ominous croaks,  
Nor poisonous critic, more fatal than both,  
Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.

Bring roses and myrtles, new circlets to wave,  
Ply the flutes in new measures to move,  
And lengthen the song to the star of the eve,  
The favouring planet of love;  
Oh, Venus! propitious, attend to the lay,  
Each shepherd the blessing invokes;  
May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,  
Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks!

On Saturday, Oct. 8, Mr. Lacy, joint patentee with Mr. Garrick, appeared at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the first time,

in the character of Alexander; on which occasion, the following Prologue (written by Mr. Garrick) was introduced:

IN Macedon, when Alexander reign'd,  
And victory after victory was gain'd,  
The Greek Gazettes (for they had papers there)

Publish'd a thousand fibs—as they do here.  
From them one Curtius wrote of Philip's son,  
How he did things—which never could be done!

Unlike his copy, who will soon appear,  
His mighty soul ne'er knew the smallest fear:  
Tho' laurel-crown'd, our pale young Monarch comes,  
Trembling amidst his triumphs, shouts, and drums;

Wou'd give up all his victories, false or true,  
To gain one greater conquest—that of you!  
"Lord, cries a buxom widow, loud and strong)

"He's a boy! to play that part is wrong."  
"Madam, he's six feet high, and cannot be too young."

"He looks so modest; hardly speaks a word:  
"Can he with proper spirit draw his sword?  
"A face so smooth, where neither rage or pride is,

Fits not the Hero."—Fronti nulla fides—  
In English thus: Trust not to looks, they'll cheat us,

Bounc'd not Sir Swagger lately as he'd beat us?

And was not he, with all his frowns and airs,  
By one, who seem'd all meekness, kick'd down stairs?

Mifs B. all delicacy, nerve, and fear,  
Elop'd last year with a horse grenadier!  
And our advent'rer, tho' so mild and civil,  
If you once rouse him, plays the very devil!  
"Indeed (cries Madam) Sir, I'm much your debtor,

"I should be glad to know the young man better."

Twice our young hero, who for glory tow'rs,  
In fields less dang'rous, try'd his unknown pow'rs;

Like a young swimmer, whom his feary command,

In shallow streams first ventur'd from the land;  
Till bolder grown, the rougher wave he stems,  
Plunges from giddy height into the Thames.  
E'en now he starts to hear the torrent roar!

"While his pale fates stand frighted on the shore!"

Soon will ye leap the precipice—Your nod  
Sinks him, or lifts him to a Demi-god.

The Managers of COVENT-GARDEN have not yet brought out any new play during this month, but they have introduced eight good new Performers, viz. Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield, in the characters of *Clerimont* and *Harriet*, in the *Miser*; Mr. Young, in *Macheath*; Mr. Clinch, in *Alexander*; a young Lady, in *Indiana*; Mr. Lee, in *Bayes* and *Richard*; Mr. Melmoth, in *Philastr*; and Mrs. Hunter, in Mrs. *Oakley*, in the *Jealous Wife*.

The

## The L I T E R A R Y R E V I E W.

29. *An History of the Earth, and animated Nature.* By Oliver Goldsmith, In 8 Vols. 8vo. 2l. 3s. boards. *Nourse.*  
[Continued from p. 223.]

HAVING delivered a distinct and entertaining account of the earth in general, the author has proceeded, in the 2d volume of the work, to the consideration of the animal kingdom; beginning by a comparison of animals with the inferior ranks of creation. The precise boundaries of animal and vegetable life have hitherto not been ascertained by the most intelligent naturalists. For whether the signs of sensibility, or the power of motion, be considered as the discriminating criterion, the terraqueous globe affords some productions, the peculiarity of which invalidates every established rule of determination.

"The sensitive plant, says our author, that moves at the touch, seems to have as much perception as the fresh water polypus, that is possessed of a still slower share of motion. Besides, the sensitive plant will not reproduce upon cutting in pieces, which the polypus is known to do; so that the vegetable production seems to have the superiority. But, notwithstanding this, the polypus hunts for its food, as most other animals do. It changes its situation; and therefore possesses a power of eluding its food, or retreating from danger. Still, therefore, the animal kingdom is far removed above the vegetable; and its lowest denizen is possessed of very great privileges, when compared with the plants with which it is often surrounded."

The historian remarks, that there is a strong similitude between vegetables and animals, with respect to the places where they are found; those of each tribe, which grow in a dry and sunny soil, being vigorous, though not luxuriant; while, on the contrary, such as are produced conjointly by heat and moisture, are luxuriant and tender. To confirm this observation, he instances the interior parts of South America, and Africa, where the higher grounds are usually scorched, while the lower are covered with inundations. There, the insects, reptiles, and other animals, are said to grow to a prodigious size. "The earth-worm of America, says the naturalist, is often a yard in length, and as thick as a walking cane; the boiguacu, which is the largest of the

serpēt kind, is sometimes forty feet in length; the bats, in those countries, are as big as a rabbit; the toads are bigger than a duck, and their spiders are as large as a sparrow." While such is the law of animal growth in the torrid and humid regions, where nature is luxuriant in all her productions, it is observed, that in the high northern latitudes, both animals and vegetables are proportioned to the unnatural state of the climate. All the wild animals, the bear excepted, are much smaller than in milder countries; and such of the domestic kinds as are carried thither quickly degenerate, and grow less. But the similitude between animals and vegetables, is no where observed to be more obvious than in those that belong to the ocean, where the nature of the one is likewise admirably adapted to the necessities of the other.

Of all the races of animated nature, the historian proceeds to observe, man is the least affected by the soil where he resides, or influenced by the variations of vegetable food. He can exist in climates of the most opposite temperature, and suffers but very gradual alterations from the nature of any situation. That we may not prevent, by a detail of the subjects, the satisfaction which may be reaped from perusing this part of the work, we shall lay before our readers the following passage:

"To diminish the number of animals, and increase that of vegetables, has been the general scope of human industry; and, if we compare the utility of the kinds, with respect to man, we shall find, that of the vast variety in the animal kingdom, but very few are serviceable to him; and in the vegetable, but very few are entirely noxious. How small a part of the insect tribes, for instance, are beneficial to mankind, and what numbers are injurious! In some countries they almost darken the air: A candle cannot be lighted without their instantly flying upon it, and putting out the flame. The closest recesses are no safeguard from their annoyance; and the most beautiful landscapes of nature only serve to invite their rapacity. As these are injurious, from their multitudes; so most of the larger kinds are equally dreadful to him, from their courage and ferocity. In the most uncultivated parts of the forest these maintain an undisputed empire; and man invades their retreats with terror. These are terrible; and there are still more that are utterly useless to him, that serve to take up that room

which more beneficial creatures might possess; and incommode him, rather with their numbers than their enmities. Thus, in a catalogue of land animals, that amounts to more than twenty thousand, we can scarcely reckon up an hundred that are any way useful to him; the rest, being either all his open, or his secret enemies, immediately attacking him in person, or intruding upon that food he has appropriated to himself. Vegetables, on the contrary, though existing in greater variety, are but few of them noxious. The most deadly poisons are often of great use in medicine; and even those plants that only seem to cumber the ground, serve for food to that race of animals which he has taken into friendship, or protection. The smaller tribes of vegetables, in particular, are cultivated, as contributing either to his necessities, or amusement; so that vegetable life is as much promoted, by human industry, as animal life is controlled and diminished."

In the beginning of the second chapter, which treats of the generation of animals, we meet with a few philosophical reflections on human fragility, of so striking a nature, that we cannot withhold from citing them.

"Before we survey animals in their state of maturity, and performing the functions adapted to their respective natures, method requires that we should consider them in the more early periods of their existence. There was a time when the proudest and the noblest animal was a partaker of the same imbecility with the meanest reptile; and, while yet a candidate for existence, was equally helpless and contemptible. In their incipient state all are upon a footing; the insect and the philosopher being equally insensible, clogged with matter, and unconscious of existence. Where then are we to begin with the history of those beings, that make such a distinguished figure in the creation? Or, where lie those peculiar characters in the parts that go to make up animated nature, that mark one animal as destined to creep in the dust, and another to glitter on the throne

After relating the several opinions that have been entertained with respect to the share contributed by the sexes towards generation, the author traces the progress of animal nature from its earliest rudiments. But first he remarks, that the general distinction of animals into viviparous and oviparous has been questioned by some naturalists, who have thought it not improbable that certain animals are produced merely from putrefaction. In our opinion, however, this hypothesis is not sufficiently supported: For it cannot be affirmed with any degree of certainty, that the animals supposed to be thus produced,

had not really been contained in ova deposited in the putrefying matter; and it seems more reasonable to admit this conjecture, than acquiesce in the supposition of a law of nature so directly repugnant to her general analogy. But whatever may be determined on this subject, it is certain that there obtains in the animal world a mode of generation yet more incontestable and extraordinary, which is merely by cuttings. We shall present our readers with what is advanced relative to this investigation.

"The earth-worm, the millipedes, the sea-worm, and many marine insects, may be multiplied by being cut in pieces; but the polypus is noted for its amazing fertility; and from hence it will be proper to take the description. The structure of the polypus may be compared to the finger of a glove, open at one end, and closed at the other. The closed end represents the tail of the polypus, with which it serves to fix itself to any substance it happens to be upon; the open end may be compared to the mouth; and, if we conceive six or eight small strings issuing from this end, we shall have a proper idea of its arms, which it can erect, lengthen, and contract, at pleasure, like the horns of a snail. This creature is very voracious, and makes use of its arms as a fisherman does of his net, to catch, and entangle such little animals as happen to come within its reach. It lengthens these arms several inches, keeps them separated from each other, and thus occupies a large space in the water, in which it resides. These arms, when extended, are as fine as threads of silk, and have a most exquisite degree of feeling. If a small worm happens to get within the sphere of their activity, it is quickly entangled by one of these arms, and, soon after, the other arms come to its aid: These altogether shortening, the worm is drawn into the animal's mouth, and quickly devoured, colouring the body as it is swallowed. Thus much is necessary to be observed of this animal's method of living, to shew that it is not of the vegetable tribe, but a real animal, performing the functions which other animals are found to perform, and endued with powers that many of them are destitute of. But what is most extraordinary remains yet to be told; for, if examined with a microscope, there are seen several little specks, like buds, that seem to pullulate from different parts of its body; and these, soon after appear to be young polypi themselves, and, like the large polypus, begin to cast their little arms about for prey, in the same manner. Whatever they happen to ensnare is devoured, and gives a colour not only to their own bodies, but to that of the parent; so that the same food is digested, and serves for the nourishment of both. The food of the little one passes into the large polypus, and colours its body; and this, in its turn,

turn, digests, and swallows its food to pass into theirs. In this manner every polypus has a new colony sprouting from its body; and these new ones, even while attached to the parent animal, become parents themselves, having a smaller colony also budding from them. All, at the same time, busily employed in seeking for their prey, and the food of any one of them serving for the nourishment, and circulating through the bodies of all the rest. This society, however, is every hour dissolving; those newly produced are seen at intervals to leave the body of the large polypus, and become, shortly after, the head of a beginning colony themselves.

"In this manner the polypus multiplies naturally; but, one may take a much readier and shorter way to increase them, and this only by cutting them in pieces. Though cut into thousands of parts, each part still retains its vivacious quality, each shortly becomes a distinct and a complete polypus; whether cut lengthways or crossways, it is all the same; this extraordinary creature seems a gainer by our endeavours, and multiplies by apparent destruction. The experiment has been tried, times without number, and still attended with the same success. Here, therefore, naturalists, who have been blamed for the cruelty of their experiments upon living animals, may now boast of their increasing animal life, instead of destroying it. The production of the polypus is a kind of philosophical generation. The famous Sir Thomas Brown hoped one day to be able to produce children by the same method as trees are produced; the polypus is multiplied in this manner; and every philosopher may thus, if he pleases, boast of a very numerous, tho', I should suppose, a very useless progeny.

"This method of generation, from cuttings, may be considered as the most simple kind, and is a strong instance of the little pains nature takes in the formation of her lower, and humbler productions. As the removal of these from inanimate into animal existence is but small, there are but few preparations made for their journey. No organs of generation seem provided, no womb to receive, no shell to protect them in their state of transition. The little reptile is quickly fitted for all the offices of its humble sphere, and, in a very short time, arrives at the height of its contemptible perfection."

The author afterwards recites distinctly the theory and progress of oviparous generation, and next describes the gradual advancement of the fœtus that is generated in the womb. At the head of the animals thus produced, stands man, the lord of the creation, who naturally becomes the first object of the historian's regard.

The third chapter contains an account of the Infancy of Man, which is rendered interesting by a variety of pertinent observations.

The subsequent chapter treats of Puberty, a period which the author observes is variable in different countries, and always more late in the male than the female sex; a swelling of the breasts in the one, and a roughness of the voice in the other, are the usual symptoms with which this stage of life is accompanied. The author here enters into a detail of the customs which the passion that is excited in the heart at the time of puberty, has produced in different countries, animadverting particularly on those which have subjected the women to a life of slavery, secluded from the free enjoyment of social pleasures. Our readers may not be displeased to see the instances that are produced for confirming the various ideas of personal beauty, entertained by different nations.

"Female beauty is always seen to improve about the age of puberty: but, if we should attempt to define in what this beauty consists, or what constitutes its perfection, we should find nothing more difficult to determine. Every country has its peculiar way of thinking in this respect; and even the same country thinks differently at different times. The ancients had a very different taste from what prevails at present. The eye-brows joining in the middle was considered as a very peculiar grace, by Tibullus, in the enumeration of the charms of his mistress. Narrow foreheads were approved of, and scarce any of the Roman ladies that are celebrated for their other perfections, but are also praised for the redness of their hair. The nose also of the Grecian Venus, was such as would appear at present an actual deformity; as it fell in a straight line from the forehead, without the smallest sinking between the eyes; without which we never see a face at present.

"Among the moderns, every country seems to have peculiar ideas of beauty. The Persians admire large eye-brows, joining in the middle; the edges and corners of the eyes are tinged with black, and the size of the head is increased by a great variety of bandages, formed into a turban. In some parts of India, black teeth and white hair, are desired with ardour; and one of the principal employments of the women of Thibet, is to redden the teeth with herbs, and to make their hair white by a certain preparation. The passion for coloured teeth obtains also in China and Japan; where to complete their idea of beauty, the object of desire must have little eyes nearly closed, feet extremely small, and a waist far from being shapely. There are some nations of the American Indians, that flatten the heads of their children, by keeping them, while young, squeezed between two boards, so as to make the visage much larger than it would naturally be. Others flatten the head at top; and others still make

it as round as they possibly can. The inhabitants along the western coasts of Africa, have a very extraordinary taste for beauty. A flat nose, thick lips, and a jet black complexion, are there the most indulgent gifts of nature. Such, indeed, they are all, in some degree, found to possess. However they take care, by art, to increase these natural deformities, as they should seem to us; and they have many additional methods of rendering their persons still more frightfully pleasing. The whole body and visage is often scarred with a variety of monstrous figures; which is not done without great pain, and repeated incision; and even sometimes parts of the body are cut away. But it would be endless to remark the various arts which caprice, or custom, has employed to distort and disfigure the body, in order to render it more pleasing; in fact, every nation, how barbarous soever, seems unsatisfied with the human figure, as nature has left it, and has its peculiar arts of heightening beauty. Painting, powdering, cutting, boring the nose and the ears, lengthening the one, and depressing the other, are arts practised in many countries; and, in some degree, admired in all. These arts might have been at first introduced to hide epidemic deformities; custom, by degrees, reconciles them to the view; till, from looking upon them with indifference, the eye at length begins to gaze with pleasure."

The fifth chapter is employed on the Age of Manhood, and is chiefly a translation from M. Buffon.

The five succeeding chapters treat respectively of the following subjects, viz. Of Sleep and Hunger; Of Seeing; Of Hearing; Of Smelling, Feeling, and Tasting; Of Old Age and Death. This part of the work abounds not only with speculations properly physical, but with many observations of a political and moral nature, and includes much entertainment on a multiplicity of curious subjects in human history.

In the eleventh chapter, the author treats of the varieties in the Human Race. A diversity in the form of the body, and the tincture of the skin, is observable in the natives of the different quarters of the globe, proceeding, it is probable, from the difference of climate, their food, and customs. These varieties have been divided into six distinct classes; the first comprehending the race of men who are found towards the polar regions; the second, the Tartars, including the greater part of the inhabitants of Asia; the third is the southern Asiatics; the fourth, the negroes of Africa; the fifth, the natives of America; and the sixth great variety, the Europeans. These various species of

mankind are here accurately described, and their difference is yet more fully delineated by plates.

In the subsequent divisions of the work, the naturalist presents us with an account of monsters, mummies, wax-works, &c. His observations, in these several disquisitions, are equally entertaining and instructive, and he has frequently enlivened them with historical anecdotes.—C. R.

30. *A Description of that admirable structure, the Cathedral Church of Salisbury. With the Chapels, Monuments, Grave-stones, and their Inscriptions. To which is prefixed, an Account of Old Sarum.* 7s. 6d. sewed. Baldwin.

THE British cathedrals being generally the most ancient structures in the island, an account of them seldom fails to engage the attention of the reader; and though in the history of those edifices we meet with few anecdotes that raise in the mind ideas either of remote domestic occurrences, or of public transactions, yet we feel ourselves impressed with a reverential awe in the contemplation of objects which have been appropriated to religious exercises through a long succession of ages. As far as local circumstances can influence the imagination, it must be peculiarly affected by the description of scenes where truths the most important to the happiness of mankind have been delivered, and where contrition has awakened many generations to the practice of virtue and piety. Next to the tombs of our ancestors, the prospect of the sacred mansions of devotion is calculated to inspire the soul with moral reflections. It resounds, so to speak, in our ears the collective voice of departed millions, echoing the doctrines of Christianity, and crying aloud to their posterity to forsake the paths of folly and irreligion.

The first part of this volume contains an account of Old Sarum, a town of great antiquity, said to have been a fortress of the Britons before the Roman conquest, and afterwards a Roman station. Here Kenric, the Saxon, frequently resided; and Edgar assembled a parliament, or great council, in the year 966, in which several laws were enacted. Here likewise, in the year 1086, the principal landholders in England, submitting to the military tenure, became vassals to William the Conqueror, and did homage to him in person. In subsequent periods we find Old Sarum

Sarum distinguished for being the scene of several other national assemblies; and copies are produced of various ancient charters and deeds relating to the city and cathedral of Salisbury. This cathedral is said to have been founded by Bishop Osmund in the eleventh century, with the assistance of the Bishops of Winchester and Bath; and here, we are told, was at first the king's free chapel, as that at Windsor is at present. In this work we meet with the following stanzas relative to Bishop Poore, who could not determine on what spot to build his new church, after he had obtained leave of the pope and king for its removal.

One time as the prelate lay on his down bed,  
Recruiting his spirits with rest,  
There appear'd, as 'tis said, a beautiful maid,  
With her own dear babe at her breast.

To him thus she spoke, (the day was scarce broke,

And his eyes yet to slumber did yield)  
"Go, build me a church without any delay,  
"Go, build it in Merry-field."

He awakes and he rings; up ran monks and friars,

At the sound of his little bell;  
I must know, said he, where Merry-field is,  
But the devil a bit cou'd they tell.

Full early he rose on a morning grey,  
To meditate and to walk;  
And by chance o'erheard a soldier on guard,  
As he thus to his comrade did talk:

"I will lay on the side of my good eughen bow,

That I shoot clean over the corn,  
As far as that cow in yon Merry-field,  
Which grazes under the thorn."

Then the bishop cry'd out, "Where is Merry-field?"

For his mind was still on his vow;  
The soldier reply'd, "By the river's side,  
"Where you see that brindled cow."

Upon this he declar'd his pious intent;  
And about the indulgencies ran,  
And brought in the people to build a good steeple,  
And thus the cathedral began.

Our author afterwards presents us with the several accounts of Old Sarum, delivered by Leland, Lambard, and Stukeley. The first of these writers affirms that it is of great antiquity; the second, that it was a place of not much fame in our chronicles before the Norman conquest; but the description of it by Dr. Stukeley, in his *Itinera Curiosa*, is so explicit; and gives so clear an idea of the singularity of its construction, that we shall lay it entire before our readers.

"This city (Sorbiodunum, or Old Sarum) is perfectly round, and formed upon one of

the most elegant designs one can imagine, probably a fortress of the old Britons; the prospect of this place is very august, and would have afforded us a noble sight, when in perfection, such a one will not be difficult to conceive when we have described it. It fills up the summit of an high and steep hill, which originally arose equally on all sides to an apex. The whole work is 1600 feet diameter, included in a ditch of prodigious depth; 'tis so contriv'd that in effect it has two ramparts, the inner and the outer, the ditch between. Upon the inner, which is much the higher, stood a strong wall of 12 feet thick, their usual standard, which afforded a parapet at the top, for the defendants, with battlements quite round. Upon still higher ground, is another deep circular ditch of 500 feet diameter, this is the castle or citadel. Upon the inner rampire of this was likewise another wall, I suppose of like thickness, so that between the inner ditch and the outer wall all around, was the city; this is divided into equal parts by a meridian line. Both the banks are still left, one to the south, the other to the north: and these had walls upon them too. The traces of all the walls are still manifest, and some parts of them left. In the middle of each half, towards the east and west, is a gate with each a lunet before it, deeply ditch'd, and two oblique entries; that to the east is square, to the west round. The hollow where the wall stood is visible quite round, though the materials are well high carried away to New Sarum. In every quarter were two towers, the foundations plainly appearing. Then with those that were upon the cardinal points, the gates and the median rampart, as it must necessarily be understood, there were 12 in the whole circumference; so that supposing it about 5000 feet in circumference, there was a tower at every 400. Hence we may imagine the nature of the city was thus; a circular street went round in the middle between the inner and outer fortifications concentric to the whole work, and that cross streets like radii fronted each tower; then there were 24 islets of building, for houses, temples, or the like. Now such was the design of this place, that if one half was taken by the enemy, the other would still be defensible; and at last they might retire into the castle. The city is now plowed over, and not one house left."

This account, our author observes, corresponds so exactly with Alesia in Gaul, as described by Cæsar, that both those places may be considered as built upon the same model: and it being generally admitted that Alesia was founded by the Phœnician Hercules, the antiquarian scruples not to ascribe the foundation of Old Sarum likewise to that extraordinary personage; a conjecture which he endeavours to support by the etymology of Sorbiodunum, its Latin name.

After



After the account of Old Sarum there follows a minute and accurate description of the present state of Salisbury Cathedral, &c. illustrated with excellent engravings. Next follow the monumental inscriptions; and the volume concludes with an account of the bishops of Old and New Sarum, and some additional remarks. To those who are desirous of knowing the ancient and present state of the places and edifices here described, and to architects in particular, this work will undoubtedly prove acceptable. It contains a variety of materials, and the great number of plates with which it is embellished, are well executed.—*Crit. Rev.*

31. *Sermons chiefly upon Religious Hypocrisy, by the Author of the Essays on Public Worship, &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 5s. sewed. Payne.*

MR. Addison somewhere observes, that hypocrisy, at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from hypocrisy in the city\*. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in any criminal gallantries and amours, of which he is not guilty. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment. There is a third sort of hypocrites, who not only deceive the world, but very often impose on themselves. These different kinds of hypocrisy cannot be too much detested. The first is a flagrant depravity of mind, which induces a man to prefer the appearance of vice to virtue, a despicable to an amiable character. The second disgraces and abuses virtue by assuming her resemblance. The last, though not more criminal, is more dangerous than either of the former, as it is accompanied with mental blindness and self-deception.

The design therefore of the author in these discourses is laudable. It is to point out the difference between hypocrisy and religion, and to expose the former, wherever it appears in the robes of piety.

In the first discourse he shews, that our private opinions depend very much on our characters, and that every man's God is such a one as himself.

"The best representations, that can be made of the works of God; the most express declarations of Scripture, that he is good and merciful to all his creatures, will not signify to a man of a ferocious and cruel disposition; he views every thing through his own passions; he turns the universe upside down; places the devil at the head of it, and deals out thunder, wrath, and damnation to all but himself and a few favourites. On the other hand, the humane and good-natured entertains more liberal sentiments; he wishes all men happy; and his God is therefore benevolent and good; he finds merciful designs even in evils, and banishes punishment and misery out of the universe. These two characters must be ever at variance; their views of the works of God, and the service due to him; their views of Christianity and its obligations are totally different, from the difference of their understandings; but principally from the difference of their tempers."

The purport of the second discourse is to shew, that all mankind walk in a vain shew; and are generally unhappy from various kinds of mistake and imposture; that young people form visionary prospects of life; and that the reading of romances increases the delusion; that parade and ostentation are the ends of all our toil and trouble; that our pretensions are quite opposite to our real characters; that the candour and liberality of the present times are mostly affectation; that in the general commerce of social life, in friendship, in love, and in the most important of all social connections, we seldom shew our natural faces; that selfishness puts on the appearance of generosity, severity of gentleness, and cruelty of sentiment and sensibility.

The subject of the third discourse is religious perfection; the character of the mere philosopher, and the mere religionist on one hand, and that of the real good man on the other.

In the fourth sermon preached on Christmas-day, the author endeavours to prove, that merely giving and receiving entertainments, is so far from being criminal, or opposite to the spirit of Christianity, that under the regulations of economy and temperance, and with the views of promoting friendship, good neighbourhood, and general benevolence, few things in outward manners, can be more virtuous, and more conformable to the spirit of Christianity; one of the principal ends of which was to produce peace and good will amongst men.—He then proceeds to recommend beneficence to the poor.

The fifth discourse is intended to shew, that the entertainment of a fancy, the gratification

\* In the present age this observation is not just. The city coxcomb affects the vices of the man of fashion; and is proud of his amorous connections in the New Buildings, or Scho.

gratification of a passion, or the love of pleasure, is natural and lawful; that they who condemn all passions and all pleasures, have more zeal than knowledge; and where they have any influence, must in this instance do injury, rather than service to the interest of religion; and that we are only reprehensible, when in our pursuits of pleasure we neglect or transgress any part of our duty; or become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

The design of the sixth discourse is to evince, that the works of the creation, and especially the common and general effects of divine goodness, furnish the best proofs of a providence, and ought to produce in us the firmest and best principles of devotion.

In the seventh sermon the author explains the nature and design of the Lord's Supper, and points out some of the most remarkable abuses and misrepresentations of it. And in the next discourse endeavours to remove all false apprehensions, which some people may entertain, when they approach the communion-table.

There are some observations in the following extract, which place the character of our Saviour in a very just and striking light:

"It is hardly possible to conceive any thing more concise, plain, and intelligible, than the several accounts of this institution given by the Evangelists. They say, that just before our Saviour's sufferings, he rendered his last supper with his beloved disciples one of the most moving scenes that can well be imagined. He had often given them hints by which they might understand that his end would be tragical, and would come upon him early. We have reason to think, however, they did not thoroughly understand him till the very night in which he was betrayed. Nothing can be more amiable and more affecting, than his *manner* of taking leave, as it were, of his disciples, and *gently opening* to them a *view* which, he knew, they had not fortitude at once to contemplate. The calmness with which he broke the bread, and took the wine, and the *tenderness* with which he desires to be remembered by his disciples, by those emblems of the cruelest effects of inhumanity that ever beset innocence and virtue: the temper with which he speaks of a villain: who was before his face, who had agreed to betray him by the vilest dissimulation, and in the meanest manner: and the candor with which he hints to his disciples the weakness they would discover, when they saw him in distress; a weakness which, in similar cases, is seldom pardoned by the sufferer: in short, there appears through the whole a strain of benevolence and gene-

rosity as well as wisdom and knowledge of human nature, which beggars all description, and sets our Saviour's character and conduct in a light, which must engage the esteem and admiration of every virtuous mind.

"I may seem to have exceeded my design, and to have been insensibly led beyond my subject, which was only to give a simple idea of the Lord's supper. Indeed that idea is *fully* conveyed by the words *do this in remembrance of me*: but it may appear, in some parts of this discourse, that the general observations made on our Saviour's *disposition* and *behaviour* on this extraordinary occasion will be useful, in clearing a plain subject of the many absurdities with which it has been obscured.

"All that can be truly said of the *institution* of the Lord's supper, is this, that our Saviour, at supper with his disciples, the night before he was betrayed, took some bread and brake it, and gave it to his disciples as an *emblem* of his body which was soon to be tortured by his enemies; that he took the cup in the same manner, and gave them some wine as *emblematical* of his blood, which was soon to be shed in a violent and cruel manner. As he knew the real characters of his disciples; that though they were ignorant, simple, and not the bravest in difficulties; yet that their integrity and goodness was very considerable, and their attachment to him, though formed at first by interested views, was become at last, that of the most genuine esteem, gratitude, and admiration; he therefore, with the most amiable condescension, desires that his disciples would recall to mind the melancholy circumstances he was just entering into, by eating bread and drinking wine together in the manner he then directed them."

The subject of the eighth sermon is the difficulties of self-knowledge; or the unhappy effects which arise from a misapprehension of our own characters, habits, and dispositions. The substance of what the author has advanced on this head may be included in the following propositions.

I. In the methods we take to preserve the health and vigour of our bodies, where we are sincerely interested, and where experience soon furnishes us with materials for reflection, we generally act at random and commit innumerable mistakes; we ruin our constitutions, and destroy our lives, while we think we are improving or preserving them.

II. As moral beings, in our social capacities, we are unhappy from similar causes; and some of the best ends of public institutions and private connections are defeated by our secret faults.

III. In the relations of private life, the same causes produce the same effects.

The

The tenderest and best affections of our hearts are made to give way to these ferret faults. We harbour a humour, and indulge a passion; we are vain, or negligent, or reserved, or peevish; we estrange the hearts of our best friends; we lose all our valuable acquaintance, we complain of what we suffer, and do not consider that our own errors are the causes of our unhappiness.

IV. These errors and mistakes concerning ourselves have very bad effects on that part of our religion, which goes under the name of piety. They lead us to form unjust and irrational conceptions of the Divine nature, and make us look upon God, as a being, in some measure, like ourselves.

The tenth sermon is calculated to shew, that "preaching Christ," is preaching the religion of Christ, or the moral precepts of the gospel. If it be asked, what is then to become of the distinguishing and peculiar doctrines of Christianity? our author cavalierly replies,—

"I really cannot tell what is to become of them; and it is impossible I should care, because I know of no such doctrines. I look upon Christianity to be a system of morality, agreeing in every article with the religion of nature. . . . I am often at a loss to know, what people mean by any doctrines of it different from those of morality. I should have been entirely ignorant in this affair, if I had not mispent some part of my time (not a great deal indeed) in enquiring into the distinguishing tenets of the various sects of Christians. Here I found peculiar doctrines: Athanasius had one, Arius another, Socinus another, Luther another, Calvin another, Arminius another; but not one of these peculiar doctrines could I ever find in Christianity; and it seems to me, they might as well have pretended to derive them from the plainest chapter of Solomon's Proverbs, or Seneca's Morals, as from the New Testament."

Here we are persuaded, our author is too peremptory. There are many passages in the Scriptures, which he must inevitably interpret upon either the principles of Athanasius or Arius; Calvin or Arminius: How, therefore, can he fairly assert, that he never found any of their peculiar doctrines in the New Testament?

The eleventh sermon is an elucidation of these words of Solomon: "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting." Eccl. viii. 2.—"In the one, says this writer, the senses only are gratified, and the appetites indulged; in the other, the heart is affected; its affections are raised, and its vir-

tues exercised. In the one, we are only animals of a higher order, a finer taste, and more various pleasures; in the other we are men, who feel the powers of a rational and virtuous mind; our hearts are softened, and formed for the best duties of humanity."

The subject of the twelfth sermon is religious superciliousness.—The following trait, in the character of the religious hypocrite, is a good stroke of satire.—"He pretends to uncommon piety; and to support that pretence in the exercises of public worship, he works up his countenance into uncommon ugliness, and groans in a tone of uncommon dissonance; while in secret and in the general conduct of his life, he gives no proof, that he even believes the existence of a supreme being and a moral governor."

In the next sermon, which treats of the inefficacy of preaching and all our religious advantages, the author has these just reflections. "To worship Almighty God is the only important business under heaven, on which a man will go and sleep. . . . We need only have recourse to religious congregations to see the most perfect scene of heaviness and dulness: We feel ourselves as the poet describes Iris to have been, infected with drowsiness in the cave of sleep, even in the time she was delivering a message.

"Sunday is the day of convivial assignations, and almost every man is engaged in his party of pleasure. It would be more severe than religion requires, to speak against those little social migrations, which the leisure and cleanliness of the day give rise to, especially among the lower ranks of people. They are conducive to health, and they obstruct no duty of religion. But when all the hours of that day are dissipated, when it is a question with a man whether he shall go to church, or set to his bottle, or walk in his garden, or sleep in his chair, we are astonished at his folly, as well as provoked at his impiety. Who is this mighty man, and what are his pretensions! He lives by the goodness of that God, whom he affects to despise; all things about him are the effects of his bounty. The man's employment is to collect these things for his own use, or to save the like trouble to others whom he trains in the art of dispersing them; and when he has run his course a few years, he returns to the dust from whence he came. This may be a very important creature on some spots of this world; but if he looks up to heaven, he sees his insignificance, and if he has the understanding and feelings of a man, he never thinks of God but with reverence, and every service that has a relation to that great being impresses on him sentiments of humility.

What

What shall we say, therefore, to those who slight his worship? They must either believe it is not the worship of God, or their ideas of him must be very unbecoming and unworthy."

In the fourteenth sermon, the author points out some of the principal causes of lying, and its mischievous consequences. In the fifteenth, he considers the happy death, and the future rewards of the true Christian. By way of contrast, he gives us a view of the situation of the wicked in their last moments. The following character of the hypocrite is drawn in just and lively colours:

"The hypocrite, the sly and specious hypocrite, is now caught. If he has saved his reputation, imposed upon his acquaintance, and managed his conscience through life, all is over with him now. His most finished artifices, in which he found his greatest account; are now his greatest torments; and religion revenges the injury of borrowing her sacred name, and amiable appearance, in the only manner religion can revenge any thing, by denying her consolations, and shewing her wrongs. The unhappy wretch finds his conscience let loose, and like a fury tearing up his heart, she incessantly places before him the numberless instances of his insincerity and falsehood; she leads him in imagination to the house of God, and acts over all his religious grimaces; she mimicks his wretched and sanctified cant before the world; makes him run over his works of darkness and all his underhand and secret practices; she tells him of every character he has blasted by sly innuendos, by back-biting and scandal; of every man he has duped, cheated, and oppressed; of every unhappiness he has occasioned, and every heart he has broken: She makes him imagine himself haunted by the ghosts of his injured acquaintance, feigns their cries in his ears.—In short, she makes him feel himself to be what he really is, an accomplished villain; impious, unjust, detestable, and fit for nothing but the discipline of the infernal spirits, who are hardly worse than himself."

The last sermon is an estimate of human life, calculated to shew, that we ought to suit all our views, desires, and actions to its different periods, and its natural uncertainty.

There is a freedom of sentiment in these discourses, which, the author\* informs us, has brought upon him the imputation of infidelity. His accusers, we suppose, have been men of narrow minds, or ignorant old women, to whose taste and apprehensions many of his observations

are certainly not adapted. Persons of superior discernment may read these two volumes with pleasure and advantage.—*Crit. Rev.*

32. *Moral Discourses on Providence and other important Subjects.* By Thomas Hunter, M. A. 8vo. 12s. Cadell.

THESE Discourses are superior to the ordinary class of sermons. They are not merely compositions of a pious tendency, designed for common use, but are fraught with arguments and reflections, which will afford amusement and instruction to the most intelligent reader. The author has considered the subjects he treats of with great attention, and has generally expressed himself in clear and nervous language.

In the first volume he has explained and established the doctrine of a superintending Providence, and answered the most material objections, which have been urged against it, with great acuteness and strength of reasoning.

In the second and third sermons he gives us a view of some of the principal revolutions, which are mentioned in ancient and modern history; and endeavours to shew, that the moral attributes of the Deity have been eminently displayed in the fate and fortune of nations; that the rise and progress, the decline and fall of empires in general, have been owing to the greater or less influence of moral and religious principles upon their conduct, in the different periods of their existence.

The natural blessings of the earth, as he justly observes, are not more regularly produced by a proper cultivation, than the civil advantages of life by our moral application and improvement. If you here see an edifice falling into ruins, and there a field uncultivated, and covered with briars and thorns, through the sloth or carelessness of the owner or occupant; in the same manner, you observe here a city in ruins, kingdoms dissolved, and empires depopulated, by the vices and wickedness of the inhabitants; and the history of the world a standing and successive comment on the moral attributes of God. "Let depopulated states, says this writer, and desolated empires, pass in review before you; examine their monuments, contemplate their ruins, and read their broken inscriptions; every trace and fragment will present you with this awful information, "this hath God done." It was he who humbled the proud, who

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dissolved

\* Mr. D. Williams, author of a *Treatise on Education*, mentioned in our last *Miscellany*.

dissolved the luxurious, who restrained the ambitious, who confounded the flagitious, and checked the presumptuous, who brought to nought the lords and tyrants of the earth."

The notion, which supposes the agency of the supreme Being to be in any respects contracted, is, as this writer properly represents it, a vulgar error, debasing that very philosophy, which has discovered new systems of worlds, extending far and wide in the boundless regions of the universe.

"A universe peopled with worlds above worlds, scattered from the Creator's hand, gives new glory to his attributes, wings our piety to bolder flights, opens new fields to our hopes, and affords firmer footing to our faith. A solitary globe, inhabited only by one order of rationals, might seem to proceed from envy or impotence in the first former: but a power or profusion of essence, beyond human comprehension and knowledge, fills us with wonder, with joy and confidence, that we are the workmanship of such an Almighty agent. . . . It is only by supposing that he gives life and motion, and order to such an ample scene, that you can do honour to the Deity."

In accounting for the calamities of human life, he rightly observes, that many of them are necessary to man, as a moral agent in a state of trial; and that virtue owes to them its exercise, and even its excellence.

"For, says he, how could the honest patriot and philosopher have exerted their zeal for truth and public liberty under no falsehood to be opposed, and no tyranny to be resisted? The most shining virtues of private life must be obscured and buried, without proper occasions to call them forth, and give them their display and full lustre: What room for patience, were you subject to no pain? or, for alacrity and courage, under no labours to be endured, and no dangers to be undergone? Could forgiveness be a virtue, had you no enemies to forgive? Or how would your meekness appear, had you no provocations to anger? Had the world no wants or woes, what call would there be upon your charity and benevolence? I must add, that without difficulties and distresses, a great part of your duty to God would be entirely cancelled and abolished: were you under no sense of want, or fear of danger, for what could you send up your prayers to heaven? Free from all perplexity, and every dismal appearance in nature, with what propriety could you be said to put your trust in God? Were religion clear of all difficulty and doubt, certain and evident to a demonstration, palpable as the objects of sense, and plain as the easiest deductions of reason, faith would have no being; and hope itself must be swallowed

up and lost in the blissful vision of God, and of his future kingdom laid open, and present to your eye.

"You see then that to remove your complaint of suffering piety and virtue, you must remove all piety and virtue out of the world. It is to the tempest, the philosopher tells us, that the pilot owes the applause of his art; and I will add, that without tempests in the moral world, life would be a dead and insipid calm, under which we should languish rather than live, like animals or plants, and not like reasonable beings, who had virtue for their guide, and glory for their end\*."

This argument is farther extended in another discourse.

"In the moral or civil world, you observe convulsions of state and revolutions of empire: but without these perhaps the world would be a stranger to the order, peace, and policy of a well-regulated society, and of the virtues necessary to support them. In the religious world, superstition and idolatry, wanton and cruel rights, absurd and unmeaning ceremonies, have prevailed; this serves only to illustrate the simplicity and purity of God's truth, and the benevolent temper and spiritual tendency of his own dispensations. If ignorance for a time covered the nations of the earth, we may consider that without this preceding darkness, we had not been sensible of, or sufficiently attentive to the benefit and lustre of the light and glory of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Had not the juvenile, and, as I may say, the infant elements of the law gone before, we had not acknowledged the dignity, the importance and happiness of the perfect man in Christ Jesus: as without the antecedent and preparatory assistance of grace we had never been meet partakers with the saints in light. Without the experience of the misery of the present life, we should have less relish of the blessings of the future. For suppose us completely happy in our abode upon earth, what addition of happiness could we be sensible of in our translation to heaven? Nay the very trifles, the follies and vices, which have place in the human drama, are not without their use; as they give us to know and taste the importance, the weight and consequence of sincere virtue, divine wisdom, and immortal truth. The seeming deformity and dissonance of life form the harmony and beauty of life: and evil, or what is called such, is frequently the foundation and immediate cause in nature of our greatest good; and what we call a blot grows a beauty in the process and scheme of the divine government."

This is certainly the proper light, in which we should view the various evils and afflictions of human life. And these considerations account at once for some of the most unfavourable appearances in the present state.

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The subjects, which the author treats of in the second volume, are these: The wisdom and piety of the Shunamite (2 Kings iv. 13.) or the happiness of private life; the sanctifying nature of divine truth, the one thing needful; Love an essential attribute of God; the different judgement of God and man; moral reflections on the history of Joseph; a vindication of the ministry of Joseph; seriousness a moral and christian duty; reflections on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; the wisdom of being religious; and the character of a good man.

On all these topics the author has displayed a warm and vigorous imagination, properly restrained by a rational sense of piety and virtue.

We bear testimony to the learning and ingenuity of this writer with particular pleasure, as we are informed, that he is a gentleman of respectable character; that he has been afflicted many years with blindness; that under this affliction he has employed himself in educating pupils; and that this publication is intended to assist him in the first and most indispensable office of charity and benevolence, the support of his family.—*Cr. R.*

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**M**ERCATOR,\* tempted by the happy times,

Quits his own shore for oriental climes,  
With choicest goods his wealthy vessel lades,  
And leaves for *India's*, *Britain's* cooler shades.  
But as, enraptur'd with indulgent gales,  
That kiss'd each wave, and swell'd the curl-  
ing sails,

The vessel drove, a sudden burst of rain  
Impetuous ruffled the Cerulean plain;  
Conlicting winds descend with rapid flight,  
And, whirl'd in hurricane, tumultuous fight,  
Surges on surges, waves on waves arise,  
That proudly foam, and blot the azure skies;  
The cordage rattles, and with sails declin'd,  
The ship bewilder'd drives before the wind;  
'Till weaken'd with th' extremes of Ocean's  
pow'r,

At last the bulg'd against the Indian shore.  
When from an ambush, lo! encircling round,  
A cloud of Indians thicken'd on the ground,  
And with barbaric rage, the crew they tore,  
Eat of their flesh, and quaff'd the streaming  
gore—

All but **MERCATOR**;—him, lo! sight unseen  
Now faves from death, and from the tragic  
scene;

With tim'rous haste amid the woods he flies,  
(Fear in his heart, and horror in his eyes)  
'Till spent with weariness, himself he laid  
Beneath a waving elm's embracing shade,  
Where a long range of thick'ning forests  
grows, [pose;

And twining boughs a cooling shade com-  
Their pleasing charms his restless thoughts  
controll, [soul.

Soothe his tumultuous breast, and tune his

But lo! ere gentle sleep had lent her aid,  
Forth from a thicket rush'd an Indian maid,  
Whom the hot sun-beams tempted out to rove  
Thro' the thick mazes of this shady grove.  
Alluring beauty and persuasive grace  
Beam'd in her eye, and brighten'd in her face;  
Her jetty tresses flowing hung behind,  
And wildly wanton'd in each breeze of wind.  
Resplendent jewels, plac'd with artless care,  
And shining bugles glitter'd on her hair,  
Whose beams reflect the sun's meridian ray,  
And add new splendor to the blaze of day.

At once they saw, with wonder and surprise,  
Communal passion darting in their eyes,

While from each bosom sympathetic sighs,  
And mutual heavings, mutual tears arise;  
The undistinguish'd forms of speech impart  
A tort'ring anguish to each longing heart.  
The pow'rs of language too deficient prove  
To shew the thrilling extasy of love;  
But souls like theirs, mysteriously wrought,  
Converse by silent sympathy of thought.

She led **MERCATOR** to a friendly shade,  
A cooling grotto elegantly made,  
Where sweet Sabæan odours' fragrant bloom,  
Their smells diffusing round a rich perfume;  
Where hyacinthus, and the purple rose,  
A downy bed of various sweets compose.  
She plac'd him there, and gave a choice repast,  
Substantial food, delicious to the taste;  
And in a curious shell with speed she brings  
Transparent water from the limpid springs.—  
Oft when the moon, in trembling streams of  
light,

A paler day shed o'er the gloom of night;  
And when with gentle sighs the ev'ning breeze  
Remurmur'd softly thro' the whisp'ring trees,  
Pleas'd she would lead him thro' the shady  
scenes

Of Cassia groves and everlasting greens,  
Too anxious lest each gale of breezy air  
Should hurt her love, or discompose his hair:  
Or, while he slept, wou'd tune the melting  
song,

Or modulate the music of her tongue.—

Thus for some months.—

Once, as they walk'd in a sequester'd grove,  
And am'rous told the pleasing tale of love,  
The Indian maid began, and with a sigh,  
That fetch'd a pearly tear into her eye,  
Thus spoke (for to express herself she'd found  
In English accents and distinguish'd found)  
"Still as I view these ever-pleasing bow'rs,  
"Once the dear scenes of thy **BARBARINA's** hours,  
"Corroding thoughts and sad reflections rise,  
"And all the parent triumphs in my eyes.—  
" **MERCATOR**! oh, the thought disturbs my  
rest, [breast,

"And spreads its thrilling horrors in my  
"Once as I slept beside yon soft cascade,  
"While Cynthia's pearly beams around me  
"Sudden appear'd a visionary fair, [play'd,  
"Whose radiant lustre brighten'd all the air;  
"A virgin's vest the blooming phantom wore,  
"And in her hand a verdant thyrsus bore;  
"Then wav'd it thrice, and spoke, *Unhappy*  
*Fair,*

"And vanish'd from my sight in fluid air.  
"O say, my love, what means this phantom  
guest, [breast?"

"And why these horrors in my tortur'd  
She said, and ceas'd; her lucid eye-balls  
pour

In chrysal streams the soft-distilling show'r.

T. H.

\* The writer, for poetical reasons, has altered the names to Mercator and Barina.



*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*







The salient blood its sprightly course disdains,  
And curdling freezes in her icy veins;  
Confusion on her falling spirits hung,  
And half-form'd accents flutter'd on her tongue.

Rous'd from this fainting fit, **MERCATOR** preft

The weeping beauty to his am'rous breast,  
And sought by balmy words to calm her fears,  
And stem the swelling torrent of her tears :

" Thus, my **BARSINA**, as I view (he said)  
" Unrival'd beauties in my lovely maid,  
" Alas! thy sorrows doubly touch my heart,  
" With equal grief and sympathizing smart;  
" Each chrysal tear, with agonizing pains,  
" Runs thro' my soul, and thrills along my veins.

" Heav'n's! shall a *nothing*, an ideal shade,  
" Whose poor existence is by fancy made,  
" Diffuse its horrors thro' thy tender breast,  
" Taint ev'ry thought and discompose thy rest?

" Why wast thou born with such a coward mind,

" The sport of shadows, or a gale of wind?

" Forake these barb'rous coasts, these savage plains,

" Where tyranny and superstition reigns;

" This arm shall guard **BARSINA** from the foe,

" Repel each storm, and intercept each blow;

" Thou, loveliest of thy sex, in me shalt find

" A tender parent, and a lover kind,

" And in my country, gloriously array'd,

" Shalt shine in crimson, or more rich brocade;

" And thy sweet charms with elegance ex- [prests

" All the grand gay variety of drefs."

These silken words an easy entrance find,  
And charm the poor deluded Indian's mind;  
Frequent she climbs a lofty mountain's brow,  
Her far-stretch'd eye-balls skim the deeps below;

At length an English ship, by tempests tost,  
For shelter makes th' inhospitable coast;  
The Indian sees, and rising joys impart  
A thrilling pleasure to her longing heart;  
With eager haste, borne on the zephyrs' wings,  
The joyful tidings to **MERCATOR** brings.  
They both ascend the ship—the azure sea  
Wafts them spontaneous on the chrysal way;  
The vessel drives, with soft refreshing gales,  
And soon *Barbadoes* greets the swelling sails.  
No more **BARSINA**'s beauties now can move,  
But av'rice triumphs o'er the ties of love;  
The wretch, by that destructive passion  
sway'd,

To slav'ry fold the hospitable maid.

She heard,—and fell reluctant on his breast,  
Embrac'd the wretch, and with fond joys  
caress'd—

Then strove to speak—in vain the accents rise,  
Her fault'ring breath evaporates in sighs;  
Nature oppress'd grew weak—she swoons—  
around

A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound—

An heart of adamant wou'd melt in woe,  
And barren rocks in copious torrents flow;  
Marble wou'd weep, and sympathetic sighs  
Force the pearl dew-drops from Barbarian eyes;

But *he*, relentless, sails before the wind,  
And expeditious makes the fort assign'd.

CAMBRIDGE.

TOGATUS.

\*\*\*\*\*

## PRIZE POEM.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

### AN ETHIC EPISTLE.

WHILE MAN, dear C\*, careless of his ease,

Plows, in pursuit of wealth, the *Indian* seas;  
While busy Statesmen gather fortune's smiles,  
And plod in politick's laborious toils:  
Let us with care survey this wondrous maze,  
And follow NATURE thro' her various ways;  
Consider MAN thro' every stage of life,  
Sinking in ease, or plunging into strife:  
Daring, tho' impotent, he still disdains  
To bear controul, & breaks discretion's reins;  
Or by alluring passions hurried on,  
Grasps at a shade, and seeks to be undone:  
Thought hurrying thought perplex his lab'ring mind,

Then stumbles next on what he ne'er design'd:  
Who wou'd attempt to draw that creature  
MAN,

Explain his actions, or his folly scan?  
How can his different humours be express'd,  
Or what describe the *Chaos* in his breast?  
Who strongly mark the passions as they roll,  
Or paint the inward motions of the soul?

Man, rich in reason, still mistakes his view,  
Pursues false notions, and neglects the true;  
Stubborn he roams, and heedless scorns his guide,

And deep immerses in falsehood's tide;  
Tugs thro' the sea of life his leaky bark,  
And wanders groping thro' the dreary dark.

Audacious Man, the reptile of an hour,  
Presumptuous aims at HEAVEN's superior  
pow'r, [plore,

Blinded by pride dares boundless heights ex-  
And leaves the easy paths he trod before;  
A slave to error, soars above his sphere,  
And smiles perfidious at religion's fear:  
Fill'd with chimera, finds with *GOSPEL* fault,  
And impious mends what *inspiration* taught:  
Wou'd (tho' a stranger to himself) dispute  
And call in question every attribute:  
Snears at *futurity*, (ill season'd joke!)  
And laughs at truths which reverend *Prophets*  
spoke!

Afferts, in spite of God's long-promis'd  
decom,

Like brutes we lie forgotten in the tomb;  
Wou'd trace RELIGION to her hidden cell,  
And dare prophane gainst his God rebel.

Forbear, thou fool, give thy researches o'er,  
Nor, what thou canst not comprehend, ex-  
plore:

Why

Why wou'dst thou know, what Nature has  
forbid? [nefs hid?]  
Why seek those depths which lay in dark-  
Why wou'dst thou dare, on weak *Icarian*  
wings,  
To rashly pry into mysterious things?  
Impartial HEAVEN, if Heaven had judg'd  
it right,  
Had laid all NATURE open to thy sight;  
Had stamp'd *Omniscience* on thy weaker soul,  
And thou had'st known the fabric of the  
whole.

This HEAVEN refus'd—yet MAN, this  
thing of clay,  
(Span of an hour, and shadow of a day)  
Swoln with ambition, haunts the cover'd  
ways,

And beats about thro' error's crooked maze;  
Asserts prophane in his boundless pride,  
*Reason* alone is a sufficient guide.

Stop thy career:—*Religion's* laws obey,  
They will conduct thee thro' a smoother way,  
Will point out every folly to thy view,  
And teach thee virtues which thou shou'dst  
pursue:  
Will bid thee open thy mistaking eyes,  
And wildly shew where all thy error lies.

Read with attention, and consider well  
What *SCRIPTURES* promise, and what *GOS-  
PELS* tell;  
View how each law in *reason* takes its root,  
And then, those laws (if possible) dispute.

Mysterious truths, like gentle rivers, flow,  
First rush from rocks, then run thro' vales  
below;  
Rapid, yet clear, the silver waters glide,  
Their stream how fertile! and how smooth  
the tide! [course,  
Charm'd with the blessings of their healthful  
Who'd vainly mount, to trace the hidden  
source?

If *GOD* ne'er acts without immediate cause,  
Why all his precepts—for what use his laws?  
*Reason* had taught us, if our surest guide,  
To fly the Robber, and the Homicide,  
And *Moral* had *Religion's* want supplied.

Unhappy nations where no laws subsist,  
No precepts govern, where no rules exist!  
Where fell oppression bears despotic sway,  
And vast dominions tremble and obey!  
Where no reward to virtuous deeds excites,  
Nor punishment the guilty breast affrights;  
Where friendship, falsehood, pity, lawless  
force,  
Take from one bosom—one resistless course!

But HEAVEN, more watchful of our future  
Has pointed out the road to *happiness*; [bliss,  
Sound laws ordain'd, and wholesome pre-  
cepts gave,  
If *scorn'd*, to punish—but if *kept*, to save:  
Has colour'd *vice* in all the gloom of night,  
But *virtue*—like HIMSELF—serenely bright:  
Be yours the choice, pursue *or that or this*,  
Your certain ruin—or your certain *bliss*.

Here use thy *Reason*, here thy efforts try,  
Attend to HEAVEN, and court ETERNITY;  
Virtue with eager step pursue in time,  
Mount by degrees—nor tremble as you climb;  
Soon shall the uncouth passage disappear,  
Thy eyes will open as the prospects clear.

MAN by his suffering, the true *hero* shows,  
When calmly bearing the full load of woes,  
Who smiles at perils, and encompasses round  
With troubles, resolutely stands his ground;  
Who 'midst the storm of life, unhurt, unaw'd,  
Braves the loud tempest, and adores his *GOD*.

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## O D E to H O P E.

By C. Jones, of Crediton, Devon.

CELESTIAL maid! propitious friend!  
Queen of Futurity! attend,  
And crown my humble lines;  
For poets, like their monarchs, raise  
On thee their pyramids of praise,  
And all their vast designs.  
Madly impatient of a name,  
The rapid bard aspires to fame,  
His pilot, thou alone!  
But, ah! what hapless ills betide  
The wretch who over-runs his guide  
To hail Ambition's throne!

Yet, blest'd by thee, what are the dreams  
Of nymphs Aonian, or the streams  
Of fabled Helicon?  
Rich draughts from thy all-cheering fount  
Will lift us o'er Parnassus' mount  
To heights beyond the sun!

When o'er the unavailing strife  
Of man, to sweeten human life,  
Unfriendly stars prevail;  
E'en there thy influence benign,  
Rich beam! will in depression shine,  
And turn the sinking scale.

When fierce Bellona calls to arms,  
Thy flame the martial hero warms,  
And strengthens in the field;  
Flush'd with ideal victory,  
His confidence is plac'd in thee  
Beyond Minerva's shield!

By thee inspir'd a hardy train  
Advent'rous plough the foaming main,  
And all its storms defy;  
Thro' thy perspective-glass they view  
The golden treasures of Peru  
Their own, in fancy's eye.

Up-borne by thee, the sinking state  
Patiently bears th' enormous weight  
Luxurious mischief lays;  
By thee, when ruin's destin'd hand  
With stroke destructive awes the land,  
We still see happier days.

At thy command the furrow'd field,  
The barren glebe, rich treasures yield,  
And lonely deserts smile;  
Each sweating peasant, charm'd by thee,  
Increasing golden crops can see,  
To recompense his toil.

Enwrap

Enwrapt in winter's frozen arms,  
When cold Aquarius opes in storms  
His northern magazines;  
By thee his rude assaults we bear,  
And see advancing spring appear  
In all her flow'ry scenes,

Thou, like the day's refulgent Lord,  
Thy genial comfort dost afford,  
Impartial, to the throng;  
From nights of woe to mid-day blaze,  
Affliction's fons thy beam can raise,  
And sighs convert to song.

And thus, when conflicts wound the soul,  
When sorrow's waves tempestuous roll,  
And blending ills annoy;

Upheld by thee, we baffle fate,  
And see a more auspicious date  
That rouses us to joy.

Life, in its most exalted sphere,  
Unblest by thee, is empty air,  
A bubble all, at best;  
For, when the busy strife is o'er,  
Hope lifts us to a farther shore,  
To an eternal rest.

By thee, we more divinely spring  
Than on imagination's wing,  
Or fancy's airy car;  
High o'er ethereal fields we rove,  
And trace the glorious realms above,  
Where heav'n's bright legions are!

But, lost to reason, when we stray  
Through error's too-frequented way,  
To give our passions scope;  
Then, like an ignis-fatuus, thou  
Delusive flyest, a phantom now,  
For what hath vice to hope?

Through ev'ry age, thy friendly ray  
Has still illumin'd all the way  
Where virtue ever trod;  
The great first cause of all things known,  
By thee, has pointed to the throne  
Where bliss proclaims the God!

Then, let me ever bend to thee,  
Parent of immortality!  
And hail thy sacred shrine!  
Oh! guide me to the happy shore  
Where thou shalt cease, and all thy pow'r  
To endless joys consign.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

*To the hereditary Prince of BADEN,  
CHARLES LOUIS, on his intended  
Marriage.*

—Happy they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentle stars unite.— Thomson.

**W**HAT do I hear? Fame, tell me, is  
it true?

Must then my Prince be happy? 'Tis his due.  
With extasy I view th' approaching hour,  
When thou shalt taste new joys, when fate  
shall pour

Into thy cup a stream of lasting bliss.  
Live, great in virtue. Prince, remember this:

The nuptial joys consist in purest love;  
O! mayst thou ever know, for ever prove  
Its lasting force; for 'tis in this we know  
The genial source, whence all true pleasures  
flow. [inspires!]

How great that flame, which virtuous love  
Be thine that passion, thine those pure desires;  
Be thine that bliss, and, oh! let mankind see  
That love and virtue are combin'd in thee.  
True to the lessons of thy princely fire,  
Let his example raise a generous fire  
In that dear breast: O! copy his great name;  
This is the only way to truth and fame.  
May smiling graces deck the nuptial bed,  
And with the sweets of love, the soft retire-  
ment spread.

When fair Amelia gives up all her charms,  
Sighs on thy breast, and folds thee in her arms,  
Then thy enraptur'd soul shall melt away  
In perfect bliss; eternal loves shall play  
In sweetest harmony throughout thy frame,  
And shall each rising morn confirm the same.  
O! think on this; think on thy happy fate,  
And sure thy heart will bless the marriage  
state; [there  
For sweet contentment, and true pleasure,  
Crown our best hopes, and put an end to  
care. [friend!]

O! much-lov'd Prince! dear master! dearest  
Baden's sole hope! permit my soul to blend  
Its happiness with thine; its hopes and fears:  
Be thine contentment, mine these joyous  
tears,

Dear sympathy! O Prince! thy future weal  
Occasions now the inward joy I feel.  
No words can paint what my fond heart  
would say;

Nor can I sing in more harmonious lay  
Those sweet sensations which my soul doth  
prove: [above]

O! hear me, Sir! (grant it, ye pow'rs  
Be greatly happy, ever live and love. }

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*From a LADY to her FRIEND, almost  
inconsolable at the death of her only  
Child, who died in the small-pox.*

**O**H! could these lines console  
My friend's afflicted breast!  
Oh! could they calm her troubled soul,  
And bid her sorrows rest!  
With patient hope and pious trust  
In God's unbounded love,  
Who has engag'd to raise the just  
To happy seats above;  
Where hope is with fruition crown'd,  
And faith with vision bless'd,  
Where perfect charity is found,  
And endless bliss possess'd.  
Tho' reason and religion call  
For joy instead of grief,  
Yet human nature, felt by all,  
In tears finds some relief.  
Then, sure, without offence we may  
Your own sad loss lament,  
For such a sweet babe, snatch'd away,  
No doubt, with kind intent, T.

To screen her from impending ill,  
 With which this world is fraught :  
 Then let our selfish hearts be still,  
 Take comfort in this thought :  
 Comparatively small's your loss,  
 To her eternal gain;  
 Then be resign'd, take up this cross,  
 And labour to attain  
 True holiness of heart and life,  
 Without which none can find  
 The sweet abode of peace and love,  
 For all the blest'd design'd.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**DEATH and the DOCTOR.**

By PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.

To Dr. SCHOMBERG, of Bath.

'TWIXT Death and Schomberg, t'other  
 day,

Fierce contest did arise ;  
 Cries Death, your patient yield my prey,—  
 The Doctor Death defies.  
 Enrag'd to hear his power defy'd,  
 He aim'd his keenest dart,  
 But wond'ring, saw it glance aside,  
 And miss the vital part.  
 Thus baffled, Death, surveying o'er  
 The dart so us'd to kill,  
 Found Schomberg had its feather tore,  
 And fledg'd it with his quill.

**A N O T H E R.** By the Same.

TO Schomberg, quoth Death, I your patient  
 will have; [I'll save :  
 To Death, reply'd Schomberg, my patient  
 Then Death seiz'd his arrow—the Doctor  
 his pen, [it again ;  
 And each wound the one gave, t'other heal'd  
 'Till Death swore he never had met such de-  
 fiance, [ance.  
 Since He and the College had been in alli-

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 To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following lines were lately sent by a  
 young Lady to the Author of the *Rural*  
*Christian*. By his permission I took a copy  
 of them, and now send them to you for a  
 place in your entertaining work, if you  
 shall think them worthy. Your's &c.  
 Islington, Sept. 28th, 1774. F. S.

To the Author of the *Rural Christian*; a poem.

**H**AIL matchless bard! within whose  
 every line,  
 Both sentiment and true devotion shine;  
 Whose thoughts are penn'd with an unusual  
 grace,—

In them we seem the Author's soul to trace;  
 A soul so pure, that angels might descend,  
 From heav'n, to call the *Rural Christian* friend;  
 Oh! whilst you paint a mother's soul distressed,  
 What sympathetic passions move my breast;  
 I seem to see the lovely victim lie [eye;  
 In death's cold arms, and mark her closing

Condemn'd, alas! unhappy maid, to prove  
 Too stern a penance for too soft a love;  
 But when your muse a lofty theme essays,  
 And sings platonic love and friendship's praise,  
 What soft emotions fill my soul with bliss,  
 Thrill thro' each nerve, and every sense  
 employ!

What tongue but thine so soft a tale can tell,  
 What pen, a tender passion paint so well?  
 O did not doubts and rising fears controul  
 The strange emotions lab'ring in my soul,  
 Yes, I could say, what but to think, not speak,  
 Calls forth the blushes on a virgin's cheek;  
 Wer't thou but free, and did no rival charm  
 Detain thee from a longing virgin's arms.  
 But ah! I must not, dare not speak the rest,  
 Honour must guide, tho' passion tear my breath.

M. I. P.

\* The *Rural Christian* was written by a young  
 Gentleman, which is supposed to be the occasion of  
 the above lines, evidently the hand-writing of a  
 Lady.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

**The JUDICIOUS BACCHANAL.**

**W**HILE the bottle to humour and so-  
 cial delight,  
 Has the smallest appearance to tend,  
 Facetiously keeps up the laugh of the night,  
 And enlivens the mind of a friend:

O let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers,  
 That my time may deliciously pass,  
 And shou'd care ever think to intrude on  
 mine hours,

Scare the haggard away with a glass:

But if, from a rational feast of the sense,  
 Shou'd prudence be fatally stole;  
 And folly, debate, or contention commence,  
 From too great an expansion of soul;

Shou'd the man I esteem, or the friend of  
 my breast,

In the ivy feel naught but the rod;  
 Shou'd I turn sweet religion to laughter or  
 And daringly sport with my God: [jest,

From my lips, dash the poison, O merciful  
 Where folly and blasphemy hung, [fate!  
 And let every accent, which virtue shou'd  
 Parch up on mine infamous tongue; [hatè,  
 From my sight, let the curse be eternally  
 driven,

Where my reason unhappily stray'd,  
 That no more I may offer an insult to heaven,  
 Or give man a cause to upbraid.

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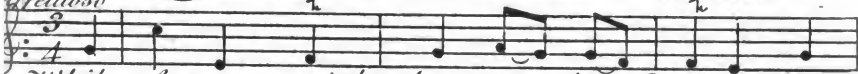
For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

**An Address to the EVENING STAR.**

**N**OW Twilight from the low-brow'd  
 rock descends,  
 Dusk and more dusk the deep'ning sha-  
 dows fall; [ends,  
 And now the toil of swain and ploughman  
 And now the milkmaid flies the ivy'd wall.  
 Far



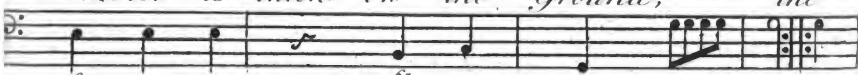
*Allegretto*



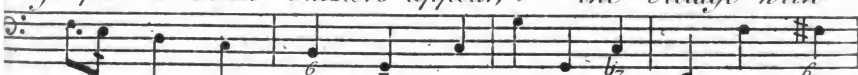
*While Autumn weighs down the late Year; and*



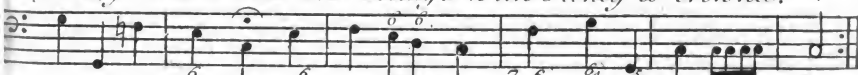
*Harvest is thick on the Ground; the*



*Grapes in thick Clusters appear, the Village with*



*Plenty is crown'd, the Village with Plenty is crown'd.*



*I tell to the lone Woods my Grief,  
For Laura so fair fled away  
Nor Music can yield me Relief:  
I sigh for her all the long Day*

*I rove o'er the once happy Plain,  
The Woodlands and Vales in despair:  
The Nightingale echo'd my Strain:  
But Laura alas! was not there.*

*I turn'd from the Dew-weeping Grove,  
I saw her resplendent in Charms;  
'Twas she, or the Goddess of Love:  
'Twas Laura return'd to my Arms!*

*No longer my Fair One will stray:  
Tho' Winter's approaches I see;  
I bask on the Bosom of May,  
'Twill always be summer with me.*



Far have I gone, and far have yet to go,  
Nor at the lengthen'd way do I repine,  
If you, fair *folding-star*, your circlet show,  
If you to light my darkling footsteps shine.  
The glow-worm trails his spangles on the  
thorn, [wing,

The two-fold bat now flits on plumelless  
Against my face the heedless chafer's borne,  
And, hark! I hear the distant curfew ring.

Long have I mourn'd my too, too dismal fate,  
Long watch'd the moment care would me  
relieve,

Fate smil'd at last, care set me free, tho' late,  
Then trim thy golden lamp sweet eye of eve.

Conscience my guard, each evil I defy,  
For no bad act I crave thy beamy aid;

The *star of love* thou art; his slave am I;  
Guide then a wandering lover to his maid.

Chelmsford. B. K.

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Lines addressed to the Rev. Dr. S\*\*\*house.

[By Miss H. MORE, of Bristol.]

WHILST dauntless Vice pursues its ra-  
pid way,

And boasts an almost *universal* sway;  
Whilst well-bred Priests their *easy* virtue bend.

T' accommodate the failings of a friend,  
Too mild, too sympathetically nice,

To probe their *own* or shock their patron's  
Actively bad, or negatively good, [vice,

No sin avoided, no desire withstood:  
Whilst these at *Folly's* shrine devoutly bend,

Shall not Religion find one zealous friend?  
Yes, S\*\*\*house! but with life thy care shall

cease,  
Thou chosen Envoy of the God of Peace!

'Tis not because the Stagyrite might praise  
The finish'd meaning in thy polish'd phrase;

Not that thou shunn'st the wild *Enthusiast's*  
dream,

And the dull lifeless *Reasoner's* cold extreme;  
Not that thy evangelic pages glow

With all that piety and taste bestow;  
That these neglected Orat'ry restore,

And Paul at Athens seems to preach once  
more:

—It is not these—tho' Envy's self must own,  
In these thou stand'st unrival'd and alone:

No—'tis thy *actions* more than sermons teach,  
For S\*\*\*HOUSE *lives* what others only preach.

\*\*\*\*\*

### A DUETTO,

By Dr. HARRINGTON, of BATH.

HOW sweet in the woodlands, with fleet  
hound and horn,

To waken shrill echo and taste the fresh morn;  
But hard is the chace my fond heart must

pursue,  
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view;

*She's lost, fair Daphne &c.*

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd

with disdain.  
In pity o'ertake her who wounds as she flies,  
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies!

*That dies! that dies! 'tis Myrtillo &c.*

ODE performed at the Music Meeting,  
at Leicester, held on the 24th of October,  
for the benefit of the Infirmary there.

[Written by Joseph Cradock, Esq; formerly of  
Emanuel college, and set to music by Dr. Boyce.]

LO! on the thorny bed of care  
The trembling victim lies,  
Deep sunk his eye-balls with despair:  
What friendly hand his want supplies?  
Deplore his fate to woes consign'd,  
Deplore the fate of human kind,  
Forbear to murmur at heav'n's high decree,  
Nor swell the bulk of human misery.

Think not in vain the pitying tear  
To thoughtless man was giv'n;  
Sweet as the morn its dews appear,  
A balmy incense in the sight of heav'n.  
Here shall soft Charity repair,  
And break the bonds of grief,  
Down the flinty couch of care;  
Man to man must bring relief.

Why lingers then the generous flame?  
Awake an high enraptur'd strain,  
Breathe louder yet—nor yet refrain—  
Again—repeat—and yet again—  
To hail the work the full-voice choir we raise,  
And all unite to sing Jehovah's praise.

[A collection was made at the church-doors,  
and the plates were supported by the Countess of  
Denbigh, attended by the Earl of Harborough; and  
the Countess of Harborough, attended by the Earl  
of Denbigh.]

\*\*\*\*\*

### On his WIFE's BOSOM.

By the late Dr. DODDRIDGE.

OPEN, open, lovely breast,  
Lull my weary head to rest;  
Soft and warm, and sweet and fair,  
Balmy antidote of care;  
Fragrant source of sure delight,  
Downy couch of welcome night,  
Ornament of rising day,  
Always constant, always gay!

In this gentle, calm retreat  
All the train of Graces meet;  
Truth, and Innocence, and Love,  
From this temple ne'er remove.  
Sacred Virtue's worthiest shrine,  
Art thou here, and art thou mine?  
Wonder, Gratitude, and Joy,  
Blest vicissitude! employ  
Every moment, every thought:  
Crowds of cares are long forgot.

Open, open, beauteous breast,  
Angels here might seek their rest.

Cæsar, fill thy shining throne,  
A nobler feat I call my own;  
Here I reign with boundless sway,  
Here I triumph night and day;  
Spacious empire! glorious pow'r!  
Mine of inexhausted store!

Let the wretched love to roam,  
Joy and I can live at home.

Open, open, balmy breast,  
Into raptures waken rest.

1.1

A LIST



A LIST of MEMBERS returned for the *New Parliament*,

And of the unsuccessful Candidates where there was any Opposition.

[Those set in *Italic* are new Members, and those marked thus \* represented other Places in the last Parliament.]

**A**bingdon, *John Mayor*, Esq. - 146  
 Unsuccessful, *Nath. Bayley*, Esq. 116

A question arose upon opening the poll, whether Mr. Mayor, as High Sheriff, could legally be chosen in the county for which he is Sheriff? as the writ for the election of Members throughout the county directs the Sheriff *not to return himself*. This has been generally understood to exclude him from returning himself Knight of the Shire, the Sheriff always presiding as returning officer for the county. Mr. Bailey, however, has declared his resolution to petition against the turn. This borough sends but one member.

Agmondesham, Wm. Drake the elder, and  
 Wm. Drake the younger, Esqrs.

St. Alban's, Sir Richard Sutton,  
 John Radcliffe, Esq.

Aldborough, *Suff.* Thomas Fonnereau, Esq.  
*Richard Combe*, Esq.

Andover, Sir John Griffin Griffin, Bart.  
 Benj. Lethuillier, Esq.

Arundel, *Thomas Brand*, Esq.  
*George Lewis Newnham*, Esq.

Ashburton, Charles Boone, Esq.  
 Robert Palk, Esq.\*

Aylesbury, Anthony Bacon, Esq. 222  
 Mr. *Aubrey*, - - 215

Unsuccessful, Mr. Durand, - 197  
 Mr. Lowndes, - 196

Ranbury, Right Hon. Lord North.

Barnstable, John Cleveland, Esq. 206  
*William Dewayne*, Esq. 167

Unsuccessful, Denys Rolle, Esq.

Bath, John Smith, Esq. - 29  
*Abel Moysey*, jun. Esq. 17

Unsuccessful, Sir John Sebright, - 10

Bedfordshire, Earl of Upper Ossory,  
 Robert Henley Ongley, Esq.

*No. polled Rejected*

Bedford, *Sir William Wake*, 541 14 527  
*Rob. Sparrow*, Esq. 530 13 517

Unsuc. *Sa. Whitbread*, Esq. 613 184 429  
 John Howard, Esq. 582 180 402

The Mayor and Bailiffs rejected and struck off the poll the votes of those inhabitants who had partaken of Sir William Harpur's annual bounty, (and who have always voted at all former elections,) and by receiving the votes of more than 400 non-resident freemen, made the above majority for Sir William Wake and Mr. Sparrow: But the validity of the return will be determined by the House of Commons.

Bedwin, *The Earl of Courtown*,  
 Paul Methuen,\* Esq.

Berkshire, John Elwes, Esq.  
*Christopher Griffith*, Esq.

Berwick, *Jacob Wilkinson*, Esq. 452  
*Colonel Vaughan*, - 388

Unsuccessful, Alex. Campbell, Esq. 14

Beverley, Sir James Pennyman,\* 719  
*George Farther Tufnell*, 540

Unsuccessful, Sir Charles Thompson, Bart.

Bewdley, *William Henry Lyttleton*, Esq.

Bishop's-Castle, George Clive, Esq.  
 Henry Strachey,\* Esq.

Blechingly, Sir Robert Clayton,  
 Frederick Standart, Esq.

Bodmin, George Hunt, Esq. - 27  
 James Laroche, Esq. - 25

Unsuccessful, Henry Dagge, Esq. - 3

Boroughbridge, *Charles Mellish*, Esq.  
*Anthony Eyre*, Esq.

Bosfiney, Hon. Colonel Luttrell.

Boston, Lincoln. Lord Robert Bertie,  
 Charles Amcotts, Esq.

Brackley, Lieut. Col. Egerton,  
 Timothy Caswall, Esq.

Bramber, *Suffex.* Sir Henry Gough,  
 Thomas Thoroton, Esq.

Bridgnorth, Lord Pigott,  
 Thomas Whitmore, Esq.

Bridgwater, The Hon. Ann Powlett,  
 Benjamin Allen, Esq.

Bridport, Dorset, Tho. Coventry, Esq. 121  
 Hon. Mr. Cary, - 78

Unsuccessful, Samuel Freeman, Esq. (the  
 old member) - 70

Bristol, Henry Cruger, Esq. 3565  
 Edmund Burke, Esq. 2707

Matthew Brickdale, Esq. 2453  
 Lord Clare, - 268

Every corner of the kingdom was ransacked for voters at this election, which continued 23 days; and it is said not less than 2000 new-made freemen were admitted to poll; on the legality of whose votes Mr. Brickdale means to petition the House.

Buckinghamshire, Earl Verney,  
*George Grenville*, Esq.

Buckingham, Hon. Henry Grenville,  
 James Grenville, jun. Esq.

Calne, Col. Barré,\*  
 John Dunning, Esq.

Cambridgeshire, Sir John Hynde Cotton,  
 Sir Sampson Gideon.

Cambridge Univ. Marquis of Granby,  
 Richard Croftes, Esq.

Cambridge, Hon. Charles Sloane Cadogan,  
 Soame Jenyns, Esq. 92

Unsuccessful, Tho. Plumer Hyde, Esq. 63  
 Sam. Mecke, Esq. 60

Camelford, *John Amyand*, Esq.  
*Francis Herne*, Esqrs.

Canterbury, Richard Milles, Esq. - 856  
 Sir William Mayne, - 761

Unsuccessful, Sir William Lynch, - 438  
 Sir Philip Hales, - 177

Carlisle, Fletcher Norton,\* Esq.  
*A. Storrer*, Esq.

Unsuccessful, Geo. Musgrave, Esq.,  
 Robert Milbourne, Esq.

- Castle-Rising**, Alex. Wedderburne,\* Esq.  
Robert Mackreth, Esq.
- Cheshire**, Samuel Egerton, Esq.  
John Crewe, Esq.
- Chester**, Hon. Thomas Grosvenor,  
R. Wilbraham Booth, Esq.
- Chichester**, The Hon. William Keppel,  
Rt. Hon. Thomas Connolly.
- Chippenham**, Sir Edward Bayntun, Bart.  
Samuel Marsh, Esq.
- Christchurch**, Hon. Mr. Hyde, son to Ld. Hyde.  
James Harris, Esq.
- Cirencester**, James Whitfield, Esq. 414  
Samuel Blackwell, Esq. 381  
Unsuccessful, Esq. Creswell, Esq. 174
- Clitheroe**, Thomas Lister, Esq.  
Hon. Ashton Curzon.
- Cockermouth**, Fletcher Norton,\* Esq.  
George Johnstone, Esq.
- Colchester**, Charles Gray, Esq.  
Isaac Martyn Rebow, Esq.
- Corfe Castle**, John Bond, Esq.  
John Jenkinson, Esq.
- Cornwall**, Sir William Lemon\*, 1099  
Sir John Moleworth, 1050
- Unsucc. Hu.** Mackworth Praed, Esq. 892  
John Buller, Esq. 900
- Coventry**, Edward Roe 1<sup>st</sup>, Esq. 1571  
Walter Waring, Esq. 1111  
Unsuccessful, Thomas Green, Esq. 827
- Cricklade**, William Earle, Esq. 150  
Arnold Nesbit,\* Esq. 137  
Unsuccessful, Henry M'Culloch, Esq. 69  
George Dewar, Esq. 4
- Cumberland**, Sir James Lowther, 976  
Henry Fletcher, Esq.; 876  
Unsuccessful, Sir Joseph Pennington, 365
- Dartmouth**, Lord Viscount Howe,  
Richard Hopkins, Esq.
- Derbyshire**, Lord George Cavendish,  
Godfrey Baghall Clarke, Esq.
- Derby**, Lord Frederick Cavendish,  
Wenman Coke, Esq.
- Devizes**, Charles Garth, Esq.  
James Sutton, Esq.
- Devonshire**, Sir Richard Bampfylde,  
John Parker, Esq.
- †Dorchester**, William Ewer, Esq. - 235  
Hon. John Damer, - 215  
Unsuccessful, Anthony Chapman, Esq. 145  
Mr. Chapman, having a majority of 2 legal  
votes, intends to petition the House.
- Dorsetshire**, George Pitt, jun. Esq.; (son of  
the late Member.)  
Humphry Sturt, Esq.
- Dover**, John Trevanion, Esq.  
John Henneker, Esq.
- †Downton**, Wilts, Tho. Duncombe, Esq. 22  
Thomas Dummer,\* Esq. 22  
Unsuccessful, John Cooper, Esq. - 11  
Sir Thomas Hales, - 10
- Droitwich**, Thomas Foley,\* jun.  
Andrew Foley, Esq.
- Dunwich**, Gerard Wm. Van Neck, Esq.  
Miles Barne, Esq.
- Durham county**, Sir Thomas Clavering,  
Sir John Eain.
- Durham city**, General Lambton, - 328  
John Tempest, jun. Esq. 369  
Unsuccessful, Mark Milbank, Esq. 248
- St. Edmundsbury**, Rt. Hon. Augustus Hervey,  
Sir Charles Davers,\* Bart.  
Unsuccessful, Hon. Colonel Fitzroy.
- Essex**, John Luther, Esq. 2262  
John Conyers, Esq. 2155  
Unsuccessful, Lord Waltham, - 1013
- Evesham**, John Rushout, Esq. - 490  
Henry Seymout, Esq.\* 373  
Unsuccessful, Lord Milfintown, 241  
George Durant, Esq. - 64
- Exeter**, John Walter, Esq;  
Mr. Bampfylde, son of Sir Rd.
- Eye, Suffolk**, Col. Philipson,  
Mr. St. John.
- Fowey, Cornwall**, Philip Raffleigh, Esq.  
Molyneux Shulldham, Esq.
- Gatton**, Sir William Mayne, Bart.  
Robert Scott, Esq.
- Glocestershire**, Sir Wm. Guise, Bart.  
Edward Southwell, Esq.
- Glocester**, Charles Barrow, Esq.  
Geo. Augustus Selwyn, Esq.
- Grampound**, Sir Joseph Yorke,\*  
Rich. Alaxworth Neville, Esq.
- Grantham**, Lord George Sutton,  
Sir Brownlow Cust.\*
- East Grinstead**, Lord George Germaine,  
Lieut. General John Irwin.
- Guildford**, Sir Fletcher Norton, Knt.  
George Onslow, Esq.
- Hampshire**, Sir Simeon Stuart, Bart.  
Sir Harry Paulet St. John, Bt.
- Harwich**, Gen. Harvey,  
Right Hon. Ch. Jenkinson.
- †Haslemere**, Tho. More Molyneux, Esq. 61  
Dr. William Burrell, - 61  
Unsuccessful, William Burke, Esq. 40  
Henry Kelly, Esq. 40
- Hastings**, Lord Palmerston,  
Rt. Hon. Cha. Jenkinson.
- Hedon, Yorksh.**, Sir Charles Saunders,  
Beilby Thompson, Esq.
- Herefordshire**, Tho. Foley, sen. Esq. 2450  
Sir Geo. Cornwall, Bart. 1971  
Unsuccessful, Mr. Alderman Harley, 1631
- Hereford**, Sir Richard Symons, Bart.  
John Scudamore, Esq.
- Hertfordshire**, William Plumer, Esq. 2588  
Thomas Halsey, Esq. 1540  
Unsuccessful, Lord Grimston, - 1081
- Heytesbury**, Lieut. Gen. Wm. A'Court Ashe,  
The Hon. Col. Wm. Gordon.\*
- Higham Ferrers**, Frederick Montague, Esq.
- Hindon, Wilts**, Gen. Richard Smith, 163  
Thomas Brand Hollis, Esq. 161  
Unsuccessful, James Calthorpe, Esq. 63  
Richard Beckford, Esq. 32
- Honiton**, Sir George Younge, Bart. 429  
Lawrence Cox, Esq. - 305  
Unsuccessful, Mr. Baring, - 104
- Huntingdonsh.** Lord Visc. Hinchinbrook,  
Earl of Ludlow.
- Huntingdon**, Hon. Wm. Augustus Montagu,  
George Wombwell, Esq.

Hythe, Sir Charles Farnaby,\* Bart.  
William Evelyn, Esq.  
Ilchester, Peregrine Cust,\* Esq.  
William Innes, Esq.  
Ipswich, Colonel Wollaston, - 357  
Thomas Staunton, Esq. 204  
Unsuccessful, Lord Orwell, - 160  
Kent, Hon. Charles Masham,\*  
Thomas Knight, jun. Esq.  
Kingston-upon-Hull, Lord Rob. Manners, 1067  
Mr. Hartley, - 645  
Unsuccessful, Mr. Shirley, - 579  
Knarsborough, Sir Anth. Tho. Abdy, Bart.  
Hon. Rob. Boyle Walsingham.  
Lancashire, Lord Stanley,  
Sir Thomas Egerton.  
Lancaster, Lord Rd. Cavendish,  
Sir George Warren.  
Launceston, Rt. Hon. Humphry Morrice,  
John Buller,\* Esq.  
Leicestershire, Sir John Palmer,  
Thomas Noel,\* Esq.  
Leicester, The Hon. Booth Grey,  
Mr. Darker.  
Leominster, Lord Viscount Bateman,  
Thomas Hill, Esq.  
Lewes, Sir Thomas Miller,  
Thomas Hay, Esq.  
Unsuccessful, Hon. John Trevor,  
Wm. Kemp, Esq.  
Lincoln, Lord Vis. Lumley, — Viner, Esq.  
Litchfield, George Adams Anson, Esq.  
Thomas Gilbert, Esq.  
Liverpool, Sir William Meredith,  
Richard Pennant, Esq.  
LONDON, John Sawbridge,\* Esq., 3456  
George Hayley, Esq. - 3390  
Richard Oliver, Esq. 3354  
Frederick Bull, Esq; (Lord-Mayor) - 3096  
Unsuccessful, William Baker, Esq. 2802  
Brais Crosby, Esq. 1913  
John Roberts, Esq. - 1398  
Ludlow, Lord Villars,  
Capt. William Clive.\*  
Lutterhall, Lord Melbourne,  
Lord George Gordon.  
Lyme Regis, Hon. Henry Fane, Esq.  
John Fane, Esq.  
Kings Lynn, Crisp Molyneux, Esq.\*  
Hon. Thomas Walpole, Esq.  
Maidstone, Sir Horace Mann, Bart. . 541  
Saville Finch,\* Esq. 458  
Unsuccessful, Robert Gregory, Esq. 226  
Malden, Mr. Nassau, and Mr. Strutt.  
Malmesbury, The Hon. Charles Fox,\*  
William Strahan, Esq; his Majesty's Printer.  
Malton, Saville Finch, Esq.  
Edmund Burke, Esq.\*  
Marlborough, Sir James Long, Bart.  
The Hon. James Brudenell.  
Great Marlow, John Borlase Warren, Esq. 190  
Wm. Clayton, Esq. - 151  
Unsuccessful, Wm. Dickenfon, Esq. 76  
MIDDLESEX, JOHN WILKES, Esq.  
JOHN GLYNN, Esq.

Midhurst, Herbert Mackworth,\* Esq.  
Clem. Tudway,\* Esq. (who is also elected for Wells.)  
Milborne-Port, Edward Walter, Esq. 62  
Harvins Brown, Esq. 62  
Unsuccessful, Hon. Temple Luttrell, 58  
Captain Wolfeley. 58  
Two other returns were made at this election, according to which Mr. Luttrell and Mr. Wolfeley had a majority of 39 votes; these several returns will be sent to the clerk of the crown, and the determination thereon must rest with a committee of the House.  
Minehead, Henry Fownes Luttrell, Esq.  
and his Son.  
Monmouthshire, John Hanbury, Esq.  
John Morgan, Esq.  
Monmouth, Sir John Stepney, Bart.  
Morpeth, Peter Delme, Esq.  
Francis Eyre, Esq.  
Unsuccessful, Hon. Mr. Byron,  
Thomas Charles Bigge, Esq.  
Newcastle upon Tyne, Sir Walter Blackett, 1164  
Sir Mat. White Ridley, 1142  
Unsuccessful, Hon. Conft. Phipps, 794  
Thomas Delaval, Esq. 677  
Newport, (I. Wight) Sir Richard Worsley,  
Hans Sloane, Esq.  
Newport, Rt. Hon. Humphry Morrice,\*  
Cornw. Richard Bull, Esq.  
Newtown, (I. Wight) Sir John Barrington,  
Harcourt Powell, Esq.  
Newton, Lanc. James Anthony Keck, Esq.  
Rob. Ath. Gwillam, Esq.  
Norfolk, Sir Edward Astley,  
Wenman Coke,\* Esq.  
Northallerton, Daniel LaCelles, Esq.  
Henry Peirse, Esq.  
Northamptonshire, Lucy Knightly, Esq.  
Thomas Powys, Esq.  
Northampton, Hon. Wilbr. Tollemache, 785  
Sir George Robinson, - 691  
Unsuccessful, Sir James Langham, 267  
Northumberland, Lord Algernon Percy, 1231  
Sir William Middleton, 1096  
Unsuccessful, Sir John Delaval, 1080  
Mr. Fenwick, - 760  
Norwich, Sir Harbord Harbord,  
Edward Bacon, Esq.  
Nottinghamshire, Lord Lincoln\*,  
Hon. Thomas Willoughby.  
Nottingham, Sir Charles Sedley, - 1116  
Hon. William Howe, - 974  
Unsuccessful, Lord Edward Bentinck, 908  
Orford, Lord Viscount Beauchamp,  
Hon. Rob. Seymour Conway.  
Oxfordshire, Lord Charles Spencer,  
Lord Viscount Wenman.  
Oxford City, Lord Robert Spencer,  
The Hon. Peregrine Bertie.  
Oxford Univer. Sir. Roger Newdigate,  
Francis Page, Esq.  
Penryn, Cornwall, Sir George Osborne,\* 139  
William Clayton, Esq. - 90  
Unsuccessful, John Rogers, Esq. 81  
Plymouth, Lord Barrington,  
Sir Charles Hardy.  
Peterborough,

†Peterborough, Richard Baryon, Esq. 259  
 Matthew Wyldbore, Esq. 219  
 Unsuccessful, James Phipps, Esq. 212  
 †Petersfield, William Jolliffe, Esq.  
*Sir Abraham Hume.*

Unsuccessful, Capt. John Luttrell.  
 Pontefract, Hon. Charles-James Fox,\* 225  
*James Hart, Esq. - 252*  
*Sir John Goodrick, Bart. 130*  
*Charles Mellish, Esq. - 130*

Notwithstanding the disparity of the numbers, the returning officer declared Sir John Goodricke and Mr. Mellish duly elected; the question therefore must be determined by the House of Commons.

Poole, Dorset, Joshua Mauger, Esq. - 55  
 Sir Eyre Coote,\* Bart. - 59  
 Unsuccessful, Hon. Charles-James Fox, 5  
 John Williams, Esq. - 2

Upwards of 100 of the inhabitants offered to poll for the Hon. Mr. Fox and Mr. Williams, but it having been a custom for the Corporation only to elect their Representatives, the sheriff refused their votes.—Mr. Fox and Mr. Williams intend therefore to petition.

Portsmouth, Sir Edward Hawke, - 64  
 Peter Taylor, Esq. - 37

Unsuccessful, Mr. Iremonger, - 34  
 Preston, Sir Henry Houghton,  
 General Burgoyne.

Queenborough, Sir Charles Frederick,  
*Sir Walter Rawlinson.*

Reading, Francis Annesley, Esq. - 327  
 John Dodd, Esq. - 302

Unsuccessful, John Walter, Esq. - 251  
 Retford, Lord Thomas Pelham Clinton,  
 Sir Cecil Wray.

Ripon, William Aislabie, Esq.  
 Charles Allanson, Esq.

Rocheſter, Robert Gregory, Esq. - 349  
 Geo. Finch Hatton, Esq. 293

Unsuccessful, Sir Thomas Pye, 252  
 New Romney, *Sir Edward Dering,*  
 Richard Jackson, Esq.

Rutlandſhire, Thomas Noel, Esq.  
 Geo. Bridges Brudenell, Esq.

Rye, Roſe Fuller, Esq.  
*D. Onflow, Esq.*

Sandwich, Philip Stevens, Esq;  
*William Hey, Esq.*

Salisbury, Lord Viſcount Folkeſtone,  
 William Huſſey, Esq.

Old Sarum, Thomas Pitt, Esq.\*  
*Pinkney Wilkinſon, Esq.*

Scarborough, Lord Tyrconnel,  
*Sir Hugh Palliſer, Bart.*

Unſucceſſful, R. Gregory, Esq. (returned  
 for Rocheſter.)

Seaford, Lord Gage, } 28  
 George Medley, Esq. }  
 John Chetwood, Esq. } 53  
 Stephen Sayre, Esq. }

This election is to be decided by the Houſe.

Shaſtebury, Francis Sykes, Esq. 284  
 Tho. Rumbold,\* Esq. 248

Unſucceſſful, Hans Wint Mortimer, Esq. 112

Shrewſbury, Lord Clive, and Mr. Leighton.  
 Unſucceſſful, Mr. Pulteney, who intends  
 to petition.

Shropſhire, Charles Baldwin, Esq.  
 Noel Hill,\* Esq.

Somerſetſhire, Richard Hippſley Coxo,  
*Edward Philips, Esq.*

Southampton, Rt. Hon. Hans Stanley, 356  
*John Fleming, Esq. - 307*

Unſucceſſful, Lord Charles Montagu, 88  
 Southwark, Henry Thrale, Esq. - 1195

*Nathaniel Polhill, Esq. 1026*  
 Unſucceſſful, William Lee, Esq. 741

Sir Abraham Hume, Bt. 457  
 Staffordſhire, Sir John Wrotteſly,  
 Sir William Bagot.

Stafford, Richard Whitworth, Esq.  
 Hugo Meynell,\* Esq.

Stamford, Lieut. Gen. George Howard,  
*Henry Cecil, Esq.*

Steyning, Thomas Edward Freeman,  
*Filman Honeywood, Esq.*

Stockbridge, Hon. Capt. John Luttrell, 83  
 Lord Irnham,\* - 78

Unſucceſſful, Mr. Crowe, - 29  
 Mr. Widmore, - 31

†Sudbury, Tho. Fonnereau,\* Esq. 131  
*Philip Creſpigny, Esq. - 179*

Unſucceſſful, Sir Patrick Blake, - 73  
 Sir Walden Hanmer, - 74

Suffolk, Sir Thomas Cha. Bunbury,  
 Rowland Holt, Esq.

Surry, Sir Francis Vincent, 2017  
 James Scawen, Esq. 1656

Unſucceſſful, Sir Joſeph Mawbey, 1390  
 Tamworth, Thomas de Grey, jun. Esq. 191

Edward Thurlow, Esq. 186  
 Unſucceſſful, Iſaac Brown, Esq. 118

Taunton, Nathaniel Webb, Esq. 260  
 Hon. Mr. Straſford, (ſon to Ld

Baltinglaſſ) - 254  
 Unſucceſſful, Alexander Popham, Esq. 201

John Halliday, Esq. 202

The polling at this election laſted more than  
 a week. The ſucceſſful candidates were in  
 the court intereſt ſupported by the corpora-  
 tion; the unſucceſſful in the country intereſt,  
 by the Union ſociety.—Meſſrs. Popham and  
 Halliday mean to petition.

Tewksbury, Sir Wm. Codrington, Bart.  
 Joſeph Martin,\* Esq.

Thetford, Hon. Charles Fitzroy,\*  
 Hon. Cha Fitzroy Scudamore.\*

Thirſk, Sir Thomas Frankland,  
*T. Frankland, Esq.*

Tiverton, Nathaniel Ryder, Esq.  
 John Duntze, Esq.

†Totneſs, Devon, Philip Jennings, Esq.  
 Amyatt, Esq.

Wallingford, Sir Robert Barker, Bart.  
 John Cator, Esq.

Wareham, Hon. W. Gerard Hamilton,\*  
*Chriſtopher D'Oyly, Esq.*

Warwickſhire, Tho. Skipwith, Esq. 2954  
 Sir Charles Kolve, - 1835

Unſucceſſful, John Mordaunt, Esq. 1788  
 Warwick,

Warwick,	<i>Hon. Charles Greyville,</i> <i>Hon. Capt. Greyville.</i>	
Wells,	<i>Clement Tudway, Esq.</i> <i>Robert Child, Esq.</i>	
Wendover,	<i>Joseph Bullock, Esq.</i> <i>J. Adams, Esq.</i>	
Wenlock,	<i>Sir Henry Bridgeman,</i> <i>George Forester, Esq.</i>	
Weobly,	<i>Sir Wm. Lynch,*</i> <i>John St. Leger Douglas,* Esq.</i>	
Westbury, Wilts,	<i>Hon. Mr. Wenman,</i> <i>Nathaniel Bayley,* Esq.</i>	
Westloo, Corn.	<i>James Townshend, Esq.</i> <i>Wm. Graves, Esq.</i>	
Westminster,	<i>Right Hon. Earl Percy,</i> 4994 <i>Lord Thomas Pelham Clinton,</i> 4733	
Unsuccessful,	<i>Lord Mountmorres,</i> 2531 <i>Lord Mahon,</i> 2342 <i>Humphrey Cotes, Esq;</i> 130	
Weymouth,	<i>John Tucker, Esq.</i> <i>John Purling,* Esq.</i>	
and Melcomb-regis,	<i>Right Hon. Welbore Ellis,*</i> <i>William Chaslin Grove,* Esq.</i>	
Wigan,	<i>George Byng, Esq.</i> <i>Beaumont Hotham, Esq.</i>	
Wilton,	<i>The Hon. Nicholas Herbert,</i> <i>(uncle to Earl Pembroke)</i> <i>Hon. Hen. Herbert, (his Lordship's nephew.)</i>	
Wiltshire,	<i>Charles Penruddock, Esq.</i> <i>Ambrose Goddard, Esq.</i>	
Winchelsea,	<i>Arnold Nesbit, Esq.</i> <i>J. C. Cornwall, Esq.</i>	
Winchester,	<i>Henry Penton, Esq.</i> <i>Lowel Stanhope, Esq.</i>	
Windfor,	<i>Hon. Augustus Keppell,</i> <i>Hon. John Montagu.</i>	
Woodstock,	<i>John Skinner, Esq.</i> <i>William Eden, Esq.</i>	
Wootton Bassett,	<i>The Hon. Henry St. John,</i> <i>Mr. Scott.</i>	
Worcestershire,	<i>Rt. Hon. Wm. Dowdeswell,</i> <i>Edward Foley,* Esq.</i>	
Worcester,	<i>Thomas Bates Rous, Esq.</i> 981 <i>John Walfh, Esq.</i> 893	
Unsuccessful,	<i>Sir Watkin Lewes, Knt.</i> 736 <i>Edward Bearcroft, Esq.</i> 312	
Sir Watkin has protested against the return. Many proofs of bribery are said to have appeared; but one very notorious instance of corrupt influence was in the appointment of 300 freemen to be constables, &c.		
Chipping Wycomb,	<i>Hon. Th. Fitzmaurice,*</i> <i>Robert Waller, Esq.</i>	
Yarmouth, (I. Wight)	<i>Jervaise Clarke, Esq.</i> <i>Edward Worsley, Esq.</i>	
Yarmouth, Norf.	<i>Cha. Townsend, Esq.</i> 310 <i>Hon. Richard Walpole,</i> 310	
Unsuccessful,	<i>Sir Charles Saunders,</i> 216 <i>William Beckford, Esq.</i> 213	
Yorkshire,	<i>Sir George Saville,</i> <i>Edwin Lafcelles, Esq.</i>	
York city,	<i>Lord John Cavendish,</i> 807 <i>Charles Turner, Esq.</i> 828	
Unsuc.	<i>Martin Bladen Hawke, Esq.</i> 647	

## W A L E S.

Anglesea, Lord Bulkeley.	
Breconshire, Charles Morgan, Esq.	
Brecon, Charles Van, Esq.	
Cardiff, &c. Herbert Mackworth, Esq.	
Cardiganshire, Lord Viscount Lisburne.	
Cardigan, Sir Robert Smyth,	1488
Unsuccessful, Tho. Johnes, jun. Esq.	980
Carmarthenshire, Right Hon. George Rice.	
Carmarthen, John Adams, Esq.	
Carnarvonshire, Thomas Alston Smith, Esq.	
Carnarvon, Glynn Wynn, Esq.	
Denbighshire, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.*	
Flintshire, Sir Roger Mostyn, Bart.	
Flint, Sir John Glynn, Bart.	
Glamorganshire, Geo. Venables Vernon, Esq.	
Montgomeryshire, Wm. Mostyn Owen, Esq.	700
Unsuccessful, Watkin Williams, Esq.	624
Montgomery, Colonel Cane.	
Pembrokeshire, Hugh Owen, Esq.	
Pembroke, Hugh Owen*, Esq.	
Radnorshire, Chafe Price, Esq.	
Unsuccessful, Thomas Johnes, Esq.	
New Radnor, &c. John Lewis, Esq.	201
Unsuccessful, Edward Lewis, Esq.	619
The majority of the voters for Edward Lewis, Esq; being non-resident burgesses, the returning officer rejected them; on which account Mr. Lewis means to petition.	

## S C O T L A N D.

Airshire, Sir Adam Ferguson.	
Anstruther, &c. Philip Anstruther, Esq.	
Barnfshire, Earl of Fife,	
Berwickshire, James Pringle, Esq.	
†Dunbar, Lauder, &c. Capt. John Maitland.	
Unsuccessful, Sir Alexander Gilmour.	
Dundee, Forfar, &c. George Dempster, Esq.	
†Edinburgh, Sir Lawrence Dundas,	23
James Stoddart, Esq; (lord provost)	6
Unsuccessful, Capt. Erskine,	3
County of Edinburgh, Henry Dundas, Esq.	
Unsuccessful, Sir Alexander Gilmour.	
Fifehire, General Scott.	
Forfarshire, Earl of Panmure.	
Glasgow, Renfrew, &c. Lord Fre. Campbell	
Haddingtonshire, Sir George Suttie.	
†Inverkeithing, &c. Colonel Campbell.	
Unsuccessful, Colonel Masterton.	
Kincardineshire, Lord Adam Gordon.	
Kinghorn, Dysart, &c. John Johnstone, Esq.	
Unsuccessful, Mr. Oswald.	
Lanerkshire, Andrew Stuart, Esq.	
Linlithgow, Sir William Augustus Cunningham.	
Nairn and Cromartie, Cosmo Gordon, Esq.	
†Peebles, Lanerk, &c. Sir James Cockburn.	
Peebleshire, Rt. Hon. James Montgomery,	
Lord Advocate of Scotland.	
Renfrewshire, John Crawford, Esq.	
Rosfshire, Right Hon. Ja. Stuart Mackenzie.	
Roxburghshire, Rt. Hon. Sir Gilbert Elliot.	
Selkirkshire, John Pringle, Esq.	
Stirlingshire, Thomas Dundas, Esq.	44
Unsuccessful, Sir James Campbell,	19

[To be completed in a future Number.]

† The unsuccessful Candidates for Places in the preceding List marked thus †, mean to petition the House on the legality of the returns.

*The fashionable Dress for November, as established at St. James's and Bath.*

**FULL DRESS.**—Ladies wear their hair dressed very far back, and broad at the sides, with curls across, and a bow of curls behind;—large frys, or pearls, with short lappets, and flowers in fancy;—fancy tippets;—ruffles very shallow before, and, picked behind;—rich plain silks or sattins trimmed with blond or mignonet, ornamented with tassels, and bows of ribbon of different colours;—large hoops;—shoes to match the silks, with small rose buckles.

**UNDRESS.**—Black hats, with skeleton edge, and very full trimmed; rather high round the crown;—rich Chinese silks or sattin cloaks, lined and trimmed with skin; or black mode trimmed with broad lace, and lined with white;—French jackets trimmed with fringe to match the silks; or night gowns with round cuffs, and double robings of mignonet;—the gowns in general made with lappets to button at the top of the stays, which are worn very low;—slippers with white heels and small roses.

### MARRIED.

**I**N Scotland, Lord Cochran, eldest son to the Earl of Dundonald, to Miss Anne Gilchrist, 2d daughter of Capt. James Gilchrist of the navy.

At Edinburgh, Hon. Capt. Maitland, to the Rt. Hon. the Countess Dowager of Rothes. Thomas Estcourt, Esq; of Estcourt in Gloucestershire, to the Hon. Miss Grimston, sister to Lord Viscount Grimston.

Francis Reynolds, Esq; brother to Lord Ducie, to Miss Provis, of Portman-square.

The Rev. Mr. Stillingfleet, rector of Hotham in Yorkshire, to Miss Eliz. Taylor, daughter of the late Wm. Taylor, Esq; of Hadham in Herts.

The Rev. Mr. Wills, of Agnes in Cornwall, to Miss Selina Wheler, of Otterden-place, in Kent.

Rev. Mr. Brackley Kennet, morning-preacher at Berkeley-Chapel, son of Alderman Kennet, to Miss Sarah Mahew, of Hereford.

Geo. Hesse, Esq; to Miss Eliza Gunthorpe, of the Adelphi.

At Blandford, the Rev. Mr. Manrill, of Bursledon, to Miss Harris, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Harris, of Abbotbury, Dorset.

Daniel Henry Woodward, Esq; of Boxwell, in Gloucestershire, to Miss Howorth, of Rochdale, in Lancashire.

At Moulsey in Surry, Capt. Moore, belonging to a regiment of foot, to Miss Janfen, daughter of Sir Stephen Theo. Janfen, Bart.

The Rev. N. Hill, to Miss Rule, daughter of John Rule, Esq; of Mile-end green.

The Rev. Samuel Peplow, D. L. Chancellor of the diocese of Chester, between 70 and 80 years of age, to Miss Rebecca Roberts, of Chester, aged upwards of 20 years.

Rev. Mr. Davies, rector of Coychurch, Glamorganshire, to Miss Arabella Jenkinson, of Charles-square, London.

Rev. Mr. Daniel Williams, to Mrs. Arthur, late of the Theatre Royal in Bath.

In the life of Man, John Lee, Esq; to Miss Fletchsr, a beautiful and amiable heiress with a fortune of 15,000l.

Mr. Samuel Colborne, junr. a considerable salt proprietor at Lymington, to Miss Cordelia Ann Garsten, daughter of John Garsten, Esq; of Blashford, near Ringwood.

Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, of London, to Miss Molly Harris, youngest daughter of Mr. Alderman Harris, of Gloucester.

Mr. Chadwick, an eminent hop and brandy merchant, of Gloucester, to Miss Clark.

Mr. Rich. Watley, a wealthy farmer of Berkshire, to Mrs. Lowrell, a widow gentlewoman of Thames-street: The next morning the bridegroom was taken ill, and expired in less than an hour after.

Mr. Lane, watchmaker, of Bristol, to Miss Brown, daughter of Mr. Brown, bookseller, of Hôniton, Devon.

### DIED.

At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Catherine Drummond, wife of Adam Drummond, Esq; and sister to the Duke of Bolton.

Lady Winn, wife of Sir Wm. Winn, Bart. at his house in Albemarle street.

The Right Hon. Lady Dowager Bleffington.

At Nice, Don Anthony Francis Gaetan Galeano Caissotti, Count de Seros, &c. late Viceroy of Sardinia.

Mr. Standfast Smith, apothecary of Bristol.

At Clifton, aged 84, Mrs. Hibbs, widow of Mr. Hibbs, attorney, of Bristol, and daughter of the late Major-Gen. Wade.

Sir Rich. Corbett, Bart. whose title descends to Mr. Corbett, formerly of Fleet-street, bookfeller, now Sir Charles Corbett, Bart.

Governor Benyon, formerly in the East-India Company's service.

John Colburne, Esq; of Spilman's court near Stroud in Gloucestershire.

At his lodgings near Blackheath, Monsieur Peter Henry Treyssac de Vergy, as well known for his concerns in the famous quarrel between Count de Guerchy and the Chevalier D'Eon, as for his literary works.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, vicar of Bradfordton, near Evesham, and curate of Harborne.

At Weymouth, in the prime of life, Robert Sherword, Esq; late major in the 35th reg.

Aged 84, the Rev. Joseph Sandford, B. D. senior fellow of Balliol college, Oxford.  
At Chelsea, Col. Owen.

Rev. Dr. Style, fellow of King's coll. Cambridge, and rector of Haverford in Suffex.  
At Mile-End, Samuel Worrel, Esq.

Francis Henry Leighton, Esq; son to the late Gen. Francis Leighton,

Robert Boothby, Esq; captain of the second troop of horse granadier guards.

Thomas Le Mesurier, Esq; son of Henry Le Mesurier, Esq; of Guernsey.

Noah Blissfon, Esq; formerly a stock-broker, but had retired from business.

James Lempriere, Esq; one of the Jurats of the Royal Court in Guernsey.

The Lady of Edward Bearcroft, Esq; one of his Majesty's Counsel.

At Dorchester, John Gordon, Esq; one of the representatives in the assembly of Jamaica.

Of an apoplectic fit, in Cramlington church, immediately after having baptized a child, the Rev. Mr. Alderson, of Newcastle.

At Bath, Miss Eliz. Moyle, youngest daughter of the late John Moyle, Esq; of Crofs, in Cornwall.

Mrs. Daubuz, of Bath, sister-in-law to Sir Joshua Van-Neck, Bart.

Mrs. Bush, wife of Tho. Bush, Esq; of Cirencester.

**SUDDENLY,** — Slade, Esq; of Pennard in Somersetshire.

At Devizes, Michael Lejay, Esq; of Bath.

Tho. Mellican Milles, Esq; of Hill-Bishop's, Somerset, reckoned one of the largest men in this kingdom.

At Aberdeen, the Hon. Mrs. Buchan, relict of the deceased Thomas Buchan, of Cairnbulg, Esq; advocate.

Tho. Parry, Esq; of Arkestone, Herefordshire.

John Greenaway, Esq; possessed of a large estate in the county of Lincoln.

At Epsom in Surry, Edward Northy, Esq, Mrs. Lewes, wife of John Lewes, Esq; of Harpton, in the county of Radnor.

Capt. John Sayfe, of Chestow, aged 106.

Walter Hardyman, Esq; one of his Majesty's justices for Wiltshire.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart Gunning, rector of Ufford, in Northamptonshire.

At Presteigne, in Radnorshire, the truly pious and benevolent Mrs. Jane Price, Lady of Wm. Price, Esq; of that place. Her estate, which is considerable, she has left to the Hon. Mr. Archdeacon Harley.

Mr. Thomas Abraham, wine and timber merchant, of Southampton.

Mr. Wm. Skuce, the well-known and facetious landlord of Bibury.

At Deptford, John Greenleaf, a fidler, who by playing country dances at hops, fairs, &c. had amassed a fortune of 3000l.

**ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.**

The Rev. Tho. Cherry, M. A. to be lecturer of St. Ann, Middlesex.

Rev. John Bostock, jun. to the vicarage of New Windsor, Berks.

The Rev. John Finden, B. D. to the improper curacy of Wootton, Wilts.

Rev. Mr. Henry Bathurst, to the living of Bletchingly, Surry.

Rev. Wm. Crackelt, to the vicarage of Chalke, in Kent.

Rev. Townsend Andrews, prebendary of St. Paul's, to the rectory of St. Catherine Coleman, London.

Rev. John Delap, D. D. to the rectory of Woodlavington, with the vicarages of Kingston and Iford.

Rev. Geo. Lakoombe, B. A. to the vicarage of Walton, Yorkshire.

Rev. John Summers, B. A. to the rectory of Brayley, in Wilts.

Rev. John Story, to the rectories of St. Michael Coffany in Norwich, and Great Melton St. Marv's, and All Saints, in Norfolk.

Rev. John Cleaver, M. A. to the vicarage of Frodsham, in Cheshire.

Dr. Thomas, to be his Majesty's physician in ordinary, in place of Dr. Duncan, deceased.

Richard Willis, Esq; to be gentleman usher of his Majesty's Hon. Privy Chamber, in the room of Sir C. Sheffield, deceased.

Rev. Mr. Farmer, fellow of Emanuel college, to be Lady Margaret's preacher at Cambridge, on the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard.

Rev. Mr. Kedington, M. A. to the rectory of Little Chifhall, in Essex.

Rev. Samuel Phillips, B. A. to the vicarage of Hallerton in Norfolk.

Rev. Richard Greaves, clerk, to the living of Bishop's-Lydeard, Somerset.

Rev. Mr. Butt, M. A. of Salisbury, to the living of Aldborne in Wilts.

**CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.**

Royal reg. of artillery, Capt. Lieut. Vaughan Lloyd, to be captain. First Lieut. Samuel Tovey, to be captain lieutenant. Second Lieut. Abraham Witham, to be first lieut.

William Simpson, gent. to be second lieut. Wm. Johnston, gent. to be second lieut. vice second Lieut. Leonard Hammond, resigned.

Royals, 1st. Battalion, Capt. Maximilian Faviere, to be Major. Capt. Frederick Falkiner to be captain. Lieut. William Kingmill to be captain-lieutenant. Ensign Geo. M'Mundo, to be lieutenant. James Corbet, Gent. to be ensign. Ensign Robert Arbuthnott to be lieutenant. Adjutant Wm. Oliver Grace, from half-pay to be Ensign.

5th reg. of foot, Ensign Brett Chambers to be lieutenant. Burron Gage Burtut, Gent. to be ensign. Lieut. Thomas Baker to be quarter-master.

36th reg. of foot, Ensign Richard Kearney to be lieut. James Mounsey, gent. ensign. Ensign Francis Peirson, to be lieutenant.

Major Charles Chapman, of the late 96th reg. to be lieutenant-colonel in the army.

Clement Richardson, Esq; to be his Majesty's Consul at Cagliari in Sardinia.

Dr. Baker, to be physician to the household, in the room of Dr. Duncombe, appointed physician in ordinary.

Sir John Pringle, Bart. president of the Royal Society, to be physician extraordinary to his Majesty.

John Ives, Esq; to be Suffolk Herald at Arms.

Alderman Plomer and John Hart, Esq; to be sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

Rev. Mr. Wm. Hancock Robert, to be head master of the free grammar school at Worcester.

Sir Henry Bridgman, Bart. to be recorder of Wenlock.





*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*





T H E

# MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

F O R

D E C E M B E R, 1774.

*To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

GENTLEMEN,

MARIA to HENRY, and HENRY to EDWARD, to which you gave so elegant an Engraving in No. X. were wrote for, and appeared only, in your Magazine. I cannot say the same of the following, as I compos'd it for Robinson's Lady's Magazine, for April, 1771; but I have now enlarged the poetical part, and send you the improved copy. If it meets your approbation, 'tis at your service. I remain

Gentlemen,  
*Newgate-Street.*

Your humble Servant,

T. B. *No Candidate.*

## ABDALLAH, and the SULTAN: An EASTERN TALE.

With a BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.



N early time, an Eastern monarch ruled with such unbounded arrogance, that at length, the people groaning under his cruelty, look'd for redress from young Abdallah, whose father the barbarian had murder'd, and usurp'd his throne.--- Abdallah had retir'd from court for some time, living a life of piety and retirement; to his calm retreat the sons of liberty resorted; their party consisted of great and powerful men, and their consultations ended in resolving on the death of the tyrant, and replacing Abdallah on the throne of his father.

It was agreed between them, that when the Sultan took his usual walk behind the seraglio, Abdallah and some others were to be in readiness to rush on him, before the guards could come up to his assistance. The time arrives; the Sultan's already in the grove: Abdallah, with a drawn sabre, springs towards him, but unfortunately his foot slipping, the youth falls to the ground; a strange panic seized

the rest; they meanly fled, and left him to the mercy of the enraged monarch, who that day had more attendants than usual about his person; instantly they disarm Abdallah, deliver him to the guard, who receive orders from their Sultan, to prepare the most cruel torments.--- A cheerless dungeon receives the unhappy youth, whose breast was filled with greater sorrow from the unmanly flight of his party, than from his own misfortune. The generous hero lov'd his country more than himself.

The day after his imprisonment, the keeper was prevail'd on, by a large bribe, to admit a friend, to take a last farewell of the noble sufferer. This friend was his own cousin, a virtuous man, and every way form'd to make a people happy: unperceived he slips a letter into Abdallah's hand, who conveys it as privately to his bosom. They take a last embrace, and are torn asunder. Abdallah is now alone, and retiring to a remote corner of his dreary habitation, and opening the letter, read the following contents:

M m

" Friend

"Friend of my soul,

"I have furnished you with the means to act nobly and escape torture. Abudah the good, the great conqueror, appears with a powerful army; nothing can save the tyrant; the nations around are all combined against him; Abudah invites me to rule over his armies, and tells me I shall be his son, to succeed him in his power, as he trusts I shall make his people happy: No more: Your wrongs shall be revenged!--as you must die---die nobly. Farewell.

Abdallah read with rapture; but how was his joy encreased, when in the folds of the letter he discovered a small dagger: Kissing the welcome minister of death, he sat down, and penned the following lines to the Usurper; then, to prevent an untimely discovery, destroyed the letter of his friend, and lodged the dagger in his heart, which soon gave an easy death, and disappointed the cruel intentions of the tyrant.

#### ABDALLAH to the USURPER of his Father's Throne.

FROM dreary cells, where anguish bites the ground,  
Where horror rages o'er the gloom around,  
Where death in each tormenting form appears,  
To fill a lesser soul than mine with fears,  
Abdallah writes--whose calm unconquer'd mind  
Smiles at thy frown, and throws all dread behind;  
Bids stern defiance to thy narrow pow'r,  
Nor long shall wait his last, his final hour:  
Now racks prepare, and ministers of pain,  
Yet know 'tis useless all, and idly vain.  
Ere this arrives I may be nobly blest,  
For no known guilt sits heavy on my breast;  
While something whispers that I shall not die,  
But be transplanted to a purer sky;

There gently live upon some happy plain,  
Where trouble cannot come, nor tyrants reign;  
For what I did, I did in virtue's cause,  
To guard her sacred liberties and laws:  
And had Abdallah brought thee to the ground,  
Search'd thy black heart, and gave a mortal wound,

My father and thy king's illustrious shade  
Had slept in peace, with all his wrongs repaid.  
Rest, murder'd prince, the nations round arise,  
Thy wrongs inspire, the bold Usurper dies.  
Rest, injur'd shade, a noble cause like mine,  
Shall give each steady arm a pow'r divine.  
Soon shall their armies hem his courts around,  
The loudest trump of war shall quickly sound;  
In all her strength, stern justice leads the train,  
Draws the bright sword, which soon shall

meet a stain,  
Her conqu'ring hosts shall mark their dreadful way

Thro' purple fields, in that important day;  
Red with warm blood again their blades shall rise--

Again they fall--again a thousand dies--  
Nay, start not, tyrant, as I tell thy doom,  
Fate, steady fate, has mark'd thee for the tomb;

Fate, steady fate, that levels high and low,  
That pow'r ordains, that pow'r will deal the blow;

Strict, awful justice, will not rule in vain,  
But give thee up to infamy and shame.

My father and thy king demand thy death,  
And keen remorse awaits thy parting breath.  
Yes--know proud wretch, tho' guards around thee wait,

Tho' deck'd in all the pomp of regal state,  
A time will come, when vengeance shall arise,  
Strike the dread blow, and ope a nation's eyes.  
Ere long, thou greatly curs'd, but chief by me,  
Each venal slave shall cease to bend the knee.  
Within thy palace purple streams shall flow,  
And ev'ry room resound with hopeless woe.  
Methinks I see thee gasping on the ground,  
And life departing from the reeking wound.  
Then, then shall truth and justice mount the throne,

While bright Astrea joins them both in one.  
--Farewell, for now prophetic fire is o'er;

One friendly stroke shall waft me to the shore,  
Where thou shalt vex, and sorrow pain, no more.

#### PRIZE ESSAY;

#### On the EFFEMINACY of the PRESENT AGE.

"GRACEFUL in man is negligence of person." Strange, indeed! and does Ovid, that compleat master of the lover's art, so absurdly advise his pupils? Would he thus recommend them to female favour? Mere antiquated notions, that suit but ill with our politer age, and

with the niceness and delicacy of modern refinement.

But pardon me, if I cannot think them so unsuitable, and if (with all due submission to the present taste) I attempt to vindicate what Ovid has advanc'd. --- Manners, as well as times, have under-

gone

gone surprizing revolutions; for better, or for worse, 'tis obvious to determine.--- Instead of intrinsic merit, as magnanimity, or wisdom, &c. which were once the distinguishing ornaments of our ancestors, what is it we find in their posterity? a worthless, foppish generation,---the shadows only of what their forefathers were,---and remarkable only for their vanity, folly, and an empty, superficial nothingness. An unhappy exchange have we made! the true British Bullion we have barter'd for Gallic Coin of a base alloy. In vain, I fear, do declaimers rail, and satyrists ridicule; the infection is caught, 'tis grown immortal, and daily more encouraged and fomented by our corrupt inclinations.

Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,  
That make ambition virtue!

..... and all quality

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war---

Farewell. Old England's hardiness is gone.

SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis with grief and regret we bid adieu to that martial spirit, that nobleness of soul, which made our nation a race of heroes. Our generous youth could then disdain to wanton in the lap of pleasure, or to waste the gloom of life in idle fooleries, and silken dalliance. Their manly bosoms were inspired with far other passions; such as rais'd their souls to glory, and to glorious actions. And think it not illaudable, if *love* was often an incentive with them; if it was their wish to deserve by *deeds* the kind respects of the beloved fair one; for the advantages of person were very little considered. The men, I suppose, were not less *handsome*, tho' not so *fairly-complexion'd*, as they are now. They were *strong*, they were *robust*, they were such as MEN ought to be. And if the one sex excell'd so much in their peculiar virtues, the other were as highly esteem'd for their good sense, and beauty. *These* were the envy and praise, *those* the terror and admiration of Europe.

But enough of former times, uncivilized and barbarous, in comparison of our own---the brightest æra of true politeness. Forbear to talk of toils and hardships, wars and wounds,---terms intolerably shocking to our nicer ears. What a much wiser age are we fallen into!-- The young fellows now-a-days (to their honour be it spoken) do their business in shorter, safer, and easier methods. They have too much prudence, too great a va-

lue for themselves, to be dubb'd knight-errants, and *Quixots*, for the sakes of their damsels, and charming *Dulcineas*. No fear of that from our pretty *Gemmen*. No favourers these, be assured, of any self-denying doctrines, who would not for the world expose their tender frame, or injure their complexions.

The most celebrated beau of antiquity that I remember, was Paris. And he too (as old Homer describes him) often proved a truant to the dusty labours of the field, more skilled in the softer campaigns of love, and the delightful scenes of Lydian pleasures.

Wars are (as poets sing) the dread of matrons, and nubile virgins. I think we might justly add our milk-sop beaux to the timid number. Their dress now makes up for deficiencies, and will better pass current than the happiest qualifications: From the engagements of dress they hope for every thing. No heart, be it ever so guarded, is supposed capable of holding out against the enchanting graces of their dear, dear persons, reinforced with the additional merit of being in the highest degree *fashionable*. *Dress* is the darling object of the powder'd coxcomb's emulation. *Dress* is his distinguishing excellence; in *dress* his heav'n of happiness is center'd. All his concerns and cares are consequently directed to this important end. His knowledge comprehends no more than what relates to the gaieties and elegances of life. He leaves the rest to plodding pedants, and the starch'd solemnity of poring book-worms. *Learning* he has heard is a dangerous thing, and therefore is determined it shall never affect his brain, or check the lively flow of his spirits. One would be almost curious to know how the delicate creature bestows his time; since the exercise of his mind and body is equally his detestation. No doubt *genteelly* enough, though in the opinion of ill-breeding, perhaps *insipidly*. Ah! the pleasing labours of the morning! How imperceptibly do the hours steal on, spent in deep consultations with *Twist*, *Friseur*, and all the various ministers of fashion. Nor must we forget, that the glass full often claims his most obsequious attention. Here in dumb devotion does he take his stand, and gazes like *Narcissus* on the reflected form with extatic rapture.--- At length equip'd, his whole figure improv'd and perfected, the affected thing sallies forth, his head more full of conquests, than the giddy girl of fifteen. He visits, chats a deal of fluent nonsense, then

then rolls away to every place of gay resort, to operas, balls, and masquerades.

These are the sweet fatigues of the evening. All the time he professes himself an humble servant of the ladies; yet were it to be wished his professions were sincere. Judge from appearances, and the ladies seem to be only the secondary objects of his admiration. The monopolizing love of self will admit no partner in its affections; it looks on every thing else with an eye of cold indifference. The influence of the fair may soon be weaken'd, should this apish foppery prevail. All the elevated notions of mutual tenderness and regard would be obscured and lost; and, to the exclusion of a noble passion, an illiberal, unmanly selfishness would succeed.

It was once a matter of boast and ostentation with mankind, that they were the Lords of the Creation, the Vicegerents of the Supreme Being. Upon what does our sex presume to claim this superiority? Certainly not on *outward form*; for in that we are equalled, and even excelled, by many others of his creatures. On the mind we must ground our pretensions; yes, on the soul we build them, so capable of the sublimest thoughts, and the most enlarged ideas. 'Tis the reasonable soul that distinguishes the man above the beasts that perish. What the mind designs and wills, the body is only the instrument to execute. To which then, ye effeminate flatterers, is the preference due, which demands your care and cultivation? The case of the mistaken Heathen, who paid his adoration to the Creature, not the Creator, may not be improperly applied to you. Had the Turkish law-giver been living in this our age of fops and foplings, we may be persuaded that these, and with more justice, not the poor ladies only, would have suffered from his doctrine of souls. To the men, it seems, the present depravity is owing. The other sex do but act in character, when they express a fondness for elegance and ornament. A delicacy and refined taste in them is an excellence amiable and becoming. Their gentle souls were formed in a softer mould, with faculties of a more exquisite polish, with more quick, more fine, and more lively sensations.

Man is the *noblest*, Woman the *fairest*, work of the Divinity. The one we behold with veneration and amazement, like some ample structure, rude yet magnificent. The other, like a neat and well-finished building, charms us with delight,

whilst we admire the prettinesses, and the labour'd workmanship of the artist. I cannot forbear quoting here what the pathetic Otway has tenderly exclaim'd—

O woman, lovely woman, Nature made thee  
To temper man, we had been brutes without thee.

Exterior ornaments, and all the little harmless luxuries of dress, were once, and ought still to have continued, the peculiar province of the fair. But our sex have made encroachments—have most shamefully invaded it. They have proceeded to ridiculous extremes; in short, they have refined upon refinement. Their degeneracy perhaps may have something to plead in its behalf; that we must not expect now-a-days that rugged virtue, and austerity of morals, which was once a point of pre-eminence; that men and things are changed; that such principles at present would be detrimental to society; that as it was not for us to correct and adapt the times to our inclinations, we must adapt our tempers and inclinations to the times.

True it is the times are alter'd. New worlds have been open'd to us; commerce hath made us acquainted with the remotest regions of the globe, and brings us home the enjoyment of its richest productions; wealth flows in apace, and the consequence is, that an extravagant passion for expence and gaiety universally predominates.

Did we but barely comply with the fashion of the age, the compliance would be warrantable; but to make it a *study*, an *only* study; to be in a manner a *slave* to it, deserves the severest censure. Our finical gallants are the principal authors and promoters of this folly. To make themselves agreeable to the fair, they fancy the most effectual method is to fall in with their passions, and to adopt their attachments for dress and finery.

And is it thus they hope to win their affections? Would to God the Ladies (for their own sakes I wish it) would expel their company, would externally excommunicate, the whole herd of such insignificant dangles! To countenance the idle impertinents would be a tacit reflection on their own good sense and understanding. Yet we cannot but pity their unhappy case, so pester'd as they are with these Popinjays; which must needs happen, when the death of men of worth is so great, and so perpetually exposed to their

their empty vanities. For surely every one must heartily despise, if not abhor, a set of beings, who have wilfully debased their nature, and abused those glorious

privileges, which Providence had in kindness bestowed upon them.

*Manchester.*

B.

## A few OBSERVATIONS on AGRICULTURE;

Particularly the supposed Necessity of procuring SEED GRAIN, different from what our own Land produces.

IT is an established opinion, that Nature delights in, and her works are improved by, a constant change and varied intercourse in all her operations. — Experience has taught the husbandman the expedience and fitness of one crop of grain being succeeded by a different one, and that again by a third, in a kind of varied rotation; and not only so, but the propriety and advantage of procuring his seed corn from a different country, and from land of an opposite nature. Custom has so thoroughly established this practice, that it is universally esteemed necessary, and as an indubitable maxim, is submitted to without any enquiry into the reason of the thing.

This latter opinion seems to me to be unphilosophical; repugnant to reason, and not defensible by the evidence of facts and experience, as is generally supposed. — Custom gives a sanction to numberless practices, which by the many are supposed or believed to be absolutely necessary; but are known to be absurd, often injurious, by a few only who have ventured to think and reason for themselves, and have dared to act in opposition to rules established by custom. The advantage to the husbandman in making these variations doth not arise merely from the variation, (for a change may be made to his injury) but from other causes, to which the change is only a circumstance accompanying them.

As to a succession of crops, different grain requires different seasons for sowing or planting the seed; some requires ten or eleven months to arrive at maturity, while others will attain to perfection in half the time. Wheat sown in October will not be ripe till August or September following, but barley sown in April, or the beginning of May, will be ripe at the same time. A field sown with wheat last winter, in the usual way, cannot be got into proper tilth to sow again this winter with the same grain; but it may with great

ease and convenience be prepared for a crop of spring corn, and from thence arises the necessity of a change of crops.

A change of seed from the same species from a distant country, and a different soil may have great advantages attend it, but it may also be attended with great disadvantages; the mere change effects nothing certain, the advantage or disadvantage depends upon other circumstances. The truth is, most soils are better suited to the growth and production of some grain than to others, from whence it follows, that grain which grows on a soil perfectly suited to its nature, will be of much better condition than what grows on a soil that is not. The husbandman, therefore, endeavours to procure seed the most perfect in its kind, in order to keep up his crop at least to a vendible or marketable quality. As for instance; barley delights in a chalky, moderately light soil of a friable nature, which produces a fine thin skimmed grain, that ripens early; but thousands of husbandmen have no such land, but are obliged to sow large quantities of this grain; not being able to raise good seed of their own, are obliged to buy; for should they continue to sow indifferent seed upon improper land, their grain would soon degenerate, so as to be of little value. The advantage, therefore, does not arise from the change, but the substitution of a better seed, for had the change been made for seed of an inferior quality, the evil had been increased instead of being prevented.

We have many instances of corn being planted on the same land many years in succession, from seed too that grew on the same land, the produce equally good, and the quantity annually encreasing. I have myself sowed barley several years in succession on the same land, without any diminution either in quantity or quality; and I saw no reason to think that the same practice could not have been followed for twenty years with equal success.

*Such*

Such changes are not necessary then, because more agreeable to the œconomy of nature ; but to provide better seed than the land it is to be sown upon is capable of producing. The change then may be an improvement, or otherwise, as it may happen to be suitable or unsuitable to the soil it is to be planted in. The best seed from a dry, warm, healthy soil, sowed on a damp, improper soil, will degenerate ; and seed raised on an improper soil, being

sown on one suited to its nature, will improve. These different effects are not owing to the change, for then the same cause would produce different effects ; but they are owing to being sown on soil more or less favourable to the growth and perfection of that particular species of grain.

Nov. 25, 1774.

J. W.

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AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE

FATE of TEN MEN, belonging to the ADVENTURE, lately returned from the SOUTH SEAS,

Who were Eaten by the SAVAGES in NEW ZEALAND.

*Extracted from the JOURNAL of one of the CREW, that was ordered to make Search for the UNHAPPY SUFFERERS.*

ON the 30th of November, 1773, we came to an anchor on Charlotte Sound, on the coast of New Zealand, where the ship being moored, and the boat sent ashore, a letter was found, which informed that the Resolution had been there, and had failed six days before we arrived.

On the first of December we sent the tents and empty casks on shore to the watering place. The Indians came and visited us, and brought us fish, and other refreshments, which we purchased for pieces of cloth, and old nails ; and they continued this traffic for ten or twelve days, seemingly very well pleased.

On the 13th some of them came down in the night, and robbed the tents : the astronomer getting up to make an observation, missed some things, and charged the centinel with taking them ; but while they were in discourse, they spied an Indian creeping from the shore towards them ; they fired at him, and wounded him, but he got off, and retired to the woods. The report of the gun had alarmed his companions, who deserted the canoe in which they came, and fled likewise into the woods.

The waterers, who were now apprised of what had happened, and were out upon the search, found the canoe, and in it most of the things that had been stolen.

Nothing remarkable happened after this till the 17th, when preparing for our departure, the large cutter, manned with the proper crew, under the command of Mr. John Roe, the first mate, accompa-

nied by Mr. Woodhouse, midshipman, and James Tobias Swilly, the carpenter's servant, was sent up the Sound to Grascove, to gather greens and wild celery.

At two in the afternoon the tents were struck, every thing got on board, and the ship made ready for sailing the next day. Night coming on, and the cutter not appearing, the captain and officers began to express great uneasiness, fearing some treachery from the savages. They sat up the whole night, in expectation of her arrival ; but to no purpose. At day break, the captain ordered the long boat to be hoisted out, and double manned, with Mr. Burney, second lieutenant, Mr. Freeman, master, the corporal of the marines, with five private men, all well armed, with plenty of ammunition, two wall pieces, and three days provision.

Thus equipped, about nine in the morning we left the ship, and sailed and towed for East-Bay, keeping close in shore, and examining every creek we passed, to find the cutter. We continued our search till two in the afternoon, when we put into a small cove to dress dinner. While that was getting ready, we observed a company of Indians, seemingly very busy, on the opposite shore ; we left our dinner, and rowed precipitately to the place where the savages were assembled. On our approach they all fled ; we followed them closely to a little town which we found deserted ; we searched their huts, and while thus employed the savages returned, and made a shew of resistance ; but some trifling presents being made to their

their chiefs, they were very soon appeased. However, on our return to our boat, they followed us, and some of them threw stones. After we had dined, we renewed our search, and at proper intervals kept firing our wall-pieces, as signals to the cutter, if any of her people should happen to be within hearing.

About five in the afternoon we opened a small bay, whence we saw a large double canoe, and a body of Indians hauling her upon the beach. We quickened our course to come up with them, but they instantly fled on seeing us approach: this made us suspect that some mischief had been done. On landing, the first thing we saw in the canoe, was one of the cutter's row-lock boards, and a pair of shoes tied up together. On advancing farther up the beach, we found several of their baskets, and saw one of their dogs eating a piece of broiled flesh. We examined it, and suspected it to be human: and in one of their baskets, having found a hand, which we knew to be the left hand of Thomas Hill, by the letters T. H. being marked on it, we were no longer in doubt about the event. We pursued the savages as far as was practicable, but without success. On our return we destroyed their canoe, and continued our search.

At half after six in the evening we opened Grass-cove, where we saw a great many Indians assembled on the beach, and six or seven canoes floating in the surf. We stood in shore, and when the savages saw us, they retreated to a rising hill, close by the water side. We were in doubt, whether it was through fear that they retreated, or with a design to decoy us to an ambuscade. Our lieutenant determined not to be surprized, and therefore, running close to the shore, ordered the grappling to be dropt near enough to reach them with our guns, but at too great a distance to be under any apprehensions from their treachery. In this position we began to engage, taking aim, and determining to kill as many of them as our guns could reach. It was some time before we dislodged them; but at length many of them being wounded, and some killed, they began to disperse. Our lieutenant improved their panic, and, supported by the officers and marines, leapt on shore, and pursued the fugitives.

We had not advanced far from the water side, before we beheld the most horrid sight that ever was seen by any Euro-

pean; the head, hearts, livers, and lights of three or four of our people broiling on the fire, and their bowels lying at the distance of about six yards from the fire, with several of their hands and limbs in a mangled condition, some broiled, and some raw; but no other parts of their bodies, which gave cause to suspect that the cannibals had feasted on, and eaten all the rest.

We observed a large body of them assembled on the top of a hill, at about two miles distance; but night coming on, we durst not advance to attack them; neither was it thought safe to quit the shore, to take an account of the number killed, our body being but small, and the savages numerous and fierce. They were armed with long lances, and with weapons not unlike the halberts of our serjeants in shape, made of hard wood, and instead of iron, mounted with bone. We could discover nothing belonging to the cutter, but one of the oars, which was broken, and stuck in the sand, to which they had tied the fastenings of their canoes.

It was suspected that the dead bodies of our people had been divided among the different parties of savages that had been concerned in the massacre; and it was not improbable but that the party that was seen at a distance were feasting upon some of the others, as those on the shore had been upon what were found, before they were disturbed by our crew in the long-boat. Be that as it may, we could discover no traces of more than four of their bodies, nor could we tell where the savages had concealed the cutter.

It was now near night, and our lieutenant not thinking it safe to trust our crew in the dark, in an open boat, within reach of such cruel barbarians, ordered the canoes to be broken up and destroyed; and, after carefully collecting the remains of our mangled companions, we made the best of our way from this polluted place. About four the next morning we weighed anchor, and about seven got under way, and pursued our course home. In the mean time, the surgeons examined the remains of the bodies brought on board, but could not make out to whom they belonged; so they were decently laid together, and with the usual solemnity on board ships, committed to the deep.

[*London Mag.*]



# RULES for judging of the BEAUTIES of PAINTING, MUSIC, and POETRY;

Founded on a new Examination of the Word THOUGHT,

As applied to the FINE ARTS.

**T**HOUGHTS are, generally speaking, all ideas sufficiently distinct to be conveyed by signs. When speaking with a particular reference to the Belles Lettres and polite arts; we mean, by thoughts, the ideas which the artist attempts to raise by his performance, in contradistinction to the manner in which they are raised or expressed.

In works of art, thoughts are what remain of a performance, when stripped of its embellishments. Thus, a poet's thoughts are what remains of his poems, independently of the versification, and of some ideas, merely serving for its decoration and improvement.

Thoughts, therefore, are the materials proposed and applied by art to its purposes. The dress in which they appear, or the form into which they are moulded by the artist, is merely accidental; consequently, they are the first object of attention in every work of art; the spirit, the soul of a performance, which, if its thoughts are indifferent, is but of little value, and may be compared to a palace of ice, raised in the most regular form of an habitable structure, but, from the nature of its materials, totally useless.

While, therefore, you are contemplating an historical picture, try to forget that it is a picture: forget the painter, whose magic art has, by lights and shades, created bodies where there are none. Fancy to yourself that you are looking at men, and then attend to their actions. Observe whether they are interesting; whether the persons express thoughts and sentiments in their faces, attitudes, and motions; whether you may understand the language of their airs and gestures, and whether they tell you something remarkable. If you find it not worth your while to attend to the persons thus realised by your fancy, the painter has thought to little purpose.

While listening to a musical performance, try to forget that you are hearing sounds of an inanimate instrument, produced only by great and habitual dexterity of lips or fingers. Fancy to yourself, that you hear a man speaking some unknown language, and observe whether his sounds express some sentiments; whether they denote tranquility or disturbance of mind; soft or violent, joyful or grievous affections; whether they express any character of the speaker; and whether the dialect be noble or mean. If you cannot discover any of these requisites, then pity the virtuoso for having left so much ingenuity destitute of thought.

In the same manner we must also judge of poems, especially of the Lyric kind. That ode is valuable, which, when deprived of its poetical dress, still affords pleasing thoughts or images to the mind. Its real merit may be best discovered by transposing it into simple prose, and depriving it of its poetical colouring. If nothing remains, that a man of sense and reflection would approve, the ode, with the most charming harmony, and the most splendid colouring, is but a fine dress hung round a man of straw. How greatly then are those mistaken, who consider an exuberant fancy, and a delicate ear, as sufficient qualifications for a Lyric poet!

It is only, after having examined the thoughts of a performance in their undorned state, that we can pronounce whether the attire, in which they have been dressed by art, fits, and becomes them well or ill. A thought, whose value and merit cannot be estimated, but from its dress, is, in effect, as futile and insignificant as a man who affects to display his merit by external pomp.

[Univ. Mag.]

NATURAL

## NATURAL HISTORY of the SHEEP.

**T**HE Sheep, in its present domestic state, is of all animals the most defenceless and inoffensive. With its liberty it seems to have been deprived of its swiftness and cunning; and what in the ass might rather be called patience, in the sheep appears to be stupidity. With no one quality to fit it for self-preservation, it makes vain efforts at all. Without swiftness, it endeavours to fly; and, without strength, sometimes offers to oppose. But these feeble attempts rather incite than repress the insults of every enemy; and the dog follows the flock with greater delight upon seeing them fly, and attacks them with more fierceness upon their unsupported attempts at resistance. Indeed they run together in flocks; rather with the hopes of losing their single danger in the crowd, than of uniting to repress the attack by numbers. The Sheep, therefore, were it exposed in its present state to struggle with its natural enemies of the forest, would soon be extirpated. Loaded with an heavy fleece, deprived of the defence of its horns, and rendered heavy, slow, and feeble, it can have no safety but what it finds from man. This animal is now, therefore, obliged to rely solely upon that art for protection, to which it originally owes its degradation.

But we are not to impute to Nature the formation of an animal so utterly unprovided against its enemies, and so unfit for defence. The Moufflon, which is the sheep in a savage state, is a bold, fleet creature, able to escape from the greater animals by its swiftness, or to oppose the smaller kinds with the arms it has received from Nature. It is by human art alone that the Sheep is become the tardy, defenceless creature we find it. Every race of quadrupedes might easily be corrupted by the same allurements by which the Sheep has been thus debilitated and depressed. While undisturbed, and properly supplied, none are found to set any bounds to their appetite. They all pursue their food while able, and continue to graze, till they often die of disorders occasioned by too much fatness. But it is very different with them in a state of nature: They are in the forest surrounded by dangers, and alarmed with unceasing hostilities; they are pursued every hour from one tract of country to an-

other, and spend a great part of their time in attempts to avoid their enemies. Thus constantly exercised, and continually practising all the arts of defence and escape, the animal at once preserves its life and native independence, together with its swiftness, and the slender agility of its form.

The Sheep, in its servile state, seems to be divested of all inclinations of its own; and of all animals it appears the most stupid. Every quadrupede has a peculiar turn of countenance, a physiognomy that generally marks its nature. The Sheep seems to have none of those traits that betoken either courage or cunning; its large eyes separated from each other, its ears sticking out on each side, and its narrow nostrils, all testify the extreme simplicity of this creature; and the position of its horns also shews that Nature designed the Sheep rather for flight than combat. It appears a large mass of flesh, supported upon four small strait legs, ill fitted for carrying such a burthen; its motions are awkward, it is easily fatigued, and often sinks under the weight of its own corpulency. In proportion as these marks of transformation are more numerous, the animal becomes more helpless and stupid. Those which live upon a more fertile pasture, and grow fat, become entirely feeble; those that want horns, are found more dull and heavy than the rest; those whose fleeces are longest and finest are most subject to a variety of disorders; and, in short, whatever changes have been wrought in this animal by the industry of men, are entirely calculated for human advantage, and not for that of the creature itself.

The Sheep, when bred up tame in the house, and familiarized with its keepers, from being dull and timid, acquires a degree of pert familiarity; butts with its head, becomes mischievous, and shews itself every way unworthy of being singled out from the rest of the flock. Thus it seems rather formed for slavery than friendship; and framed more for the necessities than the amusements of mankind.

There is but one instance in which the Sheep shews any attachment to its keeper; and that is seen rather on the Continent, than among us in Great-Britain. What I allude to is their following the sound of the

the shepherd's pipe. Before I had seen them trained in this manner, I had no conception of those descriptions in the old pastoral poets, of the shepherd leading his flock from one country to another. As I had been used only to see these harmless creatures driven before their keepers, I supposed that all the rest was but invention: but in many parts of the Alps, and even some provinces of France, the shepherd and his pipe are still continued, with true antique simplicity. The flock is regularly penned every evening, to preserve them from the wolf; and the shepherd returns homeward at sun-set, with his sheep following him, and seemingly pleased with the sound of the pipe, which is blown with a reed, and resembles the chanter of a bag-pipe. In this manner, in those countries that still continue poor, the Arcadian life is preserved in all its former purity; but in countries, where a greater inequality of conditions prevails, the shepherd is generally some poor wretch, who attends a flock from which he is to derive no benefits, and only guards those luxuries which he is not fated to share.

It does not appear, from early writers, that the Sheep was bred in Britain; and it was not till several ages after this animal was cultivated, that the woollen manufacture was carried on among us.---- That valuable branch of business lay for a considerable time in foreign hands; and we were obliged to import the cloth, manufactured from our own materials. There were, notwithstanding, many unavailing efforts among our Kings to introduce and preserve the manufacture at home. Henry the Second, by a patent granted to the weavers in London, directed, that if any cloth was found made of a mixture of Spanish wool, it should be burned by the Mayor. Such edicts at length, although but slowly, soon operated towards the establishing this trade among us. The Flemings, who at the revival of arts possessed the art of cloth-working in a superior degree, were invited to settle here; and, soon after, foreign cloth was prohibited from being worn in England. In the times of Queen Elizabeth, this manufacture received every encouragement; and, many of the inhabitants of the Netherlands being then forced, by the tyranny of Spain, to take refuge in this country, they improved us in those arts, in which we at present excel the rest of the world. Every art, however, has its rise, its meridian, and

its decline; and it is supposed by many, that the woollen manufacture has for some time been decaying amongst us.--- The cloth now made is thought to be much worse than that of some years past; being neither so firm nor so fine, neither so much courted abroad, nor so serviceable at home.

No country, however, produces such sheep as England; either with larger fleeces, or better adapted for the business of cloathing. Those of Spain, indeed, are finer, and we generally require some of their wool to work up with our own; but the weight of a Spanish fleece is no way comparable to one of Lincolnshire or Warwickshire; and, in those countries, it is no uncommon thing to give fifty guineas for a Ram.

The Sheep without horns are counted the best sort, because a great part of the animal's nourishment is supposed to go up into the horns. Sheep, like other ruminant animals, want the upper fore-teeth, but have eight in the lower jaw: two of these drop, and are replaced at two years old; four of them are replaced at three years old; and all at four. The new teeth are easily known from the rest, by their freshness and whiteness. There are some breeds, however, in England, that never change their teeth at all; these the shepherds call the leather-mouth'd cattle; and, as their teeth are thus longer wearing, they are generally supposed to grow old a year or two before the rest.

But this animal, in its domestic state, is too well known to require a detail of its peculiar habits, or of the arts which have been used to improve the breed.---- Indeed, in the eye of an observer of nature, every art which tends to render the creature more helpless and useless to itself, may be considered rather as an injury than an improvement; and, if we are to look for this animal in its noblest state, we must seek for it in the African desert, or the extensive plains of Siberia. Among the degenerate descendants of the wild Sheep, there have been so many changes wrought, as intirely to disguise the kind, and often to mislead the observer. The variety is so great, that scarce any two countries have its Sheep of the same kind; but there is found a manifest difference in all, either in the size, the covering, the shape, or the horns.

The woolly sheep, as it is seen among us, is found only in Europe, and some of the temperate provinces of Asia.-----

When

When transported into warm countries, either into Florida or Guinea, it loses its wool, and assumes a covering fitted to the climate, becoming hairy and rough; it there also loses its fertility, and its flesh has no longer the same flavour. In the same manner, in the very cold countries, it seems equally helpless and a stranger;

it still requires the unceasing attention of mankind for its preservation; and, although it is found to subsist, as well in Greenland as in Guinea, yet it seems a natural inhabitant of neither.

[Univ. Mag.]

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A CERTAIN METHOD OF DETERMINING  
WHETHER  
CHILDREN ARE BORN ALIVE.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN,

A Correspondent in your last Miscellany tells the public, that the experiment made by throwing the lungs taken out of the thorax of a new-born infant into water, is not a certain method of discovering whether the child was born alive or not, and that therefore it ought not to be depended upon in a case where the life of a fellow creature is at stake.

Certainly, a dishonest operator may make the lungs sink if the child had breathed, by pouring a small quantity of mercury down the trachæa, after he had exhausted as much of the air as possible; and, vice versa, he may make the lungs swim if the child had been still born, by inflating the lungs as much as possible with air; but if the lungs were taken out fairly, and immersed in water, I am of opinion the sinking or swimming might well ascertain whether the child had breathed or not.

Some years since I was present at the trial of a woman for the murder of her child; and the surgeon who examined the child, offering this experiment as evidence, was immediately silenced, and not suffered to proceed any farther, as it was well known such other evidence would have been given as must have convicted the prisoner. In this case the child's throat was cut, and it was thrown into a necessary. She had confessed the fact, and it was well known she had committed the like fact twice before; however, it was urged in private, that shame for her fornication induced her to destroy the children to prevent discovery, and the

children not having any sense of the value of life, it was no great crime.

To prevent such unnatural and atrocious offenders from escaping the punishment due to their guilt, the following is offered as an infallible method to discover whether the child has breathed or not.

Before birth, no blood passes through the pulmonary artery, but through the foramen ovale into the heart of the foetus; but as soon as the child is born and breathes, the foramen is closed, and the blood passes through the pulmonary vessels into the heart: if, therefore, upon opening the thorax of the child, the pulmonary artery and vein be found full of blood, or nearly so, there cannot be a doubt but the child has breathed.

In the case above-mentioned, the wound in the child's throat was by the Judge supposed to have been made by the instrument which drew it out of the necessary; but, had the surgeon been allowed to go through his evidence, it would have been known to have been made before death: and it may be useful here to say, that any division of the blood vessels after the circulation of the blood is wholly stopped, will not take away more blood than between the valves of that vessel; but, if any of the principal blood-vessels are divided while the circulation is carrying on, almost the whole circulating blood will be drained away at the wound; so that it cannot be difficult to ascertain whether a wound dividing the blood-vessels was made before or after death.

R.

[Gent. Mag.]

## The PHILOSOPHER OF NATURE; An INDIAN TALE.

**I**N a certain island of India, reigned a Prince, who was so exceedingly distrustful, that though he had but one sister, he would not dispose of her in marriage, lest he should have a brother-in-law more beloved by the people than himself. But notwithstanding the watchful eye he kept upon his sister, one of his relations found means to see her; and the young couple having become enamoured of each other, they eluded the vigilance of their guards, and were privately married.

The fruit of this union was a son, whom the princess for some time kept concealed; but fearing the indignation of her brother, she was obliged to expose him, lest his cries might be heard, and not only the death of her child, but that of his father, should be the consequence.--- For this cruel separation, she allotted a serene night; and having put the infant into a box of rushes, lined with a bituminous substance, she left him to the mercy of the waves, which carried him to the border of a deserted island, that lay opposite to that of his birth.

The infant Ebn Yokdhan, instigated by the calls of hunger, cried with all his might; and a she goat, which had just been robbed of her kidling by an eagle, approached and gave him suck. This tender office she failed not to renew every day; and the same connection was gradually formed between them as between a child and its nurse.

When he had attained his fifth or sixth year, he began to perceive that he was the only animal which was naked, all the others being covered with hair, wool, or feathers. He ruminated upon the methods by which this inconvenience might be remedied; and the first which occurred was, to take the large leaves of some tree, and twine them together to make a covering. Afterwards, meeting with the covering of a dead eagle, and remarking that it had no bad smell, he made a kind of habit to himself from the skin, and the feathers.

As he always went about armed with a stick, he rendered himself an object of terror to all the animals of the island, who no longer dared to come near him. The she goat, his nurse, however, never forsook him; and, though on account of her great weakness and age, he took an

extraordinary care of her, he could not nevertheless prevent her from dying soon after.

When he beheld his nurse without motion, his surprise and grief were immoderate. He called to her for a long time: but finding that she made no answer to him, he began to examine the eyes, the ears, and the legs of the animal, imagining that in these parts there must be some obstacle which hindered them from performing their functions; as he had already remarked that, when he closed his eyes, stopped his ears, or tied his legs together, he could neither see, nor hear, nor walk. Every thing appeared to him in its usual condition. He therefore concluded, that this hindrance proceeded from an internal cause, and was connected with a particular part which actuated all the rest. This part, he thought, must necessarily be situated in the middle of the body, in order to communicate, with greater ease, its influence to the other members, and feeling his heart beat with violence, from the agitation of mind in which he was, he imagined that that must be the principle and the source of motion. On this, he immediately resolved to open the body of his nurse, there to search for this part, and to find out where in the deficiency lay.

Having, therefore, picked out some edged stones, and dried reeds, which he sharpened as well as he could, he made an incision into the body of the goat, and presently found the lungs; which he judged, however, not to be the object of his search, because they were not in the middle of the body. When he reached the liver, he imagined that that part must be the heart. For this reason he began to examine; and having perceived two cavities in it, the one full of coagulated blood, and the other empty, he conceived that the principle of life was seated in the latter. And as he was sensible that this principle had gone out of the body while it was yet entire, he was well assured that it would not return thither, when the body should be divided into several parts. Afterwards, considering that this carcase was incapable of any kind of function, he concluded that to that principle which had now left it, he must attribute all the operations he had seen the goat perform; that

it was that which had supplied him with suck, and which had taken care of him from his infancy. These considerations excited in him a strong inclination to know what had become of this principle, and whither it was gone; if it had left the body of itself, or if it had been driven from it by some extrinsic power.

While our Solitary was immersed in these reveries, the carcase began to putrify: the steam attracted two crows; and they, afraid to approach for fear of Ebn Yokdhan, began to fight. One of them had no sooner killed the other, than it dug a hole in the earth, into which it threw the body, and afterwards filled it up.—From this circumstance, Ebn Yokdhan determined to dig a hole also, and pay that duty to his nurse which a crow had paid to his enemy.

Soon after a windy storm arose, which drove the branches of some dry trees against each other with so much violence that they took fire. The novelty of this accident greatly astonished our Solitary; and, prompted by his natural curiosity, he approached to it. He attempted at first to handle the flames; when, starting back with pain, he resolved to carry it into a cave in which he lodged, in order to examine the fire, and the effects it was capable of producing. With not a little care did he preserve it; as he found that the blaze served him for fun during the night, and that, at a certain distance, the moderate heat which issued from it, cheered him, and revived his strength.

One day, as he was warming himself, a fish, which he had just caught, leaped upon his fire, but being intent on some other object, he did not at first perceive it; but his nostrils being presently affected by an agreeable flavour, which he had never experienced before, he was induced to search into the cause of it. On beholding the fish half-broiled, he longed to taste of it. He did taste of it; and finding it more palatable than the fruits which had hitherto composed his nourishment, he addicted himself to hunting and fishing, in both which exercises he facilitated his success by the contrivance of sundry expedients, such as that of taming birds (by whose singing the rest were attracted, and secured in his snare) and that of training horses, mounted on which, he out-ran at the chase the swiftest beasts.

Ebn Yokdhan had hardly numbered his two and twentieth year, when he invented these things, and made clothes to himself of the skins of beasts, sewed

together with threads of the bark of palm-tree, with hemp, &c. but these bodily exercises did not occupy him wholly, and hardly did he ever behold an object, of which he wished not to search into the cause.

He had already remarked, that matter operates not of itself, but by means of a certain impulse, from some external cause; and of this he endeavoured to find the author, upon the earth, and in the sky. But as he could find no being which was not finite, and which was not subject to change, he thence concluded, that he who had formed matter, and who had thus peculiarly arranged it, was not matter, since of necessity he must be infinite and immutable; that matter having not of itself the ability to act, it was not it which, properly speaking, performed the actions he saw it produce, but the perfect Being who gave it that power, and who preserves it; that, of consequence, this Being was all-powerful, all-wise, all-knowing; that his existence was necessary; and that nothing was wanting to his glory, to his perfection, and to his sovereign felicity.

This sublime idea took such possession of Ebn Yokdhan, that he no longer paid any attention hardly to aught beside; when any object happened to divert him from it, he instantly returned to it, applying every thing he had found good and amiable in that object to the infinitely-perfect Being, and removing from him every thing which appeared corruptible, or subject to imperfection.

—There was one thing, however, which greatly puzzled him, namely, that this Being, who is so worthy of the love, and the respect, of all his creatures, should have formed so few of them who were endowed with a capacity to know him, and to pay a voluntary homage to him. This consideration disturbed his repose for some time; but by means of the fresh truths which he daily discovered, he soon recovered his wonted tranquility.

So deeply was our Solitary sometimes impressed with reflections on these mysterious matters, that he would have relinquished all care of his body, if he had not believed that he was obliged to preserve it. He therefore resolved to pay no more attention to his bodily concerns than what might be necessary to keep him from dying; he went out of his cave but once a week, and then merely in quest of fruit for his sustenance; the first of which that offered he took with-

out

out choice. This manner of living he continued till the age of fifty years; when God, unwilling that so rare a pattern of virtue should remain unknown to the world, permitted him to be discovered by the following accident.

Not far from the island in which Ebn Yokdhan had been brought up, there was another, inhabited by the followers of the ancient prophets, who, in order to familiarize the mysteries of heaven to the senses, illustrated them by allegories, and by parables. Two of these islanders, Asfal and Solomon, though intimate friends, entertained very different sentiments, however, as to the road which leads to happiness. The former maintained, that it was by relinquishing the world, and by living in solitude: the latter, by mixing with society.

Asfal had heard that the island in which Ebn Yokdhan resided was uninhabited; and, in order to dedicate himself to devotion, he gave his wealth to the poor, reserving no more than what was necessary to get himself conveyed thither. As Ebn Yokdhan seldom stirred from his cave, he did not meet with Asfal, till one day, as he happened to be plucking some fruits. Asfal was at a distance employed in prayer; and nothing could exceed the surprize of Ebn Yokdhan, when he beheld, for the first time, a creature resembling himself.---- Impelled by curiosity, he advanced towards him; but Asfal, taking him for another Solitary, immediately withdrew. Ebn Yokdhan pretended not to see him; and following at a distance, as if by chance, he waited till he should again fall upon his knees, before he would run after him. Asfal, alarmed at finding himself pursued, took to flight; but Ebn Yokdhan, soon overtook him.---- The new Solitary was ready to die with terror, when he found himself defenceless in the hands of a savage. Ebn Yokdhan, however, encouraged him with all the caresses he could think of bestowing; and Asfal, on recovering his composure, spoke to him in several languages, in order to render himself intelligible. To all of these Ebn Yokdhan gave no answer but by expressing his astonishment. Asfal presented to him some remains of the provisions he had brought with him, and began to eat of them, in order to shew him the example. Ebn Yokdhan, who had prescribed to himself the strictest rules of sobriety, at first declined the offer; but, afraid to offend his new acquaintance, at length

complied, and in return went in search of the best fruits of the island for him. A most intimate connection was soon formed between them; and Asfal, impatient to know by what accident he had found a man thus circumstanced, resolved to teach him to speak. He began by telling him the names of things, and afterwards he taught him to connect them together. In a word, the master was so assiduous, and the scholar was so docile, so eager for instruction, that in a short time, they were able to converse together with ease.

As soon as Ebn Yokdhan could speak so as to be understood, Asfal enquired of him by whom he had been left upon the island. Ebn Yokdhan replied, that he knew not---that he was a stranger even to his parents, but that a she-goat had suckled him. He then related the occupations of his childhood, and of his youth, the discoveries he had made, and the ideas he had conceived of heavenly things; and in his turn he enquired of the other whence he came, and what it was that had brought him into that island. Upon this Asfal gave him a description of his country, of the manners, and the religion of its inhabitants.---- Ebn Yokdhan was highly delighted to find every thing which that people taught as to the nature of God, the rewards and the punishments after this life, and even the last judgment, was conformable to his meditations.

They soon resolved to go back into the world; and happily a vessel, having lost its course on a passage to the island whence Asfal had come, happened to coast along that of our Solitaries; who accordingly made a signal to take them on board. Solomon had just been elected Prince of those islanders; and his court was composed of the most able personages of the sect to which he belonged.---- Asfal and Yokdhan were welcomed there with great marks of joy; and for the latter, when they were informed of his history, they conceived a particular esteem. From this reception, he was inspired with the hope of reforming a people so mild and so moderate; but when he came to talk to them of virtue, our philosopher had the mortification to observe all his hearers disappear.---- How happy had he been, would they have allowed him the liberty of practising it himself, without the necessity of returning into his own island!

[*St. James's Mag.*]

## CHARACTERS of Two LADIES of FASHION.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN,

BATH, Dec. 9, 1774.

THERE now live in this city two Ladies of Fashion, the outlines of whose characters I wish to lay before the public, in hopes that the enemies of one, or the friends of the other, will inform the capricious world why *Verticordia* is utterly forsaken by her own sex, at the very place where *Apaturia* seems the object of their first attention!

*Verticordia*, at the age of 18, and when she possessed every external charm which youth and beauty could give, and improved by every advantage which education could add, was prevailed upon by an injudicious father, whom she loved, but feared to offend, and an importunate lover, whom she detested, to give her hand without the assent of her heart; and, after a miserable cohabitation with an *impotent* husband for three years, she did, what every woman in such a situation is in danger of doing, and what few who have (as she had) a superlative degree of beauty, are not generally led into; in short, she flew from the detested arms of her husband, and gave up all the world for the man she really loved.

Such passions as these seldom continue long on the part of the men, and one false step leads to another: the polite world in general will not, I should have said *would not then*, open an Asylum for an unfortunate penitent! Error succeeded error, till TIME, that devouring worm of beauty, led *Verticordia* to seek for favour, where she had the least reason to ask, or expect it! She found it, however, from her injured husband, and has been many years, not only under his roof, but has likewise been the object of his love and attention.

On the other hand, *Apaturia*, much inferior in rank, beauty, and understanding, married, about the same age, an agreeable man, the object of her own free choice. She produced him some pledges of his affection for her, and experienced every attention she could reasonably expect from a husband, who knew she was every thing a woman should be, though not a perfect angel, as other men perhaps persuaded her to believe. With one of these flatterers, contemptible in every respect but the false glare of dress and *show*, she eloped from her husband,

cohabited some time with him, and finding the same weakness to prevail over her husband which *Verticordia* had experienced, she returned home, and was kindly received.

Had she stopped here, I should have said foul betide the man, whose tongue or pen proclaimed the indifcretion; but, without any just occasion, she again threw herself into the arms of her former lover; and when her husband appeared at the gates of her paramour, to demand his wife, she had the effrontery not only to face him, but to desire he would return, and think no more of her, as she was then big with child by the man she chose to continue with! Yet this impediment was not sufficient to cancel the love he bore her; he entered the house, and by force of arms brought away the unwilling captive.

I will leave the reader to make his own comments, and only observe the old adage, *That one person may with more safety steal an horse, than another look over the bedge*; and as I have fairly stated the cases of these two extraordinary characters, I hope some person, better acquainted with the *Etiquette* of the present times than I am, will inform me wherein the guilt of *Verticordia* appears so much deeper than that of *Apaturia*, because I know some women of character and fashion who wish to visit *Verticordia*, but durst not; and but very few who object to enter into an intimate alliance with *Apaturia*.

But I cannot conclude without one remark I made, on seeing a late female circle of maids, wives, and widows, at *Apaturia's* last rout; which is, that when women see no distinction made between the virtuous part of their own sex, and the most abandoned, I am afraid few of them will be found that may not by a little address be prevailed upon before marriage to do what they find so much encouragement to practice after; or, what will soon become the case, to find that they will be taken no other way; for what man of sense will marry in an age, when it is less trouble to possess any other man's wife, than to look after his own.

I am, Sirs, your's, &amp;c.

VIRIPLACA.

ANEC-



## A N E C D O T E S.

*The GALLANT YOUTH; a Curious  
MILITARY ANECDOTE.*

**M**R. Nesbit, (a young gentleman of nineteen) was an Ensign at the battle of Fontenoy, where the English left the French masters of the field.--- The next morning a patrolling party, with an officer at their head, was sent to look over the field, and to see if there was a possibility of recovering any of the wounded. They found this youth at what they thought the last gasp; and though he had strength enough left to tell them, that he thought he should recover if he had two of his most dangerous wounds dressed immediately, tenderly begging them to have mercy upon him, the French Officer had the inhumanity to order two of his men to fix their bayonets in him, with which they complied to a tittle, and all left him for dead. Five minutes after, another party, who had taken a Lieutenant-Colonel, was hurrying him along this way to their General; as they passed by his body, the Colonel, who knew by his uniform he belonged to his own regiment, and discovered some signs of life in him, stopped a moment to ask him if he could do any thing for him; the young man, without understanding what was said, turned his face—to his own father,---and could just bring out, "God of his mercy reward you--dispatch me; dispatch me." "Dispatch thee, my son, my only son, dispatch thee," were for a long time the only words the unhappy father could utter; but breaking from his guards with the force of a thousand men, he ran like lightning to Count Saxe, who happened that moment to be standing at the door of his tent. As soon as he saw the General at some distance, tears of rage and passion running down his cheeks, he cried out, "Barbarians,--Savages,--French,--cover'd honourably with wounds,---stabbed in cold blood,---but nineteen years old." Saxe was deservedly famous for his tenderness and generosity. The instant he understood by a soldier who had ran after the English Colonel where the boy was, he sent litters for him, and one of his own aid-de-camps, to see him properly treated, and ordered him to be brought into his own tent. He

lived only six hours after the dressing; the Count stirred not a moment from his bed-side; and when at last he saw he was dying, he conjur'd him to tell him the name of the Officer who had used him so inhumanly. "My dear boy, (said the General, tenderly pressing his hand) collect but strength enough to tell me the name of the villain, and I swear to thee by the honour of a soldier I will have him broke upon the wheel in a quarter of an hour." "I know him not, (said the gallant youth) and if I did, I would *never* tell you;"---and turned away his face, and died.

The General was often heard afterwards to declare, he could wish to have his son die so at nineteen, rather than at fourscore after a thousand victories.

*The FOLLY of RELIGIOUS CON-  
TROVERSY.*

**T**HE Jews in Constantinople had once a violent altercation with some Mussulmans concerning Paradise; the former insisting, that they alone, on their departure from this world, would be admitted into it.-----"If this is your maxim, what is to become of us?" said the Turks.---The Jews, being afraid to say that their antagonists would be utterly excluded from Heaven, replied, "Why, you will be placed at the outside of the walls, and will have the pleasure of viewing us."

The merits of this singular dispute at length reached the ears of the Grand Vizir, who, as he only waited for a pretext to exact fresh contributions from the Jews, declared, "Since this *canaille* think proper to shut the gates of Paradise against us, it is but just that they should supply us with pavillions, in order to shelter us from the injuries of the weather." He accordingly levied, besides what they had hitherto paid, an additional tax from the Jews, and *that* avowedly for the purpose of furnishing pavillions for the Grand Signor in the other world. A tax, with which this tribe of stiff-necked Anti-Christians are saddled in Turkey to this day!

[*St. James's Mag.*]

## The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. 33. *The History of Antient Egypt, as extant in the Greek historians, poets, and others: together with the state of the religion, laws, arts, sciences, and government: from the first settlement under Mizraim, in the year before Christ 2188, to the final subversion of the empire by Cambyfes. Containing a space of 1664 years. By George Laughton, D. D. 8vo. 5s. sewed. Cadell.*

THE singularity of many of the political institutions among the ancient Egyptians renders the history of that people particularly interesting to every reader, who would trace the progress of the human mind in the science of government. It is not to the nature of her laws alone, however, that Egypt is indebted for the renown she has so universally acquired in the annals of mankind. The extreme remoteness of her origin, and her cultivation of the sciences in the most early periods of the world, have concurred to spread the reputation of her former splendor over every civilized country.—The learning of the ancient Egyptians is celebrated both in sacred and profane history, and from them it was that the Greek philosophers first derived the rudiments of knowledge. Hither Thales, the founder of the Ionic sect, Solon, the legislator, and Pythagoras, the Samian, with others of the Eastern sages, resorted for the sake of instruction.

Unfortunately for literature, while Egypt thus flourished in science, a jealousy, incompatible with the generous sentiments which learning ought to inspire, induced her to conceal the improvements in knowledge under such mysterious characters as were understood by none but the priests of the country; and hence, with the interpretation of her hieroglyphics, have perished her acquisitions in science.

The political history of Egypt has shared in a great measure the same fate with that of her learning, owing not only to the cause which has affected the latter, but also to a national foible which prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, of recording no transactions unless such as were honourable to their country.

Our author introduces his history with a geographical description of ancient Egypt, after which he delivers an account of the state of arts, sciences, religion,

laws, government, manners, and customs, in the reign of Amosis, about 1724 years before the Christian æra. We shall present our readers with the account of the penal laws of the Egyptians, as these constituted a remarkable part of their civil polity.

“Law the First. That no man should have more than one wife: with whom, contrary to the custom of every other people, he received a portion. Solomon received of Pharaoh the city Gazar, for his daughter's dowry. The pernicious effects of polygamy sufficiently demonstrate the wisdom of this law: besides the internal feuds, family quarrels and distractions produced by the jarring interest of a variety of mothers and children, which frequently end in murder, and are not seldom the foundation of civil wars, and ruin of kingdoms; the countries where it is permitted, are by no means so populous as those where it is forbidden. This law Cecrops carried into Greece, and inserted it in the code which he compiled for the Athenian state.

“Law the Second. To secure the marriage bed from violation, they enacted, that every adulterer should receive a thousand stripes on his naked body; and that the adulteress should suffer the mutilation of her nose.

“Law the Third. Whoever had it in his power to save the life of another in danger of being killed, and did not, was himself put to death. If he could not protect the person assaulted, he was obliged immediately to inform the magistrate of the author of the violence, or incurred the punishment of a severe flagellation, and confinement for three days without food. By this means, every citizen considered himself as his neighbour's protector, and was interested not only to avoid danger, but to avert every degree of violence from others.

“Law the Fourth. Whenever a person was found dead, by whatever accident it happened, the city nearest to the place, where the body was found, was obliged to embalm and bury it magnificently, that the greatness of the expence may influence each city, to take the most effectual steps to guard against accidents of every kind.

“Law the Fifth. Wilsul murderers were condemned to death.

“Law the Sixth. The punishment inflicted on parricides, was peculiarly contrived; they stuck their bodies full of small reeds, and surrounding them with thorns, burnt them to death.

“Law the Seventh. If any unnatural parent killed his child, he was not put to death

but compelled to hold the dead body in his arms three days, without any kind of sustenance, and afterwards left to the horrors of his own conscience. This was thought a more severe punishment than immediate death.

"Law the Eighth. Perjury was punished with death.

"Law the Ninth. A calumniator received the punishment intended by his defamation.

"Law the Tenth. Revealers of state secrets were deprived of their tongues.

"Law the Eleventh. The hands of those were cut off who counterfeited seals, or the public coin, used false weights and measures, or forged deeds.

"Law the Twelfth. Whoever attempted to deflower a woman was made an eunuch. In all their punishments they had an eye to the part offending.

"Law the Thirteenth. The execution of pregnant women was always deferred until they were delivered. This law, so wisely founded on humanity and justice, was afterwards observed by the Greeks and Romans, and is at this time, by every civilized nation.

"Law the Fourteenth. The Egyptians thought the deprivation of funeral rites the greatest misfortune which could possibly attend them; and knowing how powerfully religious sentiments enforced social and moral virtues, applied that opinion to the support of order in the state, and made a law, that every one should be judged immediately after his death. The manner of conducting this singular proceeding is thus related. As soon as a person was dead, his relations were obliged to acquaint the judges with it, who appointing a day for producing the body before their tribunal in public, then entered into a strict examination of his morals and actions; and if they were found particularly culpable and vicious, he was condemned to be unworthy of funeral rites; if nothing criminal was laid to his charge, he was honoured with a funeral oration, in which the person's virtues and merits were displayed, to excite imitation; but not the least intimation of rank or dignity, all the Egyptians thinking themselves equally noble."

The extreme idolatry of the ancient Egyptians, in paying adoration to various animals, has afforded great subject for speculation to those who have written on the history of that people. Dr. Laughton enumerates the several opinions which have been entertained respecting the origin of this practice. The most probable is, that it proceeded from a superstitious veneration for the symbols by which they expressed religious sentiments.

"Singularity and superstition (says our author) were visible in every shade of the Egyptian character. They delighted to act

in a peculiar manner, and were in many particulars so exceedingly indelicate, that I cannot prevail on myself to mention their singularities. With respect to their superstition, it is amazing to see the lengths they carried it, in opposition to nature and reason.

"They selected particular animals to honour with worship and adoration, and entertained for them the most intoxicated veneration. The father of historians says, a man would neglect his property, however valuable, when his house was in flames, through his anxiety for a cat; and another, that those who returned from distant countries, brought home with them dead cats and kites, mourning and lamenting their loss, and suffering at the same time in silence, misery, fatigue, and want. And Ælian, a writer of reputation, says, (which almost transcends the powers of credibility) that a mother would receive the greatest joy, from seeing a crocodile devour her child, thinking herself happy in having produced a being worthy the appetite of her god.

"Many sacred animals, lodged in apartments appropriated to their use, were carefully attended, and fed with the most delicious food: whenever any of them died, so general a scene of mourning overspread the country, that it seemed to have suffered some great calamity.

"To kill an ichneumon, cat, ibis, or hawk, even by accident, was unpardonable; the blood of the unfortunate offender only could atone for the crime. Diodorus relates a remarkable instance of their superstitious rage against a Roman, who had accidentally killed a cat.

"Superstition (says he) so totally prevailed over every faculty of their minds, that at the time when Ptolemy was not admitted to the friendship of the Romans, and the Egyptians universally paid the utmost deference and attention to every Roman who came amongst them, to avoid giving them the least pretence for a war; yet a Roman having accidentally killed a cat, an enraged multitude ran to his house, and notwithstanding the king sent officers to intreat them to offer no violence, and the general fear of offending the Romans, they put him to death. This I do not relate from report, but was present at the transaction.

"So powerfully did superstition prevail over every rational faculty and human sensation. The principle from which it sprung, had nothing of the noxious quality of the production.

"The peculiar utility sheep and goats were of to society, when animal food was not abundant, and the great service the dog, hawk, ichneumon, ibis, and cat did the country, by destroying dangerous animals, particularly asps and other serpents, whose bites were mortal, occasioned these animals to be much cherished and regarded: which partiality, superstition

perfection converted by an easy transition into a sacred estimation.

"This, together with their custom of conveying ideas and sentiments of the divine attributes, elements, or heavenly bodies, by hieroglyphics or figures of plants and animals, and applying that sacred respect and admiration to the symbols themselves, which they were only intended to indicate, gave birth to the high veneration they entertained for leeks, onions, and animals even of the vilest species, and composed a system of unparalleled idolatry, degrading to human nature."

History has transmitted no incidents of the three successive reigns immediately subsequent to Amosis; all we know of this period is the names of the princes, who were Chebron, Amenophis, and Mephres. Under the reigns of Horus, Acencheres, Achoris, and Cherres, we are presented with a particular account of Moses, extracted from the history of Josephus. Here also, Dr. Laughton produces several quotations, to shew that the Egyptians founded the fable of Typhon upon the history of Moses.

The most celebrated prince in the annals of Egypt is Sesostris, who ascended the throne about the year 1485 before the Christian epoch, and under whom the nation rose to its highest pitch of grandeur. We shall present our readers with part of the author's account of this monarch's transactions.

"Sesostris, before he undertook the conquest of foreign nations, wisely determined to remove the internal defects of his own dominions, and by a just arrangement of the several departments in the state, render Egypt formidable within itself.

"He first divided the whole kingdom into six and thirty districts, and set over them men of known honesty and abilities, who were to superintend the execution of the laws, collect the taxes within their provinces, and give an account of the particular state of affairs, and their conduct to the king; and at the same time parcelled out the lands to individuals, under an annual tax to be paid into the treasury of the district, with this reserve to the landholder, that he should have his taxes remitted in proportion to the damage he should at any time sustain from an impetuous inundation of the Nile.

"The lands, and revenues arising from them, being thus regulated, he reduced all his subjects into seven classes or orders: and the more effectually to support this regulation, he instituted, that every son should practise the profession of his father.

"Having settled his civil plan, he prepared to gratify his desire of glory, and military achievements: here he had great difficulties to surmount. The disposition of the

people, by no means inclined to war; the supineness of former reigns, had introduced an indolence and aversion from fatigue, which had not only infected the artists, but the military order, which having long tasted the sweets of retirement and ease, discovered the greatest reluctance in exchanging their placid enjoyments for the toils of war. Sesostris divided the militia into two separate corps, Hermotybians, and Calasirians; the former were raised in the districts of Busris, Sais, Chemmis, Papremis, and one half of the island of Natho, and consisted of 160,000 foot; the latter were supplied by the jurisdictions of Thebes, Bubastis, Aphis, Tanis, Mendes, Sebennytus, Athribis, Pharbathis, Thmuis, Onyphis, Anysis, and Mycephoria in an island opposite to Bubastis, and amounted to 250,000. In peace they were quartered in their several provinces, and had each twelve acres of land, free from taxes, allotted to them for their pay, and maintenance; from each of these corps, a thousand men were annually draughted to guard the king, and received, besides the revenues of their lands, five pounds of bread, and two pounds of beef each day, with a sufficient quantity of wine: an allowance dispensed for the maintenance of their families as well as themselves.

"This body of militia, so respectable in point of numbers, was in reality a vast undisciplined rabble, unused to regularity on a march, ignorant of method in war, and when led on against an enemy, rushed, regardless of order, tumultuously to battle. Sesostris is said to have introduced a species of discipline amongst them: what it was, is at this time unknown: it is certain, however, that he found means, not only to eradicate their indolence and inactivity, but to infuse into them a spirit of emulation and ardent desire of fame.

"Having augmented his army with one hundred and ninety thousand men, from the order of husbandmen, twenty-four thousand cavalry, and twenty-eight thousand armed chariots, which he first introduced into armies, and assembled on the Red Sea a fleet of four hundred ships laden with warlike stores and provisions, he first attacked and subdued the Ethiopians, (who having left the banks of the Indus, had for a considerable time been settled in the neighbourhood of Egypt) and laid on them an annual tribute of ebony, gold, and ivory. From thence he marched into Asia, and his fleet having passed, what is now called the straits of Babel-mandel, attended the army in its march, coasting by the Arabian shore, to the gulph of Persia."

From the death of Sesostris, the author prosecutes his narrative, through frequent intervening chasms, to the period of his history; delivering likewise an account of the remaining monuments of Egyptian

magnificence, copied from the writings of the most authentic travellers. Among other subjects, he endeavours to ascertain the country anciently known by the name of Ophir, and produces very plausible arguments for determining it to be Sofala, a country situated on the eastern coast of Lower Ethiopia.

To this history is added a Recapitulatory Dissertation, in which the author makes several judicious remarks on the civil polity of the ancient Egyptians. On the whole, Dr. Laughton has collected, and properly arranged the various detached anecdotes of Egyptian history, which are to be found in ancient writers, and the work may be considered as containing the fullest account that can be obtained of the subject.---*Critical Review*.

34. *An Essay on public Happiness, investigating the State of Human Nature, under each of its particular Appearances, through the several Periods of History, to the present Times.* 8vo. 2 Vols. 12s. Cadell, 1774.

THE first Volume of this work is divided into two sections; the first is entitled, *Considerations on the Lot of Human Nature in the earliest Ages of Antiquity*; and contains remarks on the Egyptians, Assyrians, Medes, Greeks, and Romans, and the means of estimating their national happiness.

In the second Volume the ingenious Author considers the state of human nature among the moderns. He traces the origin of the feudal government, and the state of the French monarchy under it. He considers the revival of learning in all its political consequences; and this leads him to some general account of learned men. All lovers of real knowledge will feel a pleasure in the unbiassed testimony which he bears to the eminent worth of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Marmontel; two philosophers, who seem to be as much distinguished by the amiableness of their characters, as by the excellence of their understanding. We shall please the philosophical reader by inserting these passages at full length: "From the mathematics, anatomy, chemistry, and natural history united together, arose, at length, the true science of physics, or the history of nature, in the great. This science ceases, in our days, to be the forced explication of a vain system of metaphysics, or of some ill observed phenomena. It is an edifice, formed of an immense concurrence of experiments, tried by industrious men, and compared by men of genius. Des Cartes had found the laws of dioptrics, and New-

ton the laws of optics. A great and magnificent discovery was reserved for these times, and this is electricity, the terrible effects which have placed mankind on an equality with the gods of antiquity, whilst Franklin, like another Prometheus, acquired the art of stealing the celestial fire, and rendering it docile to his laws.

"France hath begun to taste the fruits of a similar union (to that of Metastasio and Pergolese), since one of her best poets (Mr. de Marmontel,) and one of her best musicians, (Mr. Gretry,) have tuned their lyres together."

The Author, proceeding in his general view of the states of Europe, concludes the chapter in these words, "Let us sum up the liberty existing in the present times, and compare it with the liberty which may be discovered during any other epoch whatsoever. Yet, would there be the least room for the comparison, were we to throw into this calculation the liberty which still reigns, even in the midst of the most unlimited monarchies? Amongst the ancients, there was scarcely any medium between a republic and tyranny; but besides that tyranny is become more unusual, since the middle of the last century, the greater number of those provinces, which compose our modern monarchies, enjoy privileges, laws, and customs, which limit the sovereign authority. The Austrian power is entirely formed of scattered provinces, all of which have states, entitled to grant, and raise themselves the necessary subsidies. Several possessions belonging to the electors, and the princes of the empire, are invested with the same privileges. In France, Languedoc, Brittany, Provence, Alsace, Flanders, the Artois, and the provinces of Foix, Navarre, and Bigorre, are legally represented; and, through the whole kingdom, the tribunals carefully watch over the preservation of properties. Castile, and Arragon, formerly had states, but these people have now lost them, whilst, in their place, is substituted a certain "*I the King*," which might with reason prove somewhat offensive to the ear of an Athenian. This also must be confessed; on some occasions, times of oppression arise, during which privileges sleep; but were the ancient republics without their demagogues? Did Alcibiades, Amilcar, or Sylla, leave much power in the hands of the people?

"The reader will please to observe, that in this parallel, I have not gone beyond the limits of the continent; but were I to take in North America, I might well set Solon and Lycurgus at defiance, by opposing to them only Locke and William Penn. Let us examine the laws of Pennsylvania and Carolina, and compare them with the laws of Sparta, and we shall find them differing from each other, like the domestic government of a farm, and the rules of the order of Saint Benedict. Who will not enjoy a pleasing sensation,

sation, when he reflects, that a tract of more than four thousand square leagues, is now increasing its population, under the auspices of liberty and reason, whilst every inhabitant feels that the leading principle of its moral system is equality, as the leading principle of its political system is agriculture."

The following chapters contain several important and useful observations on agriculture, population, war, and the national debt. The reader will observe that the Author is favourable to the moderns in his comparative estimates of all those circumstances which have an influence on public happiness. This may be owing more to his benevolence than his penetration. Every good mind, however, will give his hearty assent to the animated and humane sentiments with which he concludes the whole work. "You who live, and, especially, you who begin to live near the close of the 18th century, congratulate yourselves on finding America peopled from pole to pole, with European nations. Congratulate yourselves on perceiving the excellent constitution of Great Britain reproducing itself over a space of more than eight hundred leagues of coasts. Rejoice that a Czar Peter, an Elizabeth, a Catherine, have at least begun to civilize those northern countries, from which the enemies of the earth, in former times, rushed forth. You will lament, as I do, but, probably, you will not always lament that a spirit of avarice, and exclusion should have debarred the most fertile shores of Asia from the advantages of society, and from the least portion of the prosperity of Europe. You will, doubtless, demand that, through the favourable assistance of the numerous establishments, to which commerce hath given rise, felicity, (if I may use the expression) be made to encompass all those vast parts of the world which are still barbarous, still too far removed from perfection, in order that sensible minds may be induced to desire a longer life, if it be true that sensible minds can cherish life. Howsoever wicked, howsoever corrupted we may be, we love our kind, our *likeness*. We love our *likeness*, because we love ourselves. There cannot be a more just expression, were it well understood! we love all which is identical with ourselves, all which calls us home to ourselves; and, by this word *likeness*, must be understood whatsoever resembles us in features, manners, customs, and even in language. Assimilate mankind, therefore, and you make them friends. But, above all, endeavour to assimilate them by their opinions. Whilst we fix the bounds of our understanding, let us contract the field of error. The necessities of the mind are scarcely more extensive than those of the body. Let us learn to know, and to be ignorant: in particular, let us fear the marvellous, and even the sublime. Philosophers! preachers! moralists!

rather employ your talents in forming a people of honest men, than a small number of heroes; and whatsoever may be the source of our virtues, let us believe that all which tends to multiply men within the nations, and rich crops, over the surface of the earth, is good in itself, is good from intrinsic excellence, and preferable to all which appears valuable in the eyes of prejudice."—*M. R.*

35. *The female Advocate; a Poem: Occasioned by Mr. Duncombe's Femeinead. By Miss Scott. 4to. 2s. Johnson.*

THIS Lady has done herself the honour to defend the literary privileges of her sex, and to assert the distinctions which those privileges bring along with them, amongst those vile usurpers *the Men*. Her poem consists chiefly of encomiums on such learned and ingenious ladies as are omitted in Mr. Duncombe's *FEMEINEAD*, or who have "started up," as she expresses it, since the appearance of that poem. She is a warm and able advocate for the sex, but she seems to speak, sometimes, as though her temper had suffered a degree of injury from those afflictions, those "years of ill health," of which she feelingly complains;—and as if her regard for *this* world were less than we really think it ought to be.

Some of her observations in a kind of dedication to a Lady, deserve particular notice:

"It may perhaps be objected, says Miss Scott, that it was unnecessary to write on this subject, as the sentiments of all men of sense, relative to female education, are now more enlarged than they formerly were. I allow that they are so; but yet those of the generality (of men of sense and learning I mean, for it would be absurd to regard the opinions of those who are not such) are still very contracted. How much has been said, even by writers of distinguished reputation, of the distinction of sexes in souls, of the studies, and even of the virtues proper for women? If they have allowed us to study the imitative arts, have they not prohibited us from cultivating an acquaintance with the sciences? Do they not regard the woman who suffers her faculties to rust in a state of listless indolence, with a more favourable eye, than her who engages in a dispassionate search after truth? And is not an implicit acquiescence in the dictates of their understandings, esteemed by them as the sole criterion of good sense in a woman? I believe I am expressing myself with warmth, but I cannot help it; for when I speak, or write, on this subject, I feel an indignation which I cannot, and which indeed I do not wish to suppress; it has folly and cruelty for its objects, and therefore must be laudable; folly, because if  
there

there really are those advantages resulting from a liberal education which it is insinuated they have derived from thence, the wider those advantages are diffused, the more will the happiness of society be promoted: and if the pleasures that flow from knowledge are of all others the most refined and permanent, it surely is extreme barbarity to endeavour to preclude us from enjoying them, when they allow our sensations to be far more exquisite than their own. But I flatter myself a time may come, when men will be as much ashamed to avow their narrow prejudices, in regard to the abilities of our sex, as they are now fond to glory in them. A few such changes I have already seen; for facts have a powerful tendency to convince the understanding; and of late, female authors have appeared with honour, in almost every walk of literature. Several have started up since the writing of this little piece; the public favour has attested the merit of Mrs. Chapone's "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind;" and of Miss More's elegant pastoral drama, intitled, "A Search after Happiness." "Poems by Phillis Wheatley\*," a Negro Servant to Mr. Wheatley of Boston;" and, "Poems by a Lady," printed for G. Robinson in Pater-noster-row, lately published, also possess considerable merit."

We think Miss Scott's own poem would lead one to be of opinion, that the ladies have at all times shared considerably with the gentlemen in literary honour. She seems however to hint as if this was the era of their approaching liberty. We confess ourselves unacquainted with the signs of the times, if her expectations are well grounded. They are not surely occasioned by any improvements in the general mode of female education. Although boarding-schools are conducted, much as they ever have been, yet a preposterous species of literature has been introduced into some of them, by the humble imitators of a wretched orator. It is called *English reading*. These oratorical masters, ignorant for the most part as their scholars, teach them to stamp and tear and mouth out of Shakespeare and Milton. The poor girls are thus rendered worse than ignorant; conceited without knowledge, and supercilious without taste. Hence the prejudices of the men, with respect to female learning, are by no means likely to be lessened. It is dreadful for a man of real knowledge and politeness to encounter one of these literary vikens. They are always ready

with their passages and their speeches; they throw themselves into a theatrical attitude, and give you a specimen of their fine reading. You are offended with an empty mind, bloated with vanity while politeness obliges you to suppress your disgust, and perhaps to feign some degree of admiration.—The effects of real knowledge are gentleness and modesty, particularly in a sex where any thing approaching to assurance is intolerable. We think, therefore, that the ladies can never hope, in any considerable numbers, either to rival the men in literary fame, or to render themselves such rational, entertaining, and improving companions, as to reconcile us to their *learning*, till some persons of real and extensive knowledge introduce considerable improvements into their education.

The following lines on a celebrated female genius, now living, will prove an acceptable specimen of Miss Scott's poetical talents:

"Say MONTAGUE\* can this unartful verse,  
Thy genius, learning, or thy worth rehearse?  
To paint thy talents justly should conspire  
Thy taste, thy judgment, and thy *Shakespeare's*  
fire.

Well hath thy pen with nice discernment trac'd  
What various pow'rs the matchless poet grac'd,  
Well hath thy pen his various beauties shown,  
And prov'd thy soul congenial to his own.  
Charm'd with those splendid honours of thy  
name,

Fain would the muse relate thy nobler fame;  
Dear to religion, as to learning dear,  
Candid, obliging, modest, mild, sincere,  
Still prone to soften at another's woe,  
Still fond to bless, still ready to bestow.

"O, sweet Philanthropy! thou guest  
divine! [thine!]

What permanent, what heart-felt joys are  
Supremely blest the maid, whose generous soul  
Bends all-obedient to thy soft controul:  
Nature's vast theatre her eye surveys,  
Studious to trace eternal wisdom's ways;  
Marks what dependencies, what different  
ties,

Throughout the spacious scale of beings ris't  
Sees providence's oft-mysterious plan,  
Form'd to promote the general good of man.  
With noble warmth thence her expanded mind  
Feels for the welfare of all human-kind:  
Thence flows each lenient art that soothes  
distress,

And thence the unremitting wish to bless!

Monthly Rev.

\* Surely Miss Scott has impeached her own judgment in thus associating the celebrated Miss More with the poor negro girl, whose talent for poetical imitation we mentioned some time ago!

\* "Mrs. Montague, Author of the "Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets."

35. *Poems by the author of The Sentimental Sailor.*  
4to. 3s. 6d. boards. Dilly.

THE subject of the first of these three little Poems is *Arthur's Seat*, a beautiful and commanding eminence in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, which affords a variety of prospects, and suggests many circumstances for reflection. The author has here shewn himself by no means destitute of genius. His colouring is not languid, nor is his verification spiritless; neither are his descriptions unanimated.

There is certainly strength of numbers, of painting, and of fancy, in the following beautiful lines occasioned by the introduction of Thomson:

"To usher in the smiling years,  
Nature's gentle bard appears!  
Descriptive Thomson! on thy head  
Every Muse sweet influence shed.

"Ethereal mildness! while the spring  
Her chearful robe of green shall bring;  
And softens the relenting year;  
And flowers with silken leaves appear;  
And purple heath, and blossom'd field,  
Around their balmy fragrance yield;  
And genial nature smiles, and gay  
Salutes the rosy-footed May:  
While lofty summer's sultry hour  
Calls for cool sequester'd bower;  
And poet, negligently laid,  
Haunts crystal stream, and sylvan shade;  
And dashing cat'raets, foaming, fall;  
And thunder rolls through airy hall;  
And nimble lightnings flash; and round  
Start the gloomy woods profound:  
While autumn gilds, from regions bright,  
The happy world with golden light;  
And Libra weighs, serene and clear,  
In equal scales, the falling year;  
And woodlands raise their latest song;  
And wand'rer weeps the leaves among,  
When dying nature seems to call,  
Prepare, prepare my funeral!  
While winter, wrapt in midnight-glooms,  
Father of the tempest, comes;  
And calls his ruffian blasts, and reigns,  
Ruthless tyrant! o'er the plains;  
And roars the river down the dale,  
Arrested oft by icy gale;  
And shakes the sounding world defac'd;  
And rushes wild the watry waste:  
—While rounding thus the varied year,  
The circling seasons still appear;  
So long shall last thy matchless song,  
Gentlest of the tuneful throng!"

The second poem is entitled *Elysium, a Dream*; a subject which invited to exuberance of fancy, and every indulgence of poetical daring:

"Who with Anacreon lyes supine?  
While round their glowing temples twine,  
Than lily pale, or blushing rose,  
Each fairer, sweeter flower that blows;

While nymphs and fauns their frolics play?  
—Chalieu! voluptuous, tender, gay,  
Chalieu, whose sprightly muse could soar,  
Though prest by eighty winters hoar;  
Though age and dire disease conspire  
To damp bright-sparkling fancy's fire.

"Tell me, voluptuous Grecian! tell  
"How blooming Hebe, heedless, fell?  
"Why Juno chid the blushing maid?  
"And what th' uncourteous thund'rer said,  
"When, weeping, from the hall of heav'n,  
"The nectar-bearing fair was driv'n."

"And tell me, thou whose trembling hand  
"The youthful graces could command;  
"Skill'd in the useful art to fly  
"From pleasure to philosophy;  
"Who, pain and sorrow to beguile,  
"Woo'd fond illusion's tyren smile:  
"And strew'd, with flowers of lasting bloom,  
"The borders of the op'ning tomb:  
"Chalieu! impatient didst thou find  
"In these abodes La Fare, the friend?  
"The fair Bouillon!—and did she meet  
"Thy late approach with welcome sweet?"

"But hark! what accents meet my ear?  
What op'ning scenes of joy appear?  
O let me, let me fondly stray  
To lute-resounding mansions gay!

"Hereauteous hero fears no more  
The furling deep's tumultuous roar;  
Nor, trembling, rears the torch of night,  
Like Venus' star, the lover's light;  
Here no dividing seas annoy,  
With wintry storm, the ventrous boy.

"In myrtle-grove's delicious bower,  
A willing slave to beauty's power,  
Tibullus sings—"Ye virgins pure!  
"Secure of joy, of bliss secure!  
"Cythéra comes! with myrtle crown'd,  
"Let every youth her praise resound;  
"Let every maid the goddess meet  
"With smiles and glowing blushes sweet."

The last piece is on the subject of poetry; but of this we shall give no specimen, because it has not, in our opinion, equal merit with the two preceding poems.—*Monthly Rev.*

36. *Political Disquisitions; or, an enquiry into public errors, defects, and abuses. Illustrated by, and established on facts and remarks, extracted from a variety of authors, ancient and modern. Vol. II. 6s. Dilly.*

"To mend the world's a vast design"—  
so saith the poet, and it is true; nevertheless the attempt is noble, and should it succeed, but in a small degree, the effect is important and valuable: and happy were it, if this writer's benevolent labours should awaken a timely solicitude in our own country, by wise and prudent measures, to reform those errors and abuses, which are become so glaring; which



which so evidently prognosticate, and must eventually produce public ruin! It is to be wished that people of all ranks should pay a sober regard to these subjects. The evils enumerated in this and the former volume\* are such as even illiterate persons, of plain common sense, may easily comprehend; and their inconsistency with our free constitution, their dangerous tendency, &c. are here explained and illustrated in the most ample and satisfactory manner.

This volume is divided into three books; the first treats of *places and pensions*; the second is appropriated to a very interesting subject, viz. *taxing the colonies*; and the third treats of *the army*.

In the fifth chapter of the first book are some very free and spirited observations on the enormous emoluments annexed to our great offices of the state, as being pregnant with every evil. The author would have kings, and ministers, and officers of state to remember, that, whatever dignity or majesty they may suppose necessarily connected with their stations, they are in fact only the servants of the public, and are entitled to honour and external advantages according to the endeavours they use to secure and advance the public interest and happiness. When magistrates, supreme or subordinate, manifest that they have this at heart, they will hardly fail of obtaining the respect, affection, and cheerful support of the subject. But should it ever appear that government is a meer state trick, a system of cunning, evasion, and deceit, directly tending to oppress and enslave the people, in order to maintain the splendor, extravagance, and luxury of a few; in such circumstances can it be wonderful if those who are at the helm should sink even into contempt and hatred?

"If, says this writer, the nobility were to serve their country in the great offices of the state *gratis*, the heroism would be nothing more than is shewn by private trustees, arbitrators, church-wardens, overseers of the poor, and other parish officers. Are those poor low-bred creatures, whom our polite courtiers call the scum of the earth, more disinterested than the nobility of the land!—If the nobility and gentry declined serving their country in the great offices of the state, without sordid hire, let the honest *bourgeoisie* be employed.—Why should not our kings, when a court place falls vacant, publish, that they want a secretary of state, or a lord chamberlain, or a lord steward; places which any man of common sense and honesty can fill;

the public business being all a mere *business*? And why should they not order ~~all persons~~ desirous of the vacant employment to send in their proposals sealed (as when there is a fleet to victual, or a public work to be done) and accept him who offers to serve his country on the most reasonable terms? Let the person chosen bring in his bill of expenses. There is no reason why the public should not repay what is fairly laid out for the public benefit. If it be thought proper to give a statesman, who has shewn himself able and honest, five hundred guineas for a ring, as was given the great Admiral Drake for services of greater danger and more importance than those of fifty state-secretaries, I have no objection. But that half our nobility should be on the parish, I mean on the public, I own I see no manner of reason; nor that a set of places, which might be filled at the expence of a few hundreds a year, must cost the nation many hundred thousands, while we are sinking in a bottomless sea of debt.—Ask the courtiers, what produces the present clamours, and all clamours against government, which is always immaculate? They will answer, the desire of places and preferments. Which may be partly true. But why then do they not reduce the incomes of the places as low as in Holland? Why do they not abolish all that are useless? They do the very contrary. They are continually increasing the number, if not the value of them. They are constantly heaping on fuel, and then they swear and blaspheme, because the fire continues to rage.—Instead of the challenge\*, whose ox, or whose ass, has the king (or the minister) taken; we may ask the crew, whose farthing candle, or whose draught of small beer, have they not taxed? A poor hard-working man, who has a wife and six children to maintain, can neither enjoy the glorious light of heaven, nor the glimmering of a tallow taper, without paying the window-tax and the candle-tax. He rises early and sits up late; he fills up the whole day with severe labour; he goes to his flock-bed with half a belly-full of bread and cheese, that his wife and little starvelings may have the more. In the mean while the exactors of these taxes are revelling at Mrs. Cornelly's masquerade, at the expence of more money for one evening's amusement, than the wretched hardworking man (who is obliged to find the money for them to squander) can earn by half a year's severe labour."

This chapter is concluded with reflections on the court list, attended with some degree of raillery and humour. The following paragraph may appear, like many others in this volume, severe; how far it may be just, let truth and fact determine:

"The

\* *Vid. Misc. Vol. I. p. 137.*

\* 2 Sam. xii. 3.

"The pretence, that a king ought to have a number of attendants about him, to keep up his state, and strike the people with an awe of government, wants no answer. Was ever the parade of government kept up at a higher expence than in our times? Was ever government more despised by the subjects, than ours is now? Compare our times with those of Queen Elizabeth, who refused supplies, when offered her, saying, the money was as well in the people's pockets as in her's, till she came to want it."

The first book constitutes far the greater half of this volume. The second comprehends a subject to which the public attention is often called: so much has been and is written on the taxation of the colonies, that it is unnecessary for us to offer many extracts from what this author delivers; but it may not be improper to transcribe a few passages.

"Some short-sighted defenders, it is said, of the late oppressive measures taken with our American brethren, have attempted to wheedle them into a persuasion, that their being taxed by the British parliament, in which three millions have not one representative, is no greater hardship than what is suffered by the mother-country, in which, though representation, as I have shewn in the former volume, is as far from adequate as can well be imagined; yet six millions have 558 representatives, and in which every man, woman, and child, by living in one county or other, is represented by one or two members, who cannot tax them without taxing themselves, their children, their friends, dependants, tenants, &c. If the three millions of colonists had 279 representatives in parliament (the half of 558) it might then be time to make comparisons between their case, and that of the mother country. Till then, or till they have some shadow of representation, nothing can be more absurd.—The firmness shewn by the colonists against what is to them precisely the same oppression as to us it would be to have taxes laid on us by an edict from the throne, has, by very high authority, been pronounced sedition and rebellion: but with all due submission to authority, (—truth and justice are above all authority) when the illustrious Hampden resisted the lawful sovereign's unlawful demand of only three shillings and four-pence, because he had no voice in consenting to the laying on the ship-tax, was he, too, guilty of sedition and rebellion? If he was, we are all rebels, but the Jacobites; and our gracious king Geo. III. (whom God preserve) is an usurper; for the revolution was brought about with the direct design of preventing any man's property being seized without his consent, given either in person or by representative, which makes it the same to our colonists to be taxed by the parliament of Britain as by that of Paris.—Magna Charta and

the Bill of Rights prohibit the taxing of the mother country by prerogative, and without consent of those who are to be taxed. If the people of Britain are not to be taxed, but by parliament; because otherwise they might be taxed without their own consent; does it not directly follow, that the colonists cannot, according to Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, be taxed by parliament so long as they continue unrepresented; because otherwise they may be taxed without their own consent?—It was very fairly made out that the colonists were not, generally speaking, in circumstances to pay the stamp duty. And to raise the price of justice so high, that the people shall not be able to obtain it, is much the same as flatly denying them justice; while Magna Charta says, *Nullo megabimus, nulli vendemus justitiam, &c.*—Even Governor Bernard (no friend to the colonists) owns their inability to bear taxes. "I can, says he, readily recommend that part of the petition, which prays relief against those acts which are made for the purpose of drawing a revenue from the colonies. For they are so little able to bear drawing money from them, that they are unable at present to pay the charges of their support and protection\*."—Before the taxing of the unrepresented colonies was thought of, the ministry ought to have reduced exorbitant salaries, abated, or abolished excessive perquisites, annihilated useless places, stopped iniquitous pensions, withheld electioneering expences, and bribes for votes in the house, reduced an odious and devouring army, and taxed vice, luxury, gaming, and public diversions. This would have brought into the treasury ten times more than Grenville could ever expect from taxing, by force and authority, the unrepresented colonies.—Even a conquered city has time given it to raise the contribution laid upon it; and may raise it in its own way. We have treated our colonies worse than conquered countries. Neither Wales nor Ireland are taxed unheard and unrepresented in the British parliament, as the colonies. Wales sends members to parliament, and Ireland has done so. And as Ireland is not now represented in the British parliament, neither is it taxed in the British parliament.—But are then the colonists, it will be said, to be complimented with immunity from all share of the public burden, while they enjoy their share of the public protection?—The question was not, whether the colonists should contribute to the public expence. The *Grenvillians* knew, that when the requisitions had been made by government, the colonists had answered their demands; particularly in the years 1756, 7, 8, 9, 1760, 61, and 62; they knew that the town of Boston contributed for several years together twelve shillings in the pound. Our

\* Governor Bernard to Lord Hillsborough, July 16, 1768.

government, therefore, thought it but just to reimburse the colonies a part of their excessive expences. But their successors, contrary to the sense of all mankind, thought it better to obtain by force, than with a good will. Accordingly we find so early as A. D. 1765, immediately after the first of the colonists shewed a little courage in refusing to submit to taxation without representation, orders were given to Governor Bernard to employ the militia under General Gage in suppressing the spirit of liberty.—Where would have been the harm of making a fair and moderate proposal to the colonies? If they raised the money in obedience to our requisition, as formerly, all was well. But surely it was soon enough to propose levying money on them by parliamentary taxation, when they refused to give upon requisition."

This is a specimen of our author's manner of treating the subject of colony-taxation:—And from the above passages our readers will be enabled to judge what is to be expected from the work. Considered merely as a matter of curiosity and entertainment, the book is really valuable, at the same time that it is replete with knowledge and instruction, drawn from the best sources. The worthy compiler merits the respect and esteem of the public for the great zeal and labour which he has employed; and we heartily wish that his earnest endeavours may be followed by some answerable success, for the advantage and honour of these kingdoms.—M. R.

37. *American Independence the Interest and Glory of Great-Britain.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. *Wilkie.*

THE Writer of these letters proposes, that an act of parliament be passed, in which the several colonies shall be all "held and declared to be free independent states, each to be subject to such law and government only as now subsists, or shall be hereafter enacted and constituted within itself by its own proper legislature: and that of each and every of the said independent states, his Majesty is and shall be held to be the sovereign head, in like manner as he is of the legislature of Great-Britain."

38. *The Commentaries upon the Aphorisms of Dr. Herman Boerhaave.* By Gerard Van Swieten, M. D. Translated into English. Vols. xv. to xviii. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bound. *Horsfield.*

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THIS useful little tract is animated by a spirit of vital, but rational religion. The advice it contains is sober and sensible; well adapted to promote the best interests of Christianity; and to institute a successful plan of conduct for its immediate ministers. It is ascribed to the pious and worthy Dr. Stonehouse of Bristol.—M. R.

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## THEATRICAL PIECES.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

A New Pastoral Pantomimical Masque called the DRUIDS, was exhibited, for the first time, at this Theatre, on the 19th of November.—The Characters are as follow. *Men:* Bridegroom, Pantaloon, Harlequin, 1st Druid, 1st Shepherd, 2d Shepherd, Country Squire, Hymen, Cupid, and Speaking Druid.—*Women:* Bride, Venus, Pastoral Nymph, Graces, and Colombine.

After the Overture, which is composed with great taste and spirit, a beautiful rural prospect is discovered, with the sea in the back ground. The edges of the clouds are tipped by the rays of the sun, which rises by degrees in splendid majesty, and is seen reflected upon the water in a very brilliant and natural manner. The warbling of birds is heard at a distance, and a number of shepherds and shepherdesses enter and sing the following song:

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng!

O'er the white emblossom'd spray,

Nature's universal song

Echoes to the rising day.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow

Shadows, nurs'd by night, decay;

And the dancing sun-beams now

Dazzling in the waters play.

Tune your pipes, your reeds now sound,

In revel-notes salute the Fair;

Now lightly o'er the green sod bound,

And welcome all the noble pair.

After a dance, Harlequin, who is supposed, for the better carrying on of the plot, as Mr. Bays says, to have been an active industrious

servant to the chief Druid, makes his appearance, and is told by one of the fraternity, that he shall at length be made happy in the possession of Colombine, whom he soon after sees at a window, which he ascends by means of a ladder, and is, as usual, discovered by the clown. The common Routine of Pantomime business now takes place, and after several pursuits, &c. and some agreeable changes, (particularly a bed-chamber into a smith's shop) which are brought about by the magical touch of Harlequin's sword, Venus and the Graces descend from her car: The Goddess, having left her son, offers the following reward to those that find him:

### SONG.

She who will but now discover,  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to night receive a kiss  
From the object of her wish;  
But who brings him to his mother  
Shall have that kiss and another.

The little God is however at length found; and Hymen requests him and his mother to grace the wedding of a beautiful noble couple, who are just going to enter into the nuptial union. The Bride and Bridegroom then enter from the temple of Hymen, accompanied by a great number of characters, richly dressed, and sing the following duet:

*He.* By Heaven thus plighted,

*She.* By love thus united,

*He.* Each fully delighted,

*Both.* What more can be given?

*He.* The wonderful blessing

*She.* Is past all expressing,

*He.* Such beauty possessing,

*Both:* An emblem of Heaven.

A street-scene follows: Colombine appears from the window of a house just as Harlequin enters, who, perceiving her, gets to the window by means of a rising Portico. The scene next changes to a prospect of the country, and the entrance of the country Squire, the lover of Colombine, who is supposed to have been a hunting. A room-scene succeeds, where Harlequin and Colombine are discovered at tea.—They are again pursued, and Harlequin gets under the table. The Country Squire arrives, and Colombine makes tea for him and Pantaloon. During the time of their drinking tea, the water from the kettle and tea-pot flies in the faces of the Lover and Pantaloon. The scene next changes to a cottage: Harlequin, being pursued, enters the hovel, and the pursuers go in after him; he appears at the window, and on the chimney at the top of the hovel, till at length he fires the chimney, while the clown is in it; and throws the whole building upon the Squire, &c. &c. The next scene represents a village near the road which turns from Colnbrooke to Windsor. Harlequin, being again pursued, meets with a woman loaded with a basket of leaves, which

which he purchases, and then turns himself into a lamp. The scene then turns to a hay-field. Here a dance of hay-makers. Harlequin, being again pursued, enters the hay-field, and changes the hay-cocks into oak-trees, under each of which stands a Druid. The principal Druid invokes the rest to leave their consecrated woods, and join in the general festivity. He then reconciles Pantaloon to Harlequin, after which the scene changes to a grand Temple, where the noble pair and their illustrious friends enter, and the whole concludes with the following chorus:

Reign chaste and holy love,  
Which Hymen doth approve!  
Without whose hallow'd fires  
All aims are base desires.  
On Hymen, Hymen, call,  
This night is Hymen's all.

#### PROLOGUE to the MAID of the OAKS.

*Spoken by Mr. KING.*

UNLIKE to Antient Fame, all eyes,—  
tongues,—ears, [pears,  
See Modern Fame, dress'd cap-à-pee, ap-  
In Ledgers, Chronicles, Gazettes, and  
Gazetteers!

My foaming wings are fine Election speeches  
And puffs of Candidates supply my breeches.  
My Cap is Satire! Criticism! Wit!—  
Is there a head that wants it in the Pit?—

[Offering it.

No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn,  
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.  
Pipe, song, and pastoral, for five months past,  
Puff'd well by me, have been the general taste.  
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds;  
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;  
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion  
struck,

Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck—  
And Drury misses here, "in carmine pride,  
Are there Pastors by the fountain side."  
To frousy bow'rs they reel through midnight  
damps, [slamps.

With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking  
Both far and near did this new whimsy run;  
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington.  
And now, as for the public bound to cater,  
Our Manager must have his Fête-Champêtre.  
How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.

[Looking about.

A storm's the Devil, on Champêtre night!  
Left it should fall to spoil the Author's scenes,  
I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:  
He means a show, as brilliant as at Cox's,  
Laugh for the pit, and may be at the boxes;  
Touches of passion, tender, tho' not tragic,  
Strokes at the times,—a kind of lant-ern magic;  
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,  
The merry-making of a wedding-day.

Whose is this piece?—"Tis all surmise, sug-  
gestion—

Is't his, or her's, or your's, Sir? that's the  
question.

The parent, bashful—whimsical—or poor—  
Left it a puling infant at the door;  
'Twas laid on flowers, and wrapt in fancied  
cloaks,

And on the breast was written—*Maid of the Oaks.*  
The actors crouded round—the girls ca-  
ress'd it,

Lord! the sweet pretty babe! they prais'd  
and bless'd it; [dress'd it.

The Master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and  
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse  
Of being smothered by a parish nurse;  
As you're kind, rear it,—if you're curious  
praise it—

And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

#### EPILOGUE,

*Written by Mr. GARRICK.*

*Spoken by Mrs. Abingdon.*

IN parliament, whene'er a question comes,  
Which makes the chief look grave, and  
bite his thumbs,

A knowing one is sent—fly as a mouse,  
To peep into the humour of the house:  
I am that mouse, peeping at friends and foes,  
To find which carry it, the Ayes or Noes.  
With more than power of parliament you sit,  
Despotic representatives of wit;

For in a moment, and without much pother,  
You can dissolve this piece, and call another.  
As 'tis no treason, let us frankly see

In what they differ, and in what agree,  
The said supreme assembly of the nation,  
With this our great dramatic convocation.  
Business in both oft meets with interruption,  
In both, we trust, no bribery or corruption;  
Both, proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,  
And the best speaker cannot keep you quiet:  
Nay, there as here, he knows not how to steer  
him,

When "order, order's," drown'd in "hear  
him, hear him."

We have, unlike to them, one constant rule,  
We open doors, and chuse our galleries full:  
For a full house both send abroad their sum-  
mons,

With us together sit the lords and commons.  
You ladies here have votes! debate! dispute!  
There if you go—Oh! sye for shame, you're  
mute.

Never was heard of such a persecution!  
'Tis the great blemish of the constitution.  
Nohuman laws should nature's rights abridge,  
Freedom of speech, our dearest privilege!

Our's is the wiser sex, tho' deem'd the weaker;  
I'll put the question—if you chuse me speaker,  
Suppose me now bewig'd, and seated here,  
I call to order—you the chair! the chair!  
Is it your pleasure that this bill should pass,  
Which grants this poet, upon mount Tarn-  
nass', [grafs?

A certain spot, where ne'er grew corn or

Is it your pleasure that this bill do pass?  
You that would pass this play say Aye, and  
save it:

You that say No would damn it!—The Ayes  
have it, The

## The ROMANCE of an HOUR.

Saturday the 2d instant this two-act comedy, (or farce of original absurdities) was performed for the first time; its fable is taken from a tale of Marmontel's, and is as follows:

ZELIDA, the only child of Abdallah, an Italian Nabob, having been some years in England in the family of Sir Hector Strangeways, for the advantage of an European education, conceives an affection for her Ladyship's brother, Mr. Brownlow, lately arrived from India with the account of her father's death, and of his last request, that she should marry Col. Ormsby, an English officer of merit and fortune, who was expected to arrive in England by the first ships.

Brownlow, though passionately in love with Zelida, deems it highly dishonourable to betray the confidence reposed in him, or to endeavour to engage the affections of his friend's mistress; and therefore uses every argument with her to prevail upon her to marry the Colonel upon his arrival, so far concealing his passion for her, that she concludes him previously engaged to another. In consequence of this interview, however, she determines on quitting Sir Hector's house secretly, and procuring, by the sale of her jewels, a passage back to India for herself and faithful Gentoo.

The Colonel arriving at the moment her elopement is discovered, is informed of it, whose amazement is increased by a letter found on Lady Strangeway's toilet in Zelida's hand-writing, attributing the cause of her absconding "to the advice given her by "Mr. Brownlow, which she neither deemed "consistent with her honour nor happiness." The Colonel remonstrates warmly with his friend on this point, but receives no answer, but an assurance of his innocence. However, being driven to extremities by the Colonel's impetuosity, he informs him that the only advice he ever gave her was to marry him, and to fulfil her father's desire. Deeming this but a paltry evasion, the Colonel insists on a private meeting, in order to receive satisfaction for the injury he had sustained from his insidious friendship.

Zelida in the mean time took refuge in the house of a woman, who proved to be the sister of Sir Hector's boatswain:—Pillage, therefore, having offended the Admiral, concludes, that he can make his peace, if not his preferment, by introducing this fine girl to the liquorous old officer, and accordingly writes him word that he has got a tit-bit for him. Sir Hector arrives, and is announced as a person who can accommodate her with a passage, to the mutual surprize of both parties. The Admiral, however, turns the matter off to his solicitude for her safety, and informs her, that her absence will be the death of Brownlow, as the Colonel was going to cut his throat because she refused to marry him.

Zelida now resolves to save the man she

loves, by giving her hand to Col. Ormsby: returning home with Sir Hector with that view, they find Brownlow and the Colonel engaging in a duel, which the Admiral, however, prevents. She now consents, though with evident reluctance, to wed Col. Ormsby, when the Gentoo brings about the eclairecissement, by discovering her *penchant* for Brownlow. The Colonel friendly (however unnaturally) gives up his claim, and thus the piece concludes.

PROLOGUE to the *Romance of an Hour*.

*As spoken by Mr. Lee.*

T-O-night, good folks, though led a little dance,

Thro' the light mazes of an *Hour's Romance*,  
No spells, no spectres, have you cause to dread,  
Not one poor thunder rumbles o'er your head;  
Nor will the tempest, rushing thro' the trees,  
Once rouse your horror—with a storm of—  
peas.

Between ourselves, this poet was a fool,  
To plan by common sense, or build by rule;  
When e'en the mightiest masters of the stage,  
Have gain'd so much by trick in every age.  
Let critics proudly form dramatic laws,  
Give me, say I, what's sure to meet applause;  
Let them of time, and place, and action boast,  
I'm for a devil, a dungeon, or a ghost.  
When Hamlet, mourning for a murder'd fire,  
Upbraids his mother with her guilty fire,  
Tho' every line a plaudit should command,  
Not one god yonder will employ his hand,  
But—cas'd in canvas—see the dead stalk in,  
Then the loud pæans, then the claps begin;  
And pit, box, gallery, eagerly contend,  
(Exalted strife!) who loudest must commend.  
The frantic ha!—the bedlamite—look there!  
The start—the heave—the stagger—and the  
stare!

To dear Macbeth the learned ladies all run,  
What to enjoy?—the witches and the cauldron.

Ask Molly Dripping there, so sleek, so mild,  
(As good a cook as e'er knew roast and boil'd)  
What in all Juliet makes her soonest weep?  
She'll say, the Funeral—'tis so *werry* deep.  
Allur'd by sterling sentiment alone.

"Cato for me! (cries Darby Macchone)

I never misfs that play at any time,

If 'tis but *addded* to a pantomime."

"Ah! (says a bold North-Briton, taking snuff)

A pantomime is *axacrabable* stuff;

Na paapipes i' the band; they conna play  
Corn Rigs or the sweet Birk's of Andermay."  
In short, tho' all stage mummery despise,  
All want a banquet for their ears or eyes;  
And while at shows they take the most of  
sense,

Still make them bladders to the shore of sense.

The name our author gives his piece to-  
night,

Well would admit a supper for the sight;

A grand collection of dramatic dishes,

Of dragons, giants, forests, rivers, fishes;

Yet

Yet though he calls his trifle a romance,  
He does not treat you with a single dance,  
Nor use one hackney'd, one excentric art,  
To lull your judgment, or to cheat your heart.  
He brings indeed a character to view  
From Indian climes, he trusts entirely new,  
A poor Gentoo, compos'd of virtues all,  
Tho' fresh from English Nabobs in Bengal!  
His face perhaps too swarthy you may find,  
But see Othello's visage in his mind;  
And 'till you've fairly try'd our trembling  
Bayes,  
Forbear to blame—yet do not fear to praise.

## E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkeley.

SOMEbody says, but I forget his name,  
That howe'er faults or follies we may  
blame,  
We're all in turns, tho' all extremely wise,  
The very things we laugh at or despise.  
The bold Fox-hunter, just come up to town,  
From "Yoicks, hark forward," loves to  
seem a Clown;  
Thro' pride tears up politeness by the roots,  
Ne'er combs his hair—and visits you in boots;  
Milkpots alone he thinks their forms shou'd  
deck, [neck:  
And scorns the man that fears to break a  
In three months time—how alter'd is his note,  
His head's all wings, or bak'd in papilotte—  
The honest buckskin, which once clear'd the  
ditches,  
Our modern Nimrod turns to fatten breeches;  
And grown half female, wond'rous to relate,  
He screams in slumbers at a five-barr'd gate.  
The city buck, accusom'd long to bruise,  
Who swears at France, and damns all par-  
ley-voos,  
If but one week from Margate led at most,  
To swill and smuggle on the neigh'ring coast,  
Returning bawls in ev'ry Dowdy's face,  
'Comment charmant, quelle ravissant grace;

And in due course, from Aldgate to the  
Strand,

Raves of a *cotillion* and *allemande*.

Monseur, indeed, with Cockney is quite even,  
Tho' much to joke upon this nation given;  
He calls a Briton *barbar*? *unbelief*, [beef;  
Yet leaves his frogs with rapture for roast  
And finds a ready fortune to be made is  
In rouge for men, and perriwigs for ladies.  
Surly, at foul corruption tears his throat,  
He scorns to give a shilling for a vote,  
But mark the riot of the country round,  
And ev'ry voice has cost him twenty pound:  
There some, who think our liberties divine,  
Will eat them thro' in turkey or in chine:  
And others, while at venal tools they rail,  
Drown their poor country in a butt of ale.  
But while our bards these general faults make  
known,

Pray let them hear a little of their own!  
How many authors of the English stage,  
Affect to rise the wonder of their age,  
By bare translation, from Moliere, Corneille,  
Racine, and numbers needfuls here to tell;  
Yet each a jackdaw dress'd in foreign plumes,  
On his own beauty faucily presumes;  
Beholds the parent bird, with haughty eyes,  
From whom entirely he purloin'd his dies;  
Or solely tells us, when he comes to print,  
Tho' all is *stol'n*—he *borrow'd* but a *bint*.  
Ah that these daws were fortunately tost on,  
Thy coasts, Connecticut, or thine, O Boston!  
Their flight, tho' servile, thou might'st ever  
mar,

And spoil their feathers—with a little tar.

Whether by policy or justice led,  
A diff'rent path our author means to tread;  
And tho' a petty dealer, will not sell,  
As his own goods, a thought of Marmontel  
The timid Zelida, you sav'd to-night,  
In that great master first beheld the light;  
And if you hail her *novu dramatic* morn,  
She'll ever bless the moment she was born.

## F L O W E R S O F P A R N A S S U S.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

YARICO to INKLE.

I F that great Power you taught me to adore,  
Has blest your passage to your native shore,  
And, 'scap'd the dangers of the wat'ry main,  
You see your country, and your friends again;  
Oh! if my *Inkle* (heaven grant it so!)  
Remembers still the once-lov'd *Tarico*;  
If in the silent hour the claims one thought,  
And if you feel the virtues you have taught;  
When these sad lines to you shall be convey'd,  
(The mournful story of too fond a maid!)  
Then, then, perhaps, your melting heart may  
spare  
One sigh, one wish, to snatch her from despair;  
Perhaps a tear of penitence may fall,

And one good action recompence for all.  
Could you, fair ingrate, now behold the maid  
You once unamour'd, and alas! betray'd;  
Ah! could you know all, all the slave has felt,  
Your soul must shudder, and your heart must  
melt:

What *fiend* infernal cou'd your bosom steel?  
O, heart of stone! that cou'd refuse to feel,  
When, agoniz'd my pow'rs, my reason fled,  
By barb'rous hands you saw me captive led;  
By horrid chains you saw me rudely bound,  
While savage monsters taunted all around.—  
*Monsters*, I say, (tho' born of savage race)  
Yet, by your precepts taught, of heaven and  
grace,  
My rising *soul* detests this hideous crew,  
And yet, for these refinements, curses you.



When call'd to life by some barbarian's stroke,  
From the kind *trance* to misery I 'woke,  
On thee I call'd, to loose me from my chain,  
To sooth my anguish, and to share my pain :  
In vain I call'd,—far, far was *Inkle* fled,  
And thus (dread news!) my horrid keepers  
said :—

'The man you live in yonder vessel flies,  
'Whose top now seems to touch the distant  
skies ;

'In vain, fond fool, you threaten, & you rave,  
'We paid the purchase, and he sold you, slave.'  
'Unfeeling Man,' (with bursting heart I cry'd)  
'Unfeeling Man,' the founding beach reply'd.  
'Ah! was it thus, unkind, I dealt by you,  
When from the shipwreck, to our shades you  
flew ?

When in the wood I saw you breathless lay,  
Did *Yarico* thus treacherously betray ?  
For baneful plants, or still more baneful gold,  
Was false, unkind, ungrateful *Inkle* sold ?  
Ah no!—far different passions touch'd my  
breast,

Love, pity, joy, my actions all confess.—  
Amaz'd I saw the whiteness of your skin,  
Your eyes of azure, and your lips so thin,  
Your various coverings, & your breast so fair,  
Your cheeks of crimson, and your auburn hair,  
Pleas'd I beheld, & pleas'd you saw me smile,  
I smil'd, and yet I felt for you the while,  
Left to the place where tir'd and faint you lay,  
In search of fruits, my countrymen shou'd  
stray ;

For had my Indian lovers found you there,  
The crew's sad fate had you been forc'd to  
share :—

Your fears to quiet, and your life to save,  
I softly led you to my secret cave ;  
The choicest fruits I cull'd thee,—and to  
drink

I led thee to the chrysal fountain's brink :  
All the gay spoils my lovers gave to me,  
I brought to deck thy cave, or share with thee.  
Oft when the sun had hid his sultry rays,  
Or the pale moon her silver lamp displays,  
To some lone glade, or unfrequented grove,  
(Where the fierce Indian never learnt to rove)  
Thro' pathless vallies, and thro' forests rude,  
To some delightful, secret solitude,  
I gently led you, and upon my breast  
Pleas'd have beheld you sink to balmy rest,  
While falls of water lent their soothing sound,  
And night-birds sang from all the shades  
around :

Thus liv'd I,—lov'd I,—thus I watch'd for you;  
To perjur'd *Inkle* faithful, fond, and true.  
Thus did I guard you, while secure you staid,  
The captive only of a faithful maid.—  
While you with golden fables, charm'd my ear,  
Of happier climes, and vow'd to be sincere :  
Can you forget how oft you told the tale,  
By the clear stream, that murmur'd thro' the  
vale,

How on the poor believing maid you hung,  
While soft persuasion dwelt upon your tongue;  
Wou'd, you cry'd, but leave those lone retreats,  
And fly with you to happier, fairer seats,

What joys, what blessings, should attend my  
days ;

Where pleasure spread her stores a thousand  
[ways ;  
In your fair country, what fine things were seen,  
Suns ever temperate, meads for ever green,  
Such spacious houses, such delightful shows,  
Such arts, such manners, and such splendid  
cloaths ;

All these, you said, shou'd *Yarico* enjoy,  
Without the fears of Indians to alloy.—

Then wou'd you sing my praises in the grove,  
Tell how you lov'd, and wou'd for ever love.  
But ah! when once I left my native shore,  
(Those peaceful shades I must behold no more)  
And, lost in love, believ'd you must be true,  
And left our life without one friend but you :  
How chang'd the man!—no more you talk'd  
of truth,

Nor vow'd, nor lov'd ;—oh, false inconsistent  
youth!  
No more in raptures clasp'd me in your arms,  
But scorn'd my kindness, and despis'd my  
charms ;

[move,  
No tears cou'd melt you, and no words cou'd  
(Rebel to truth, to nature, and to love,)  
But hard, unfeeling as the ore you gain'd,  
You saw me weeping, trembling, captive  
chain'd,

While each gay vision, which you taught to  
rise,

Each dear delusion, vanish'd from my eyes :  
Joy from this breast for ever forc'd to part,  
And every hope was banish'd from my heart.  
This was my lot,—still is, while now I write,  
Toils fill the day, and misery the night ;  
Each night renews my mournful task to weep,  
And long my sorrows banish'd gentle sleep.  
And oh! thus wretched, friendless, and  
forlorn,

[borne ;  
The pangs of childbirth helpless have I  
But to the babe (I thank indulgent heaven)  
A happier fate than *Yarico's* was given ;  
Clos'd are its eyes in everlasting sleep,—  
It never knew to sigh, nor liv'd to weep ;  
In peace it rests beneath the grass green sod,  
And its pure spirit flies to meet its God.  
Thrice happy lot! oh, had propitious heav'n,  
A fate like this, to me as timely given ;  
Ere I saw you had lain me in the grave,  
A harmless virgin, not a wretched slave!

—A wretched slave for ever must I be,  
And will no pitying mortal set me free ?  
Will no kind hand the least assistance give,  
But e'en in age must I a captive live ?  
Yet, yet I hope,—nor let that hope be vain,  
That *Inkle* may commiserate my pain ;—  
Yet, yet I hope, that bosom may relent,  
And for the slave a ransom may be sent ;  
The generous boon for once in pity send,  
I ask not of the lover, but the friend.

Then thankful will I seek my native shore,  
Nor shall you hear of my sad story more ;  
But in those distant shades, (can you forget)  
Those peaceful shades, where first we met ;  
With grateful heart I'll beg of heaven to shed  
Its choicest blessings on my *Inkle's* head.  
Oh! grant but this! tis all a captive prays,  
And peace attend and plenty crown your days.

A M I C U S.

## PRIZE POEM.

## ODE to VIRTUE.

*This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;  
The peace and shelter of adversity.  
And if you pant for glory, build your fame  
On this foundation, which the secret shock  
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.*

ARMSTRONG.

**O** Virtue! heav'nly pow'r, assist my lays,  
Accept this feeble tribute to thy praise;  
If thou propitious smile,  
My labours to beguile,  
Then shall each measure faultless flow & free,  
An emblem of thyself, all purity!

Where greatness holds its court,  
In Majesty of state,  
Let others cringing wait,  
Of knaves and fools the sport;  
Virtue! I bow before thy shrine,  
Nor wish to make the wealthy patron mine.

When the great ruler of the earth  
Gave to this vast creation birth,  
On high thou saw'st the fabric rise,  
And spread'd it with him the starry skies,  
And in his book he wrote the fixt decree,  
"Blest be the man who guides his life by thee."

By thee inspir'd, thy vot'ries shall sustain  
All that fierce rage and malice can invent;  
And when in silence and sad dungeons pent,  
Smile at each threat, and fondly hug their chain;

While the proud tyrant, who insists their doom, [tomb,  
Drives far the thought of darkness and the  
Yet to himself reserves the keenest dart,  
The gnawing worm that preys upon the heart. [known,  
So when great Paul thy glorious truths made  
The mighty Felix trembled on his throne,  
With horror fill'd, and dire dismay,

The tyrant felt  
His inward guilt,  
And saw his crimes in dread array.  
Yes! in celestial garment dress'd,  
And with impartial justice arm'd,  
Thou visit'st not the haughty breast,  
By guilty passions still alarm'd;  
But like thine author deign'st to rest,  
Where'er the heart with gratitude is warm'd.

Yet some there are, who bound to sordid sense,  
And lur'd by ev'ry smile to pleasure's arms,  
Deny that thou to joy claim'st just pretence,  
And load contempt on all thy fairest charms.  
But hast thou pow'r, when sad afflictions wound,

To soothe the troubled breast,  
To lull each care to rest,  
Yet in thyself shalt there no bliss be found;  
Or when a prosperous ray  
Breaks forth, and gilds our day,  
Art not thou still with foreign blessings crown'd

Ye sons of earth,  
Who boast of joys,  
Which nought but noise  
And wanton riot call to birth;  
Know that the sons of Virtue find  
Their bliss is seated in the mind;  
Nor owes its rise to empty wish;  
Serene, if with a prosperous gale,  
Down life's adventurous tide they sail,  
Resign'd, if storms and wrecks prevail.

And as the Goddess ever true,  
Holds the transporting prize in view;  
They drop the world, nor heave a sigh,  
And soar to realms beyond the sky.

Bath, Nov. 17, 1774.

O. P. Q.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.  
Mental and personal Beauty contrasted.

**M**USE! venture forth, nor dread the fiery  
rage  
Of snarling critics, eager to engage;  
Defy the malice of that hostile train,  
Nor once the labour of thy pen restrain;  
Thy theme shall plead for each unpolish'd  
line,  
Thy genius brighten, and thy sense refine.  
What wonder, when its soft enchanting art  
Attracts the passions, and arrests the heart,  
Aids ev'ry grace improves each pow'r to please,  
And wins our love by slow yet sure degrees.

Can outward beauty claim the least pre-  
tence  
To vie with the superior charms of sense?  
Can the just symmetry of every part,  
Atone for virtues absent from the heart?  
If bright the casket, is the gem should be,  
Nor spot, nor blemish, stain its purity.  
When Damon first beheld Maria's face,  
Her perfect features, and her finish'd grace,  
With wonder struck, he gaz'd, ador'd, admir'd,  
And felt his soul with warmest passion fir'd.  
So happy in the object of his love,  
He envy'd not the deities above:  
Maria's charms his every thought employ,  
She the kind source and fount of all his joy;  
But soon the transport of his bosom dies,  
Soon other joys in swift succession rise,  
Approach uncall'd, and banish from the  
mind

The faint impression that was left behind,  
Till the bright image gradually decays,  
And scarce a sonnet celebrates her praise;  
Tho' late in raptures, and with love oppress'd,  
The Urchin God no longer fires his breast.

But how shall I the luckless scene unfold,  
Which fate had destin'd Damon to behold?  
Maria, who had sworn eternal truth,  
And vow'd a lasting kindness for the youth,  
Was seen by Damon at a crowded ball,  
With twenty fond admirers at her call;  
At distance plac'd, he saw the lavish fair  
Deal round her favors with a wanton air;  
Here a soft look, and there a smile dispense,  
Then chide another for impertinence;

Q2

New

Now praise Hillario's rich embroider'd coat,  
Or on Amintor's easy manner doat ;  
Struck at the sight, he execrations pour'd,  
And scorn'd the beauty he so late ador'd ;  
Disgust succeeded passion's short-liv'd reign,  
And strong aversion follow'd in its train.

A mighty alteration this ! how strange !  
How are the youth's affections prone to change !

Methinks I hear some angry female cry,  
With indignation sparkling in her eye :  
Suppose Maria does admire the beaux,  
Commend one's manner & another's cloaths ;  
Must she be deaf, insensible, and mute,  
Because that Damon pays to her his suit ?  
A better reason I have heard assign'd,  
Why thus he flights the maid and proves unkind ;

By nature fickle, ever apt to rove,  
Cleora now engages all his love ;  
If she gave liberties, yet paid regard  
To decency, I think her case is hard.

Yes, true, Cleora had engag'd the youth,  
Yet rashly blame him not for want of truth ;  
Maria's study'd looks, and passion feign'd,  
Could not maintain the conquest they had gain'd,  
Short was the triumph, tho' with ease obtain'd.

But when Cleora his attention drew,  
He most admir'd the charms conceal'd from view ;

'Twas not that ev'ry feature in her face  
Beam'd beauty, or that every air was grace ;  
'Twas not the lustre darting from her eye,  
Or that her lips could with bright coral vie ;  
Within, the image of the godhead shone,  
And goodness there triumphant reign'd alone ;  
Alike remote from levity and pride,  
She ne'er the arts of proud coquets had try'd ;  
Courteous and meek, to her own merit blind,  
And to her sex's foibles always kind.  
Ask round the village who relieves their cares ?  
Whom most they love, for whom send up their pray'rs ?

Ev'n lisping prattlers strive to speak her name,  
And hoary heads her gen'rous deeds proclaim.  
Such was Cleora ;—and could Damon prove  
False to his vows ? forbid it heav'nly love ;  
Sooner shall misers throw their gold away,  
And darkness be prefer'd to Heav'n's pure day.

Drawn by the charms of virtue and good sense,  
Simplicity, and white-rob'd innocence,  
He loves from sentiment, and owns with shame

His former passion scarce deserv'd the name.  
Each day new graces and endearments rise,  
Which bind them by inseparable ties,  
Till Hymen crowns their bliss, and bids them prove

The joys of union and domestic love.

Hence be advis'd, ye fair ! "to men of sense,  
Your strongest charms are native innocence ;

" Art on the mind, like paint upon the face,  
" Frights him that's worth your love from your embrace :

" In simple manners all the secret lies,  
" Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wife."

Bath, 23d Nov. 1774.

O. P. Q.

To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.

Barclay in his *Argenis*, lib. 2. cap. 4. tells of a Syrian merchant who brought with him for sale a silken bracelet, fill'd with precious stones of various kinds, with their colours so artfully disposed as to represent the figures of wild beasts flying or enraged, pursued or encountered by the hunters. The value both of the jewels and the workmanship was immense, being rated at 50 talents. This gave occasion to a most charming piece of Latin Poetry, the spirit of which I have endeavoured to transfuse into our own language for the entertainment of your readers. How far I have succeeded must be left to them.

### THE BRACELET.

SAY ye, who from the neighb'ring shore behold

Illustrious *Phæbus* mount his car of gold,  
From *Thetis*' lap emerging, to your eyes  
With what excess of glory does he rise !  
Who bids the diamond, like himself, to blaze,  
To the green em'rald such gay light conveys,  
Blends the pale onyx with a varied hue,  
Whose substance lucid but in part we view ;  
Gives the *Pyropus* from his fire a name,  
And gilds their azure spots with vivid flame !  
The mingled dies insweet confusion glow,  
Like wat'ry *Iris*' variegated bow !

Yet not the product of a single coast  
Are all : What soil such excellence can boast ?  
Some the vast *Ganges*, some *Hydaspes* laves,  
Orient the pearl from *Erythræan* waves.  
To form one Bracelet ev'ry clime combines,  
And the whole east in these gay textures shines.

[Can find ?]  
O heav'n ! What skill its worth immense  
What hand shall such a glitt'ring circle bind ?  
In the firm stones the light alternate floats ;  
How well this gem the hunter's image notes !  
See, where the stag exults in wealthy pride,  
While the lance speeds in light'ning to his side !

How the grim lion with his value swells !  
Did the lame God, in *Lemnos* he who dwells,  
Or *Ialyfians*\* on the *Rhodian* strand,  
Thus plant the jewels with bewitching hand ?  
How well these gems might *Love's* great arm enrobe,  
When with his flash he shakes the solid globe !

\* The artists of *Ialyfium*, in the island of *Rhodes*, were so curious, that their workmanship was reckoned a sort of fascination.

Her storm of wrath with such a present laid,  
Rich *Juno* would forget her injur'd bed.

But you, whoe'er (if lustre of a name,  
Or heav'n-born truth, your best affection  
claim)

Shall gain the glory, all admiring eyes  
To charm with this inestimable prize,  
See! that not this alone our wonder raise,  
But let your minds with brighter beauties  
blaze,

Left these be judged the brilliant stones, but  
you. [threw.

Of the coarse kind which *Pyrrha*\* backward

\* Alluding to the story of Deucalion and  
*Pyrrha* in our *Miscellany* for October.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

### ORPHEUS.

An Imitation of *BORRHIUS*.

*Felix, qui potuit boni  
Fontem visere lucidum, &c.*

**S**UPREME! blest the man, who cou'd  
Behold the glorious source of good!  
Whose firm resolves of doing well  
Cou'd break the chains of earth and hell!

When once the widow'd bard of *Thrace*,  
With solemn airs, his hapless case  
Sweetly bewail'd! the list'ning grove,  
Enchanted with his strains, cou'd more:  
The liquid floods forgot to flow,  
Such was the charming pow'r of woe!  
The spotted hind enjoy'd the song  
Dauntless, her bridled foes among;  
And hares, attentive to the sound,  
Sat fearless by the placid hound.

The pow'r of music all confess'd,  
All but the woful master's breast:  
His song un pitying heav'n upbraids,  
While sad he seeks th' infernal shades;  
There summons all his tuneful art,  
His measure there new joys impart;  
The hollow regions all around  
Re-echo back the plaintive sound,  
While ev'ry air attends his lyre,  
That grief cou'd swell or love inspire.  
The triple *Carb'rus* stood at gaze,  
Silent and raptur'd with amaze;  
The furies too relented then,  
And shar'd for once the mourner's pain;  
No longer turn'd *Ixion's* wheel,  
Nor *Tantalus* his thirst cou'd feel,  
*Tityus* awhile untortur'd lay,  
The Vultur now disdain'd his prey.—

Vanquish'd at length, grim *Pluto* cry'd,  
"Give back the bard his lovely bride,  
His lost *Euridice* restore,  
"Redeem'd by strains unheard before.  
"But still be thus the gift restrain'd,  
"Since thus of old the fates ordain'd,  
"If back he turn his wishful sight  
"Again to view the realms of night,

"For ever doom'd be then his eyes  
"To lose the now-remitted prize."

Alas! what laws can Love controul,  
That lawless tyrant of the soul?  
As now the *Thracian* lover sped  
Along the confines of the dead,  
Some anxious cares possess'd his mind,  
He turn'd him round with hope to find  
The fair, who seem'd to lag behind:  
But, ah! the fair no more he views,  
For ever lost from fear to lose!

O you, whose wishes lead the way  
To realms of never-ending day,  
Look forward still, and still prevail,  
Urg'd by the moral of my tale.  
Who raise the view to things above  
No fancy'd retrospect should move,  
Since such must all that's dear forego,  
If once they fix their eyes below.

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For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

Advice to PARENTS and TEACHERS.

Occasioned by the following passage in  
*TERENCE*, viz.

*Hoc patrium est, potius consuefacere filium  
Suâ sponte recte facere, quam alieno metu.  
Hoc pater ac dominus interest: hoc qui nequit  
Fateatur nescire imperare liberis.* ADELPH.

**I**N all your teaching keep the rod aloof,  
For vice alone can merit such reproof.  
Yet where an obstinate perverseness rules,  
It well demands the rigour of the schools.  
To other failings be correction kind,  
Encouragement best suits a gen'rous mind.  
But laws imperious gentle tempers change;  
Dislike creating and aversion strange:  
Soft spirits are by cruelty outdone,  
And roughness mars what goodness would  
have won.

Paternal he, whose conduct gains the child  
Wisely by choice to act, humanely mild.  
No charms has learning, and no grace the  
law,

Blacken'd by terrors and enforc'd by awe:  
But where instruction and discretion lead,  
Where ardour spurs and honour is the meed,  
With hasty steps he seeks the muses' haunts,  
The scene invites him, and the lore enchants.  
Thus train'd with happiest care, aloft he  
springs,

\*Like the bold eagle on parental wings,  
Who while his eyes enjoy th' effulgent ray,  
Plumes his new pinions in the blaze of day.

But some, condemn'd to ignorance and ease,  
Celestial science has no charms to please;  
Perversely rude and fatally unlearn'd,  
Where the blank tablet may be still discern'd;  
As on the barren rock the copious rain,  
Diverted from the glebe, descends in vain,  
The seeds of knowledge to no end are cast,  
And discipline, pour'd in, runs off as fast.

\* *Deuteronomy* xxxii. ii.

Q 9 e

Be

Be foreign languages infill'd with ease,  
Alluring method, and a plan to please:  
Who teaches *French* by *French*, or *Greek* by  
*Greek*?

Why then by *Latin*, *Latin* learn to speak?  
But let his own peculiar tongue convey  
Those first instructions which with ease  
it may;

And let your rules with early fancy chime,  
Adding to sense the jingle of a rhyme;  
So shall the words a ready entrance find,  
And through the ravish'd ear engage the  
mind;  
As horses in a team enjoy the sound,  
Nor heed the burden while the bells ring  
round.

This done; in *Roman* rules he may review  
All that he learn'd, grammatical and true;  
As ease and pleasure introduc'd the past,  
Sameness and judgment will impress the last.

When vers'd in these, select from all the  
rest,

Few classic authors, and of them the best,  
Where the sweet dignity of graceful ease  
Will claim the heart, and must for ever please;  
Where judgment should remark in ev'ry line  
Ideas well express'd, nor spun too fine:  
These charm the sense, and give us joys in  
store,

Like half-seen beauties, while we guess at  
more,

And please, like mod'rate dainties on your  
plate,

Enough to feed, but not enough to sate.  
For works of spirit will for ever shine,  
Age is the test of learning and of wine.  
Some pieces that, once read, might please the  
taste,

At length turn eager, and go off in haste,  
While those of genuine worth will still engage,  
Mend on the palate, and improve with age.

Would you to youth the suasive pow'rs  
impart

To force conviction or to mend the heart,  
Yourself with open voice, distinct and true,  
Speak first, and let him learn to speak from  
you;

While flowing action urges home the cause,  
Gilds ev'ry period and demands applause,  
In public speaking few perfection reach;  
PRONUNCIATION is the life of speech:  
Who takes the eye and ear performs the  
whole;

Through these affections all engage the soul.

Now lead him to the Muses' sacred seat,  
Where *Cam* or *Isis* lave the calm retreat;  
Where science sage, and social converse join'd,  
Improve the manners and enlarge the mind.

Oh! How my soul regrets her early days,  
Torn from the reverend seats of learned ease,  
Where peace unshaken held her bless'd abode,  
And the mild stream of temperate pleasure  
flow'd,  
Nor fear'd by oblique eyes to be survey'd,  
Or in reflexion's equal balance weigh'd!

## TECHNICAL VERSES.

*An Address to an Ironmonger, on his Birth-day.*

OH, LOCKMAN! may thy angel true  
Thy chain of life extend,  
And add a thousand links thereto;  
So prays thy merry friend.

And may'st thou neither rust nor stain,  
Nor canker ever feel;  
With heart as soft as silken skin,  
Thy ribs be ribs of steel.

Loud as a cannon through the land,  
May thy good name resound,  
And the strong hammer of thy hand  
Thy enemies confound.

Aided by thee, my verses flow,  
Their tinkling owe to thee,  
As iron sharp'neth iron, so  
Thy friendship sharp'neth me.

Keen be thy sense, like sword that's try'd,  
Thy wit like point of prong;  
Thy judgment like a saw, divide  
The right side from the wrong.

Firm as an anvil may'st thou bear  
The strokes of ev'ry clime;  
And, like an harden'd file, still wear  
The teeth of envious time.

Round in thyself, like polish'd ball,  
Shine always smooth and bright;  
When other IRONMONGERS full,  
May'st thou stand bolt upright:

And when life's forge will work no more,  
Fire gone, and metal cold;  
Alchemist DEATH, at touch, thy ore  
Shall all transmute to gold.

Long as the plough shall turn the mould,  
Or needle seek the pole;  
While fetters, locks, and bars can hold,  
Thy love shall nail my soul.

Cambridge.

TOGATUS.

\*\*\*\*\*  
To Miss HILL, of BRISTOL, on hearing her  
play upon the HARPSICORD.

By NATHANIEL ELLIOT.

WHENCE spring those charming notes,  
inchantress, tell,  
Which bind me captive by this artful spell?  
Is there some god confin'd within that case,  
Who, with thy touch enraptur'd, longs to see  
thy face?

Or art thou, fair one, of the sacred nine,  
Who in that form conceal'st the maid divine?  
Whoe'er thou art, if yet thou hast no name,  
I'll call thee Goddess; O, my breast inflame!  
And let my verse an easy cadence know,  
Soft as those sounds which from thy fingers  
flow,

Orpheus' no more, nor sweet Timotheus'  
strain, [swain;  
Shall charm the brute, or rouse the timid.  
But harmoniz'd by my superior lay,  
Like me, all nature shall thy power obey.

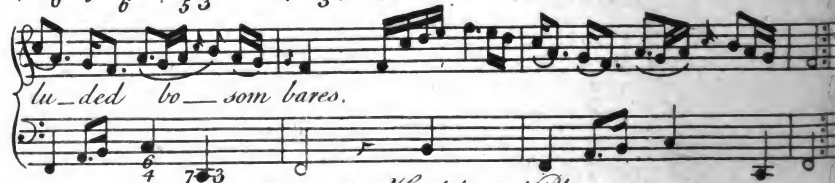
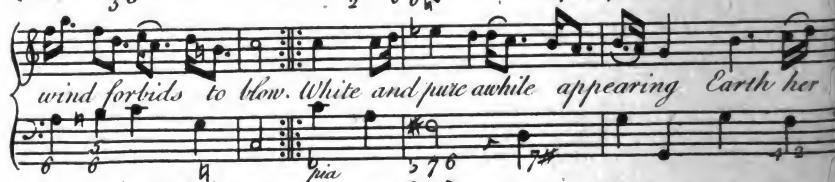
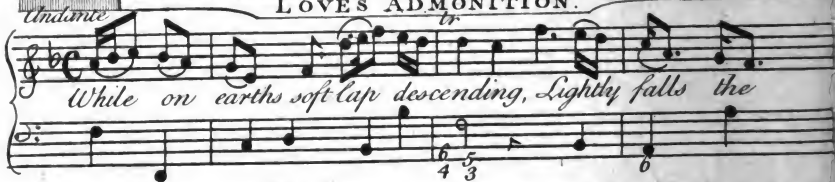
A LIST





# LOVE'S ADMONITION.

*Andante*



MIRA, thus while Health and Pleasure  
Our exulting Hearts possess,  
Oh! how great the Lovers Treasure!  
Oh! how fair is Nature's Dress!  
But the fading Landscape dying  
May give place to scenes of Woe!  
Joys alas! are ever flying;  
Nought is certain here below.

A LIST of MEMBERS returned for the *New Parliament*,

And of the unsuccessful Candidates. [Concluded.]

[Those set in *Italic* are new Members, those marked thus \* represented other Places in the last Parliament, and those marked † mean to petition.]

Aldborough, *Yorkh. Charles Wilkinson, Esq.*  
*Abel Smith, Esq.*  
 Appleby, Philip Honeywood, Esq.  
 George Johnstone, \* Esq.  
 Beaumaris, Sir Hugh Williams.  
 Deorahston, Sir Francis Henry Drake, Bt.  
 Hon. George Hobart  
 Boffiney, Hon. Henry Lawes Luttrell,  
 Rt. Hon. Lord Mountiutart.  
 Callington, *John Dyke Acland, Esq.*  
 William Skrine, Esq.  
 Denbigh, Richard Myddleton, Esq.  
 Eastlowe, Sir Ch. Whitworth, J. Buller, Esq.  
 St. Germain's, Ed. Elliot, B. L'Anglois, Esqrs.  
 Grimsby, Jos. Mellish, *Evelyn Anderson, Esqrs.*  
 Haverfordwest, William Edwardes, Esq.  
 Hertford, John Calvert, Paule Fielde, Esqrs.  
 Helston, Cornwall, *(a double return)*  
 Marq. Caermarthen, *Fra. Owen, Esq.*  
 Fra. Cockayne Cnst, *Ph. Yorke, Esqrs.*  
 Horham, Right Hon. Jere. Dyson \*.  
 James Wallace, Esq.  
 St. Ives, Adam Drummond, *W. Pined, Esqrs.*  
 Liskeard, Samuel Salt, *Edw. Gibbons, Esqrs.*  
 Leithwithel, *Vf. Fairfield, Cha. Brett, Esq.*  
 Lincolnshire, Lord Brownlow Bertie,  
*Charles Anderson Pelham, Esq.*  
 Lincoln, Lord Viscount Lumley,  
 Robert Viner, jun. Esq.  
 Lymington, Sir Harty Burrard, Bart.  
 Edward Merant, Esq.  
 Merionethshire, *Tho. Althethon Smith, Esq.*  
 St. Maw's, Ld Clare, \* Hugh Boscawen, Esq.  
 St. Michael, Ja. Scawen, John Stephenson,  
 Newcastle-under- *Lord Vife. Cheriton, [Esqrs.]*  
 Line, Sir George Hay, Knt.  
 Oakhampton, Richard Vernon, Esq. \*  
 Alex. Wedderburn, \* Esq.  
 Plympton, Sir Richard Phillips, Bart.  
 Paul Henry Ouiry, Esq.  
 Reigate, Hon. John Yorke, Sir Cha. Cocks.  
 Richmond, Right Hon. Sir Lawr. Dundas, \*  
 Thomas Dundas, \* Esq.  
 Saltaish, Grey Cooper, Th. Bradshaw, Esqrs.  
 Shereham, *Charles Goring, Esq.* 372  
 Rt. H. Sir John Shelly, \* 320  
 Unsuccessful, Mr. Aldridge, 199  
 Suffex, Lord George Henry Lennox,  
 Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson,

† Unsuccessful, Sir James Peachy.  
 The number polled for Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson was 112 more than for Sir James Peachy; and of 3907 freeholders who polled, 3583 voted for Lord Lennox. Sir James accuses the sheriff of partiality, and means to refer the merits of the election to the House of Commons.—This opposition, it is said, cost upwards of £5,000.  
 Tavistock, Right Hon. Richard Rigby,  
 Hon. Rd. Fitzpatrick, \* jun.  
 Truro, Bamber Gascoyne, Esq.  
 George Boscawen, jun. Esq.

Tregony, Hon. G. L. Parker, Al. Leith, Esq.  
 Westmoreland, Sir James Lowther, \*  
*Sir Michael le Fleming.*  
 Westloo, *Wm. James, Cha. Ogilvie, Esqrs.*  
 Whitchurch, Rt. H. Tho. Townshend, jun.  
 Lord Viscount Middleton.

## SCOTLAND.

Aberdeenshire, Alexander Garden, Esq;  
 Annan, &c. Wm. Douglas, jun. Esq.  
 Argyllshire, Col. Adam Livingstone.  
 Brechin, Aberdeen, &c. Hon. Tho Lyon.  
 Bute and Caithnesshire, *Hon. James Stuart.*  
 Clackmannan, &c. *Col. Ralph Abercrombie, 15*  
 Unsuccessful, Capt. Erskine, — 10  
 Cromartyshire, Hon. Cosmo Gordon.  
 Dumbartonshire, Sir Archib. Edmondstone.  
 Dumfriesshire, *Major Robert Laurie, jun.*  
 Dumfriesline, &c. *Archibald Campbell, Esq.*  
 Elginshire, *Hon. Arthur Duff.*  
 Elgin, Cullen, &c. *Colonel Staats Long Morris.*  
 Forth, Forreth, &c. *HeSor Munro, Esq.*  
 Invernesshire, Major-Gen. Simon Fraser.  
 Kircudbright, William Stewart, \* Esq.  
 Unsuccessful, Mr. Heron.  
 Orkney & Zetlandsh. Tho. Dundas, jun. Esq.  
 Perthshire, Hon. James Murray.  
 Rothsay, Inverary, &c. *Sir George Macartney.*  
 Sutherlandshire, Hon. James Wemyss.  
 Tain, Dornock, &c. *Lieut. Col. James Grant.*  
 Wigtonshire, Hon. Capt. Keith Stewart.  
 Wigton, &c. *Forres Duffwood, Esq.*

## Returned for different places.

J. Adams, Esq. for Wendover & Cammarthen.  
 John Buller, Esq. Launceston and East Loec.  
 Edm. Burke, Esq. Bristol and Malton.  
 Ld Tho. Clinton, Westminster & East Retford.  
 Wenman Coke, Esq. Norfolk and Derby.  
 Sir Law. Dundas, Richmond & Edinburgh.  
 Tho. Dundas, Esq. Richmond & Strlingshire.  
 Tho. Fonnereau, Esq. Alceburgh & Sudbury.  
 G. Johnstone, Esq. Appleby & Cocker-mouth.  
 Herb. Mackworth, Esq. Midhurst & Cardiff.  
 Sir Wm. Mayne, Canterbury & Gatton.  
 Sir Ja. Lowther, Cumberland & Westmorel.  
 C. Mellish, Esq. Pontefract & Rotherghbridge.  
 Hu. Morice, Esq. Launceston and Newport.  
 Flet. Norton, Esq. Carlisle & Cocker-mouth.  
 James Scawen, Esq. Surry and St. Michael.  
 Robert Scott, Esq. Gatton & Wotton-Basset.  
 Clement Tudway, Esq. Wells and Midhurst.  
 Alex. Wedderburn, Esq. Okehampton and  
 Castle-Rising.

## Double Returns, for Helstone &amp; Milborne-Port.

## Seats already vacated.

Leicestershire, by the Hon. Tho. Norton, suc-  
 ceeding his father as Lord V. Wentworth.  
 Saltaish, by the death of Tho. Bradshaw, Esq.  
 Shrewsbury, by the death of Lord Clinton.  
 Cricklade, by the death of Wm. Coke, Esq.  
 Helston, by the death of Fra. Owen, Esq.



*The fashionable Dress for December, as established at St. James's and Bath.*

**I**N FULL DRESS, the Ladies wear their Hair as given in our last Miscellany, with small Flies and short Lappets, or round Lappets in fancy, with Rose Flowers, and Diamond or Pearl Pins in the Centre of each;—rich plain Silks or Satins, of a Barré, (orange) Damson, Fire, or Mulberry Colour, trimmed with Brussels, Point, or Mignonette; or Chenille Blond, or Gauze, ornamented with Tassels and Flowers;—embroidered Shoes to match the Silks, and small Rose Buckles.

Rich plain Silk Night-gowns, or French Jackets, with Lappels, puckered round cuffs, and double robbers;—white or coloured Satin Cloaks lined and trimmed with Skin;—black Hats or Bonnets full trimm'd with Lace;—Feather, Velvet, or Silks Muffs;—Slippers with white Heels and small Roses;—constitute the fashionable **UNDRESS**.

**MARRIED.**

**T**HE Right Hon. Viscount Gormanston, to Miss Robinson, daughter of the late John Robinson, Esq; of Denston-hall in Suffolk.

John Nott, Esq; of Bell-hall, Somersetshire, to Miss Mary Parry, only daughter of Evan Parry, Esq; of Woodland, Pembrokehire.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Robinson, fellow of Trinity college in Cambridge, to Miss Mary Boys, of Mepal, in the Isle of Ely.

At Neath in Glamorganshire, Michael Southcote, Esq; to Miss Popkins, daughter and sole heiress of Thomas Popkins, Esq.

Mr. Weatherby, printer, of Plymouth, to Miss Elizabeth Rowlands, daughter of James Rowlands, Esq; of the Exchequer.

John Bainbridge, Esq; of Trinity college, to Miss Prince, daughter of Mr. Prince, apothecary, of Cambridge.

Gwynn Vaughan, Esq; of Jordanston in Pembrokehire, to Miss Gill, of Kettlethorpe, Yorkshire.

Henry Overton, Esq; of Wangate, to Miss Sophia Baines, of Soho-square.

Stephen Popham, Esq; of Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Miss Anne Thomas, grand-daughter of Sir George Thomas, Bart.

The Rev. Mr. Halke, fellow of Clare-hall, Cambridge, to Miss Thomas, of Canterbury. At his country seat in Bucks, Henry Smeaton, Esq; to Miss Armstrong, a young-lady of large fortune.

George Smith, Esq; of Norwich, to Miss Charlotte Gay.

Thomas Sheppard, Esq; of Littlecott, to Miss Cotton; of Thornton in Bucks.

Rev. Thomas Willife, rector of Bleakely in Bucks, to Miss Hyde, only daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Hyde.

Charles Edwards, Esq; high-sheriff of Exeter, to Miss Jackson, of Clift-house, Devon.

At Salisbury, Mr. Francis Jarrett, aged 76, to Mrs. Eliz. Martin, a maiden lady of 62.

At Poole, Charles Hare, Esq; to the celebrated Miss Ford.

Mr. Marsh, attorney at law, to Miss Brown, daughter of Dr. Brown, of Romsey.

At Westbury, Wilts, Bryan Edwards, Esq; to Miss Martha Phipps, 3d daughter of T. Phipps, Esq; and grand-daughter of Dr. Hele.

John Embery, Esq; of Tewkesbury, to Miss Hancock, daughter of Peter Hancock, Esq; of Twinning, Gloucestershire.

**DIED.**

At Redrice near Andover, the Right Hon. Stephen Lord Holland, Baron of Foxley in Wilts, and Clerk of the Pells in Ireland. His Lordship married Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, sister to the Earl of Upper Ossory, by whom he had issue one daughter, and a son, now an infant, to whom the title descends.

Of a nervous disorder in his stomach, the Right Hon. Robert Lord Clive, of Plassey in Ireland, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Salop and Montgomery, Knight of the Bath, and Major-general in the East-Indies, Member for Shrewsbury, LL. D. F. R. S. His Lordship had been twice governor of Bengal, and commander in chief of the King's and Company's forces in that province. His Lordship, in jaghire and estate, is said to have died worth fifty odd thousand pounds a year. The former, however, (which is 30,000l. per ann.) has but a certain number of years to run.—He has left by will to his Lady 2000l. per annum, and 10,000l. as also the seat at Clermont in Surry, during her Ladyship's life.

Wm. Earle, Esq; member in the present Parliament for Cricklade in Wilts.

The Countess Dowager of Effingham, one of the Ladies of her Majesty's bed-chamber: It is said her death was occasioned by a fright she received by her cloaths taking fire as she sat reading at her apartments at Hampton-Court.

At Dunkeld in Scotland, in his 46th year, His Grace John Murray, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Athol, Marquis of Tullibardine, &c. and one of the sixteen peers of Scotland. He married his cousin Lady Charlotte, Baroness Strange, and Lady of the Isle of Man, by which marriage the heirs male and of line of this illustrious family were conjoined.

At Bath, Dr. James Johnson, Bishop of Worcester. His death was occasioned by a fall from his horse; which caused an internal hæmorrhage.

Aged 75, Lady Conyers, mother of Sir Blackstone Conyers, collector at Newcastle.

In Scotland, Sir William Seton, Bart.

The Lord Bishop of Bangor, senior canon of Windsor, and rector of West Illey.

At West Cowes, John Stephens, Esq; formerly a banker in London.

At Salisbury, Mrs. Golding, aged 95.

Thomas Bradshaw, Esq; one of the lords of the admiralty.  
 At Taormina in Sicily, the Right Hon. the Earl of Morton, whose death was occasioned by a cold and fever, caught from the fatigue of ascending Mount *Ætna*, to view that extraordinary natural curiosity.  
 Sir W. Stephenson, Knt, father-in-law to Mr. Sawbridge, and an alderman of London.  
 At his seat at Shakenhurst in Worcestershire, Charles Watkins Meysey, Esq.  
 The Rev. Mr. Bullen, rector of Kennet, near Newmarket.  
 Rev. Mr. Lyfon, rector of Hannington, Wilts. Aged upwards of 80, the Rev. Tho. Hunt, D. D. canon of Christ church, regius professor of Hebrew, and Laud's professor of Arabic, in the university of Oxford; and rector of Bix, near Henley.  
 At Deal in Kent, in his 88th year, the Rev. and learned Nicholas Carter, D. D. rector of Woodchurch and Ham, and curate of St. George's chapel in Deal, ever since its consecration, in 1715.  
 Charles Phillips, Esq; late member of Camelford, and lieu. col. of the Cornwall militia.  
 At Naples, the Marquis of Maho, formerly minister from this court to Vienna.  
 In a fit of apoplexy, at the same place, the Sieur Jomelli, a famous composer of music.  
 At Wigton, Mr. Jeremiah Stoddart, merchant and linen-manufacturer. He had perhaps as strong a memory as any man living; he employed not less than twenty weavers and spinsters, and for those and the other parts of his business, buying, selling, &c. he kept no accounts, but left the whole to his memory.  
 Mrs. Bostock, wife of the Rev. Dr. Bostock, canon of Windsor.  
 The Rev. Dr. Ridley, minister of Poplar, and rector of Weston in Norfolk.  
 The Hon. Mrs. Eleonora Bothwell, daughter of the deceased Henry Lord Bothwell.  
 In his 71st year, Mr. Richard Samborne, an eminent wine-merchant, of Salisbury, and senior alderman of that corporation.  
 Patrick Murdock, D. D. F. R. S. rector of the parish of Stradishall in Suffolk, &c.  
 John Langley Watts, Esq; mayor of Norwich.  
 At Middleton-Tyas in Yorkshire, Leonard Hartley, Esq; in his 80th year.  
 Edmund Chamberlain, Esq; of Maugersbury in Gloucestershire, Esq.  
 Mr. Henry Munby, attorney, of Beverley.  
 Wm. Andrew Pine, Esq; governor of Suratt in the East-Indies, said to have left 100,000l.  
 The Earl of Belvedere, muster-master general of his Majesty's forces in Ireland.  
 At the Hotwells, aged 101, Mr. Emanuel Smithson, a speaker among the Quakers.  
 Francis Woodhouse, of Aramstone in Herefordshire, Esq.  
 Suddenly, in an apoplectic fit, Mr. William Alexander, merchant, in Cateaton-street.  
 John Burnaby, Esq; one of the oldest gentlemen of the King's privy chamber.  
 Henry Baker, Esq; F. S. S. and S. A. S.  
 At Oxford, Rev. Dr. John Tottie, canon of Christ-church, & archdeacon of Worcester.  
 In Long-acre, John Wm. Webber, Esq.  
 Thomas Harris, Esq; serjeant-trumpeter to his Majesty.  
 Thomas Edge, Esq; yeoman of the ewry.

# ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wallop, master of Magdalen college, to be vice-chancellor of Cambridge university for the year ensuing.  
 Rev. Richard Browne, D. D. of Trinity college, Oxford, to be canon of Christ-church, and regius professor of Hebrew: And the Rev. Joseph White, A.M. to be Archbishop Laud's professor of Arabic, all in the room of the late Dr. Hunt.  
 The Rev. Lewis Boidaune, M. A. chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, to hold the vicarage of East-Dean in Suffex, with the vicarage of East-Meon, Hants.  
 Rev. Dr. Bray, rector of Exeter college, to the living of Bix in Oxfordshire.  
 The Bishop of Rochester, to hold the deanery of St. Peter, Westminster, in commendam with the said bishoprick.  
 Rev. Thomas Chamberlayne Coxo, chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, to hold the rectory of North Cerney, with the rectory of Avening in Gloucestershire.  
 Rev. Jeremiah Jackson, A. M. to the rectory of Manton in Rutlandshire.  
 Rev. Mr. Langford, to the vicarage of Sandridge near St. Alban's.  
 Rev. Samuel Phillips, B. A. to the vicarage of Hallerton in Suffolk.  
 Rev. Nicholas Wakeham, M. A. to hold the rectory of Ingham and Timworth, with the rectory of Bocking in Essex.  
 Rev. Wheler Bunce, to the rectory of Ham St. George in Kent.  
 Rev. Walter Driffeld, A. M. to hold the rectory of Erwarton in Suffolk, with the rectory of South-church in Essex.  
 Rev. Dr. Dodd, to the living of Wynge in Bucks.  
 Rev. Mr. Edmund Hickerlingill, to the vicarage of Acton in Suffolk.  
 Rev. Charles Page, master of Corsham school, to the rectory of Littleton, with the rectory of St. Peter, and vicarage of Bidstone St. Nicholas and Slaughtesford in Wilts.  
 Rev. John Woodcock, D. D. to hold the rectory of Ryford, with the vicarage of Sellack, and chapels of the King's-Caple, Maritow, and Pencoyd, in Herefordshire.  
 Rev. Peter Stephen Goddard, D. D. master of Clare-hall in Cambridge, to the rectory of Whepfsted in Suffolk.  
 Rev. John Francis, M. A. to the rectory of Woodton in Norfolk.  
 Rev. Henry Matthew Schutz, D. D. to the rectory of Oving in Bucks.  
 Rev. Dr. Thomas Bower, to the living of Aresford in Cardiganshire.  
 Rev. William Baker, B. A. to the vicarage of Wavendon, in Wilts.  
 Rev. Samuel Webb, M. A. to hold the rectory of Winford in Somerset, with the vicarage of Box in Wilts, void by the death of the Rev. Mr. Morris.

CIVIL AND MILITARY PROMOTIONS.  
 Sir Clifton Wintringham, Knt. Philip Jennings Clerke, of Duddleffon-hall in Shropshire, John Duntze, of Tiveton in Devon, and Wm. Pepperell, of Boston in America, Esqrs. to the dignity of Baronets of Great-Britain.  
 George Harrison, Esq; to the office of Windfor Herald of Arms, vacant by death.

The Earl of Shannon, to be muster-master general and clerk of the Cheque of his Majesty's forces in Ireland.

Mr. Sewel, one of the sons of Sir Tho. Sewel, to succeed the late Mr. Northey, as principal examiner in the court of Chancery.

Isaac Heard, Esq; to be Norroy King of Arms.

Right Hon. Sir George Macartney, to be constable and commander of his Majesty's fort of Poome in Ireland.

George Chamberlayne, Esq; to be secretary to the tax-office.

Robert Gammon, Esq; to be collector of the customs at Antigua.

Miss Louisa Cathcart, to be maid of honour to the Queen.

Miss Goldsworthy, daughter of the late Burlington Goldsworthy, Esq; to be sub-governess to the royal children.

The Hon. Lieut. Gen. Murray, late governor of Quebec, to be lieut. governor of Minorca.

Montague Burgoyne, Esq; to be inspector general of the inland duties, in place of G. J. Williams, Esq; made receiver-general.

John Walcot, Esq; to succeed Edmund Barham, Esq; (resigned) as agent for his Majesty's packet-boats at Dover; and John Lees, Esq; to succeed Mr. Walcot as secretary of the post-office at Dublin.

Lieut. Col. Beauclerc, to be governor of Pen-dennis Castle; and Col. James Grant, to be lieut. governor of Fort St. George.

William Eden, Esq; to a pension of 400l. a year, payable out of the 4 1-half per cents. collected in the Leeward islands.

Capt. Charles Saxton, of the 17th regiment, to the rank of major of the 45th, in the room of the Hon. Richard Digby, (brother to Lord Digby) preferred in the guards.

Wadsworth Bulk, Esq; to be attorney-general in the Isle of Man.

Thomas Rumfey, Esq; to be auditor for the duties on hides, coffee, &c.

1st troop of horse guards, Guidon and Major Peter Ryves Hawker, to be cornet and major. Exempt and Captain Thomas Dufour Eaton, guidon and major. Brigadier and Lieut. Richard William Wilson Bristow, exempt and captain. Sub-Brigadier and Cornet Thomas Otger, brigadier and lieutenant. James D'Auvergne, sub-brigadier and cornet.

2d troop of horse grenadier guards, Sub-Lieutenant Erasmus Corbett, to be guidon and captain. Adjutant and Sub-Lieut. Andrew Corbett, sub lieutenant.

11th reg. of dragoons, Cornet Peter Boissier, lieutenant.

8th reg. of foot, Ensign Henry Young, lieut.

16th reg. of foot, Captain Nicholas Cox, from half pay, captain.

36th reg. of foot, Thomas Moncrieffe, ensign.

48th reg. of foot, Charles John Carr, ensign. Rowley Godfrey, ensign. \*\*\*\* Houston, ensign.

Royal Americans, 2d battalion, Captain Thomas Grandidier, captain. Lieut. Diederick Brehm, captain-lieutenant. Ensign John Charles Schlosser, lieutenant. Louis Hal-dimand, ensign. Serjeant Major John Fleming, quarter-master.

65th reg. of foot, Ensign Roger Mostyn, lieut.

O'Hara's corps, Ensign Mathias M'Namara, lieutenant.

From the London Gazette, Nov. 26.

# AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From Nov. 14, to Nov. 17, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.

s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

London 6 5 | 3 3 | 3 3 | 2 1 | 3 4

## COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex	6	9			3	4	2	5	3	4
Surry	6	10	3	5	3	6	2	5	4	1
Hertford	7	1			3	5	2	4	4	1
Bedford	7	2	5	4	3	4	2	3	3	3
Cambridge	6	6	3	10	3	4	2	3	3	0
Huntingdon	6	9			3	4	2	3	3	6
Northampton	7	8	5	1	4	0	2	3	3	11
Rutland	7	1	4	9	4	1	2	1	2	10
Leicester	7	6	5	3	4	2	6	4	3	2
Nottingham	6	9	5	0	3	10	2	3	4	3
Derby	7	3			4	2	2	7	4	5
Stafford	7	8	5	2	4	1	2	2	4	10
Salop	7	4	5	7	3	11	2	2	4	7
Hereford	7	6								
Worcester	7	11	5	8	4	5	2	7	4	9
Warwick	8	9			4	5	2	11	5	5
Glocester	8	11			3	9	2	3	4	9
Wiltshire	7	0			3	4	2	6	4	10
Berks	7	2	4	8	3	3	2	6	3	11
Oxford	7	11			3	7	2	8	4	4
Bucks	7	1	4	0	3	6	2	3	3	9

## COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	6	4	3	4	3	0	2	2	3	5
Suffolk	5	11	2	11	3	0	2	1	2	11
Norfolk	5	7	3	1	2	8	2	0	3	5
Lincoln	6	4	4	2	3	5	1	10	3	5
York	6	1	4	7	3	3	1	11	3	8
Durham	5	9	4	0	3	1	2	0	4	4
Northum.	5	8	3	10	3	1	2	1	4	0
Cumberland	5	11	4	0	3	1	1	11	5	4
Westmorel.	6	7			3	0	1	10	3	6
Lancashire	6	3			3	2	2	2	3	9
Cheshire	6	8			4	0	2	2	3	9
Monmouth	7	3			3	6	1	10	3	9
Somerset	8	2	4	3	3	7	2	1	3	11
Devon	7	5			3	5	1	8		
Cornwall	6	2			3	0	1	7		
Dorset	7	4			3	1	2	3	4	7
Hampshire	6	10			3	3	2	4	4	4
Suffex	6	3			3	0	2	2	3	1
Kent	6	6			3	7	2	2	2	11

From Nov. 7, to Nov. 12, 1774.

## W A L E S.

North Wales	6	4	4	11	5	4	1	9	3	4
South Wales	6	8	5	4	3	4	1	6	3	2

## Part of SCOTLAND.

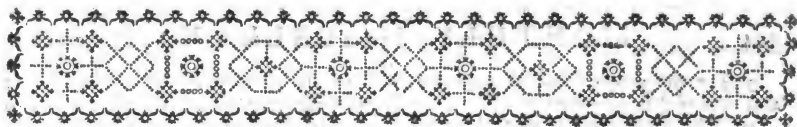
Wheat.	10	3	2	2	7	2	0	3	2	2	3
Rye.	4	10	3	2	2	7	2	0	3	2	2
Barley.	4	10	3	2	2	7	2	0	3	2	2
Oats.	4	10	3	2	2	7	2	0	3	2	2
Beans.	4	10	3	2	2	7	2	0	3	2	2

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## PRICE of STOCKS, Dec. 2.

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# S U P P L E M E N T

## TO THE

### SECOND VOLUME

#### OF THE

# MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

### THE PRINCIPLES OF

## Mr. PENN, FOUNDER of PENNSYLVANIA,

### ON GOVERNMENT.

*To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*



YOU have herewith the principles of Mr. William Penn on Government; who was the founder, and proprietary governor of Pennsylvania. By which you will see on what foundation the laws of that province were built, which was peopled in so short a time, and is now equal, if not superior, to any province in America.

I will only add, such was the true love and affection between Mr. Penn and the Pennsylvanians, that whenever he came to Pennsylvania, the people received him as their most affectionate father, in raptures of joy; and, when he left them, their sorrow was such, as not to have a dry eye on the shore; by which we may see what will make governors beloved, great, and glorious, and the people opulent, dutiful, and happy.

I am, &c.

R. Z.

1. Government has many shapes: but 'tis sovereignty, tho' not freedom, in all of them.

2. *Rex & Tyrannus* are very different characters: one rules his people by  
SUPP. VOL. II.

laws, to which they consent; the other by absolute will and power. *That* is called freedom, *this* tyranny.

3. The first is endanger'd by the ambition of the populace, which shakes the constitution; the other by an ill administration, which hazards the tyrant and his family.

4. It is great wisdom in both sorts, not to strain points too high with their people; for whether the people have a right to oppose them or not, they are ever sure to attempt it, when things are carried too far; tho' the remedy often proves worse than the disease.

5. Happy that King who is great by justice, and that people who are free by obedience!

6. Where the Ruler is just, he may be strict; else it is two to one it turns upon him; and tho' he should prevail, he can be no gainer, *where his people are the losers.*

7. Princes must not have passions in government, nor resent beyond interest and reason.

8. Where example keeps pace with authority, power hardly fails to be obeyed, and Magistrates honoured.

R r

9. Let

9. Let the people think they govern, and they will be governed.

10. This cannot fail, if those they trust are trusted.

11. That prince that is just to them in great things, and humours them oftentimes in small things, is sure to have them, and keep them from all the world.

12. For the people is the politic wife of the Prince, that may be better managed by wisdom, than ruled by force.

13. But where the Magistrate is partial, and serves ill turns, he loses his authority with the people, and gives the populace opportunity to gratify their ambition; and so lays a *stumbling-block* for his people to fall.

14. It is true, that where a subject is more popular than the Prince, the Prince is in danger: but it is as true, that is his own fault; for no body has the like means, interest, or reason, to be popular as he.

15. It is an unaccountable thing, that some Princes incline rather to be feared than loved; when we see that fear does not oftener secure a Prince against the dissatisfaction of his people, than love makes a subject too many for such a Prince.

16. Certainly service upon inclination is like to go farther than obedience upon compulsion.

17. The *Romans* had a just sense of this, when they placed *Optimus* before *Maximus* to their most illustrious Captains and *Cæsars*.

18. Besides, experience tells us, That goodness raises a nobler passion in the soul, and gives a better sense of duty than severity.

19. What did *Pharaoh* get by increasing the Israelites task? ruin to himself in the end.

20. Kings, chiefly in this, should imitate God: *Their Mercy should be over all their works*.

21. The difference between the Prince and the peasant is in this world: but a temper ought to be observed by him that has the advantage here; because of the judgment of the next.

22. The end of every thing should direct the means: now that of government being the *good of the whole*, nothing less should be the aim of the Prince.

23. As often as Rulers endeavour to attain just ends by just mediums, they are sure of a quiet and easy government; and as sure of convulsions where the nature of things are violated, and their order over-ruled.

24. It is certain Princes ought to have great allowances made them for faults in government, since they see by other people's eyes, and hear by their ears. But Ministers of State, their immediate confidants and instruments, have much to answer for, if to gratify private passions, they misguide the Prince to do public injury.

25. Ministers of State should undertake their posts at *their peril*. If Princes over-rule them, let them shew the *law*, and humbly resign: if fear, gain, or flattery prevail, let them answer it to the law.

26. The Prince cannot be preserved, but where the Minister is punishable; for people, as well as Princes, will not endure *Imperium in Imperio*.

27. If Ministers are weak or ill men, and so spoil their places, it is the Princes fault who choose them: but if their places spoil them, it is *their own fault* to be made worse by them.

28. It is but just that those that reign by their Princes, should suffer for their Princes; for it is a safe and necessary maxim, not to shift hands in government, while the *bands* are in being that should answer for them.

29. And yet it were intolerable to be a Minister of State, if every body may be accuser and judge.

30. Let not therefore the *false accuser* any more escape an exemplary punishment, than the guilty Minister.

31. For it *prophanes* government to have the leading men in it subject to *vulgar* censure; which is often ill grounded.

32. The safety of a Prince, therefore, consists in a well-chosen council; and that only can be said to be so, where the persons that compose it are qualified for the business that comes before them.

33. Who would send for a taylor to make a lock, or a smith to make a suit of cloaths?

34. Let there be *merchants* for trade, *seamen* for the admiralty, *travellers* for foreign affairs, some of the *leading men* of the country for home-business, and *common* and *civil lawyers* to advise of legality and right; who should always keep to the strict rules of law.

35. Three things contribute much to ruin government; *looseness, oppression, and envy*.

36. Where the reins of government are too slack, the manners of the people are corrupted; and that destroys industry, begets effeminacy, and provokes heaven against it.

37. Oppression makes a poor country, and a desperate people, who always wait an opportunity to change.

38. *He that ruleth over men, must be just, ruling in the fear of God*, said an old and wise King.

39. *Envy disturbs* and distracts government, clogs the wheels, and perplexes the administration: and nothing contributes more to this disorder than a partial dis-

tribution of rewards and punishments in the Sovereign.

40. As it is not reasonable that men should be compelled to serve; so those that have employments should not be endured to leave them humourously.

41. Where the state affronts no man, he should not affront the state.

[Published in 1693.]

A L E C T U R E

On U N I V E R S A L M A D N E S S.

Great wits to madness sure are near ally'd,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

DRYDEN.

I Never read this passage, but it appeared evident to me, that this celebrated poet had the same opinion of mankind that I shall endeavour to maintain---*That all mankind are MAD.*

'Tis not impossible but this undertaking may subject me to the imputation of being infected with the Madness I term universal; but be that as it may---I propose this comfort to myself, and I'll share it with you, if you please; that as by the above quoted opinion, which I assent to be just,---Great wits are near allied to Madness---so, *vice versa*, Madmen may, ---nay, must be great wits.

In England, they say, when a man is mad in the physical sense, that he is out of his wits; but I say it is a mistake, and that the phrase used here is the only proper one, *out of his judgment*; for a man may be mad, without losing his wits, but cannot be so without losing his judgment.

There was once a philosopher, who took it into his head, that he would laugh indiscriminately at all the transactions of life. Oh, say you, the poor man was mad: Was he so?---but I can tell you that Hippocrates, who was a very sensible old gentleman of that time, publicly declared, after conversing with him, that he was not so mad as the croud who thought him so.

In the physical distinction there are three main branches of Madness---the *melancholy*, *maniacal*, and *canine*; the two first proceeding from sudden violent impressions of the mind, or a depraved habit of body; the last from a contagious tooth of those animals who are already infected. *Melancholy* is a constant limita-

tion of thought to one settled idea or opinion, which causes a delirium, and is a disorder more or less attendant on lovers of both sexes. The *maniac* is a profusion of wild and incoherent ideas, such as we often discover in authors, especially those distinguished by the appellation of Poets. As to the *canine*, it suits those who are mad by example, which is often as fatal as an infected tooth; and this is the reason why it is very common to say, such a man has been bit by a mad author, a mad critic, or a mad actor. Now what definition shall we give general Madness?---why, deviation from right reason.

When I was at school, I remember to have read of Greeks and Romans, who thought themselves very wise, and have been allowed so ever since; and what did all their wisdom amount to? Why, the working their own destruction, and that of their neighbours! From one stage of political Madness, they rose to another; till they became a prey to people not yet so mad as themselves, and to this we owe all the revolutions of states and empires that have hitherto happened.

Was it wisdom or justice that put that good old puritan Socrates to death?---No, you'll say it was cruelty: but I'll call it Madness. Suppose any person, who knew the value of it, was to find a diamond among a parcel of common pebbles, and should throw away the jewel, but carefully preserve the pebbles, what would you say of him? Why, that he was mad---so I say of that state which capriciously sacrificed the best man in it.

Was it wisdom or policy that made Cæsar destroy the commonwealth, to raise himself to a throne? No, the poor man

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was

was mad, and should have been put into a bedlam; not murdered by a parcel of people as mad as himself.---Mad! no, no; they were patriots; very fine patriots truly, who, from a principle of not liking to see any person greater than themselves, threw the state into confusion, that each might seize a limb to gratify his own madness. Was it patriotism that made Cato stab himself at Utica? To be sure---his great heart could not bear to see his country enslaved by the ambition of Cæsar.---No? Why then it is very evident he was mad, otherwise a man of his understanding would have known that his life, as it might have been of great service to Rome, was not at his own disposal; but the plain truth of the matter is, that this boasted philosopher was delirious with pride, and felt more for himself than his country.

To draw nearer home, what shall we say of Oliver Cromwell---was he mad? "Oh no, a great politician, and an excellent soldier; by means of extraordinary abilities, raised himself to the power---though he declined the stile of regality, and all this from the degree of a private gentleman.---Did he so? What then? Would any thing but a *madman* have given up the peaceful possession of five hundred a year, to thrust himself into the midst of confusion, and blood, and ceaseless cares? No certainly! In this light I will pronounce him madder than the unhappy monarch, who, born to the anxieties and precarious grandeur of state, by following the pernicious counsels of his Queen and evil Ministers, gave this delirious Usurper an opportunity of gratifying his ambition.

From particular personages, let us proceed to take a view of this *universal madness* in a national light: and here we shall find *Britons liberty mad*---*French Monarchy mad*---*Spaniards religiously mad*,---*Germans fighting mad*---*Dutch trade mad*.

What is the British characteristic? A love of liberty---madness! unless accompanied by *self-denial*, and a strict adherence to virtue! A man may be grave sometimes, without the imputation of melancholy; but if he is always so, his disorder cannot be disputed; however, to do ourselves justice, amongst us the love of liberty is pretty much the same as professions of affection from a man of gallantry; we talk much, but have very little meaning; the first lucrative place or bribe that presents, puts an end to all our boasted love of liberty, unless discontented statesmen, or necessitous scribblers,

display the banner of public grievances, and then right or wrong we are all in an uproar. Is not this Madness?

What can we call the *French system* of non-resistance, and passive obedience?---What their sacrificing every thing to the glory of their *Grand Monarque*, as if Heaven had made millions for the aggrandisement of one mortal? What their darling, long-laboured scheme of universal monarchy? What their marine war with Britain, but strong instances of the most extraordinary Madness?

What shall we say of the *Spaniards religious bondage*, where priests and reliques are worshipped instead of the Supreme!--Where a man has nothing he can call his own, if the *church* demands, and where he must neither speak nor think, but as he is taught! Is this Religion or Madness?

Let us not shock the eye of humanity: To take only a momentary view of Germany, that wide field of blood and desolation; would one suppose it to be inhabited by rational creatures. Could a croud of the most desperate Maniacs treat one another in a more savage manner? Is it possible to advance any other apology for such cruel ravage, than that the contending powers are one and all Mad,---some with ambition, and others with revenge.

Is *Dutch industry* madness? Yes, certainly,---when a thirst of accumulating private wealth, renders a state despicable to its neighbours, and almost incapable of defence, if suddenly attacked. I suppose we should judge any farmer to be mad, who took a great deal of pains to cultivate and sow a large field of corn, but to save expences would not raise any defence against the trespass of cattle! Just such Madness is Dutch œconomy.

That we may come more immediately to the point, let us view mankind in the principal ranks of gradation; and first, suppose ourselves at Court---What! are they mad there? Yes, indeed, very mad, inasmuch that one would imagine pre-eminence of station, like standing on the brink of a precipice, turns men's heads giddy: if we examine state policy, what does it appear but methodical madness?--What is place, title, or pension-hunting, when a man's most valuable possession, *bonesty*, is given in exchange. I suppose now, in the dealings of life, you would call that man mad, who was to give a thousand guineas for a *potatoe*---and yet, I insist upon it, he who gives his integrity for the place of prime minister, makes a worse bargain.

We have all heard (I wish we had not) of buying and selling votes in Parliament; and pray what do we sell in reality---only votes---Yes, we do ourselves, our neighbours, and our posterity. If a man sells himself to a West-India trader as a servant for so many years, or his whole life, the worst is known; but no one can tell the ill consequences of selling a vote, could any thing but madness do it?---No matter whether we call it the madness of *pride*, *avarice*, or *drunkenness*, but Madness I say it is.

From politics, let us descend to private life, and see whether, at the Court end of the town, they are as mad in this as in their public spheres of action---just the same, or rather worse---for here we find a gaming-house, where Noblemen, Senators, Admirals, Generals, Gamblers, Pimps, and Parasites make up a motley crew, madly jumbled together to prey upon one another; here we may see one who has been vehemently bellowing for his country, or a *place*--in half an hour after assiduously shuffling *cards*, or shaking *dice*; others who have plundered kingdoms and fleets--now plunder'd themselves by the sons of Ace. Nay, I knew Madness reach to such a height once among the *great*, as to turn a Bishop (who I believe is still alive) into a Horse-jockey.

Suppose we view that respectable body the politicians of the Coffee-house, who marshal, fight, and defeat armies, who lay sieges, take towns, and traverse the whole globe upon *maps*, who study how supplies are to be raised, and lay schemes for paying the national debt, when many of them know not how to pay their own. Is not this Madness?

What shall we say of old Thrifty the citizen, who by extraordinary application and frugality scraped together fifty thousand pounds, yet never allowed himself a comfortable meal? Or what to his heir Squander, who spent every shilling in an uninterrupted course of *revelry*, till he is now as poor in circumstance as his predecessor was in spirit? This brings to my remembrance a story of one of the Dukes of Buckingham, who was a remarkable prodigal, and the famous Sir John Cutler, such another wary man as we have just described. Sir John took it into his head that he would work a reformation in the Duke's conduct, and having, in a most elaborate manner, displayed the merits of what he called *economy*---he concluded with saying, can't your Grace live as I do? Oh, Sir John, replied the Duke, I can do that when all my money's gone!----

Here there was some reason on one side, and some wit on the other---but they were nevertheless both mad.

What shall we say to the sons of Bacchus and Venus, who place their only happiness in the constant enjoyment of those things that Nature ordains in due season and quantity, for the preservation, not destruction of health? Oh dear, say the sons of fire and gallantry, would you have us lead the lives of old women?---No, indeed, I would not---but if you cannot take care of yourselves, and you will hunt after *gouts*, *rheumatisms*, *consumptions*, and a terrible &c. you should be locked up as frantic self-murderers.

If we consider those extraordinary animals, called *beaux*, we shall find them egregiously mad; otherwise nothing in the human shape would bestow so much time and pains upon the insignificancies of external ornaments, while their neglected *minds* are left a chaos of darkness and confusion. Oh, but they do it to render their dear persons agreeable in the eyes of the ladies---do they indeed!---truly a very bad compliment to the understandings of the ladies. If this be the case, I shall make very little scruple in pronouncing those ladies mad who encourage them in their effeminacy.

I remember a most melancholy accident that befel the much-admired Beau Spangle, who had for many years shone forth a pattern of dress to the gay world; this delicate creature having bespoken a suit of cloaths of exquisite *taste* against a birth-night---an arch blade, who knew Spangle's taylor, privately got a pattern of his intended dress, and had identically the same made for himself to appear at the *levee*; the unfortunate Spangle having allotted his for the *ball*: At night this dreadful anticipation struck so deep on the unhappy beau, that he burned his darling suit, discharged his taylor, kicked his valet, and took a fever, which so much increased and settled the delirium, which had long possessed and preyed upon his brain, that it was thought proper to confine him, and ever since he has raved incessantly of *birth-day suits*, fashions, laces, feathers, with all the apparatus of dress; and in truth I wish every coxcomb in the three kingdoms (if an hospital large enough could be found) were put to keep him company.

Next to the *beaux*, let us take a transient view of the *ladies*: I say *transient*, because it would be ill manners to scrutinize them so fully as we have done the men. Shall we, by way of softening,

begin



begin then with Milton's compliment to our first mother?

Grace is in all their steps, heaven in their eyes;  
In every gesture dignity and love.

'Tis pity they are all mad though--- what all! positively all. But that we may go further than assertion, look into assemblies---look into routs---see the pernicious phrenzy of card-playing! which ruffles the features, flutters the hearts, and empties the purses of many fair adventurers, who consider it as a principal ingredient of politeness---to sit up all night, distress their circumstances, and intrude upon every branch of domestic happiness---this is styled *spirit*: It may be the spirit of quality, but not of reason, I am sure.

What can we call *prudery*, which labours so hard to support the appearance of that virtue which the heart does not possess? Is it not madness to prefer a shadow to the substance? What is the *coquette* who studies every art to catch the

eye of folly, and spread her worthless dominion over hearts influenced by ~~extraneous~~ only? What can we call her empty pride but Madness, which frequently leads her to the brink of reputation, and beyond it, rather than want a train of admirers? What is a city wife, affecting the ludicrous airs of quality? What is a jealous, or what a scolding wife? Mad in the most *troublesome* and *pernicious* degree.

In short, there is not one of either sex but comes within the limits of our general charge; and, my dear readers, for your own sakes, I wish I could persuade you that you are all mad. Don't let me go without my errand; pray let me convince ye, that you are all mad. Assure ye it is a most comfortable doctrine. I speak from experience, and take upon me to declare, that, if ye will but do yourselves and me the favour to think yourselves mad, you will certainly be very happy, and find yourselves furnished with resolution to defy the French, the Pope, and the Devil.

## The HAPPY IMPRESSION:

### AN AFFECTING HISTORY.

A Young man of fashion and fortune, to whom I shall give the name of Petworth, became very much enamoured with a Miss Mordant, who, in consequence of her numerous attractions, had a numerous train of admirers, but the great pleasure which she received from the assiduities and attentions of those continually hovering about her, prevented her from being so domestic as she ought to have been, in the opinion of her exemplary mother, by whom she was often told, that the domestic virtues alone could make a woman appear to advantage in the character of a Wife. Petworth, however, saw no imperfections in her: his passion for her increased every day; he was never happy but in her company. His efforts to render himself agreeable were not thrown away. He met with the success he wished for, and married her.

When an amiable man devotes his whole time to the mistress of his heart and fortune; when he is perpetually endeavouring to give her pleasure, to make her life a life of happiness; the must be destitute of sensibility, if she does not gratefully study to merit the distinguishing kindness of his behaviour by all the

returns in her power. Mrs. Petworth was not void of gratitude: she conducted herself in such a manner for two years, that her husband believed he was one of the happiest married men in the world; and she, too, thought she had been unusually fortunate in the choice of a man who did her beauty ample justice, and was perfectly satisfied with her matrimonial lot. Young and lively, she appeared every where in the stile of life to which she had ever been accustomed; and she could not be over-looked in public; and as the taking notice of married women was quite fashionable, she was still admired, followed, and flattered. By the high-flown compliments which she received to her personal charms, her joys abroad were increased--by the same compliments her satisfactions at home were diminished. She was ready enough, 'tis true, to own that her husband was not less amiable, less obliging, than when he first married her; but---he was *always* her husband: by degrees, therefore, she insensibly became weaned from her domestic delights; and in proportion to her growing indifference concerning Mr. Petworth, was her attention to every other man. This

propensity in her being easily discerned, gave encouragement to a number of idle dangles, who, having no intentions to shackle themselves with the fetters of Hymen, chose rather to flirt with a married woman than with a single one; thinking that they could do so with greater security, without being suspected of having any serious designs. This is, however, playing a dangerous game, and is often productive of the most pernicious consequences. Flirting parties of this kind may, at first setting out, purpose only to amuse themselves, and to take no liberties not strictly allowable; but during the course of an improving intimacy between the sexes, one freedom imperceptibly succeeds another, and great is the difficulty to know when to stop.

Among the most zealous admirers of Mrs. Petworth was a Mr. Biron. He, imagining himself obliged to her for condescending to be his partner at *Abnack's*, at the *Pantheon*, &c. &c. began to suppose she was as good-natured as she was handsome; and fancied, that as she had granted him a few favours of that sort, she would not be able to refuse any thing. In order, therefore, to render himself still more deserving of her regard, he addressed some Verses to her, with a freedom, a boldness in the manner, which would have offended many women, and which no husband, fond of his wife, could have seen written to her with any pleasure. Mrs. Petworth, indeed, herself, blushed while she cast her eyes over the lines of adulation; but as they were composed with elegance and ease, she could not help being secretly pleased with the thoughts of having given birth to a young poetic genius; yet not knowing what construction Mr. Petworth would put on some of her Poet's flights, she deemed it prudent to conceal the paper which contained them:-- she threw them carelessly into her dressing-box.

Mr. Petworth happening, a few days after this cautious proceeding, to come home before his Charlotte, went up to her apartment to wait there for her return. Accidentally taking up her dressing-box, the Verses dropped out: he picked them up immediately, read them, and was not a little surprised at the licentiousness of the language: he thought it extremely improper, indeed; and concluded that no man would have dared to write in so free a strain, if he had not been assured that the liberties of his pen would meet with a favourable reception.

The discovery of this paper, added to

the concealment of it from him, filled his mind with a thousand fears, suspicions, and apprehensions of a very disquieting nature; and the recollections which they occasioned, seemed to make them less supportable. He then remembered several trifling conversations which had passed between Biron and his wife; and the remembrance of them, in his alarmed state, was painful beyond expression.

While he was in this state, Mrs. Petworth, who had been making a round of visits, who had found none of her acquaintance at home, and who felt herself much indisposed with the head-ach, in consequence of riding about in the cold, returned in order to try whether a dish of tea would relieve her; determining to set out again as soon as she was refreshed, being engaged to a rout, which was to conclude with a supper and a ball.

Mrs. Petworth started to see her husband in her dressing-room. After having received her with a very serious air, he taxed her with the imprudence of her behaviour to Mr. Biron. This charge confounded her a little, but she was firmly resolved to deny it. Petworth, finding his suspicions increased by her denial, grew warm, and to strengthen his assertions produced the Verses she had secreted from him. At the sight of them she reddened with anger, and asked him, fiercely, what he meant by treating her in *that* manner? "How can I help Biron's being a coxcomb?" "No, Madam," said he, gravely; "but you can help giving him encouragement."

This answer drew a spirited reply from her; which forced so sharp a one from him, that she flounced out of the room, unable to bear it, in a violent passion, muttering something about never coming home again, and drove away to Lady Counter's. There she met with a new disappointment. Lady Counter, perceiving the party with whom she was to play out of all patience, had prevailed on one of the company, who had declined cards, to supply her place. Having been thus excluded from every table by the disagreeable interview in which she had been engaged with her husband, she began to hate his very name. In the first heat of her resentment, she thought herself the most miserable woman upon earth; she thought she should have been happier with any other man in the world than with him whom she had married; secretly resolving, as he had so ill returned the affection which she had ever shewn for him, to trouble

ble herself no more about him; to study nothing but her own pleasure.

Biron, who happened to be one of the company, clearly read Mrs. Petworth's resolution in her eyes; they looked, indeed, uncommonly kind on him, and encouraged him to push his good fortune. Animated by her encouraging looks, he attached himself to her alone for the remainder of the evening, danced with her, waited on her at supper, and whispered numberless follies in her ear, which at another time she would not have permitted, but to which, at *that* time, she made not the slightest opposition.

Elated with his unexpected success, the happy coxcomb thought he was sure of her; and actually formed a design, with the assistance of his servant, to make her coachman drunk, intending, by such a proceeding, to get her conveyed to a Bagnio; not doubting, but that if he could once see her in such a house, he should carry his point. And, indeed, it is probable, that if she had been conducted to the place intended for her, she might have, merely from her resentment against her husband, and from the vanity of being so publicly distinguished, fallen into the infamous snare spread for her.

While the company were chatting together, after supper, upon various subjects, a Lady, who happened to sit next to Mrs. Petworth, hearing the name of one of her acquaintances mentioned, asked the person who spoke it, if he knew how she did? "Quite distracted," replied the Gentleman; "tied down in her bed." This reply excited the curiosity of all who were present, and brought on a desire to be informed of the cause of such exquisite distress.

"The cause of it is but too common," answered the Lady who had enquired after the health of her friend. She was very handsome, and happily married to a man who idolized her; but she was not contented with the admiration of *one* man, tho' it arose almost to adoration. By listening to the persuasions of another admirer, she eloped with him, and was soon afterwards basely deserted by him, without having any provision made for her. The desertion of her new lover, and the reflections which a scrutiny into her own conduct forced into her mind, were hardly to be endured. Conscious of having merited the neglect she had met with, and deeply concerned for her ungrateful behaviour to a husband, with whom she had all the reason in the world to be satisfied, she was seized with a fever, which in a

short time affected her brain; and she is now supposed to be in an incurable state."

As Mrs. Petworth sat very near the relater of this melancholy little narrative, it made a strong impression upon her; she changed colour, she trembled, she actually shuddered at a catastrophe in which she felt herself particularly interested. She then began to consider how exceedingly she had been to blame, not only to permit Biron to believe that she was pleased with his nonsense, but to defend it when she saw Mr. Petworth greatly disturbed at it, and who had never intentionally said or done any thing to displease her.

These considerations, and others of a similar kind, engrossed her attention; she sat quite lost in thought, regardless of every thing about her.

Biron, seeing her plunged into a reverie, strove to move her by repeated assiduities, accompanied with some tender freedoms, against which she was not at first sufficiently upon her guard to defend herself. At last, however, on his coming rather too near, and almost touching her neck with his lips, she rose with indignation, and asked him what he meant by such insolence? She then, addressing herself to the Gentleman who had given occasion to the late account productive of her reformation, begged him to see her safe to a coach. On Biron's offering to attend her, she turned upon him with a severe frown, which plainly convinced him, in a moment, that his most flattering hopes were all demolished. Her coachman and footman could not be found: the Gentleman, therefore, who had taken her under his protection, put her into a chair, and walked by the side of it till she arrived at her own door. As soon as the door was opened, she thanked her guardian for his care of her several times, and flew up stairs to her almost distracted husband.

Petworth was, at first, exceedingly at a loss to account for the eagerness with which his wife seemed to return to him; but when she related all that had passed, and intreated his forgiveness, on her promise to offend him no more in any shape whatever; he was as wild with joy, as he had been before with grief. Pressing her to his bosom with transport not to be described, he told her, that the very best women were not without some failings, and that she who could, after having seen her errors, amend them, deserved not only pardon, but praise.

[West. Mag.]

## A LETTER TO THE LADIES,

## ON LOVE and FRIENDSHIP.

THE luxury and dissipation that prevails in genteel life, as it corrupts the heart in many respects, so it renders it incapable of warm, sincere, and steady friendship. A happy choice of friends will be of the utmost consequence to you, as they may assist you by their advice and good offices. But the immediate gratification, which friendship affords to a warm, open, and ingenuous heart, is of itself a sufficient motive to court it.

In the choice of your friends, have your principal regard to goodness of heart, and fidelity. If they also possess taste and genius, that will still make them more agreeable and useful companions. You have particular reason to place confidence in those who have shewn affection for you in your early days, when you were incapable of making them any return. This is an obligation for which you cannot be too grateful.

If you have the good fortune to meet with any who deserve the name of Friends, unbestow yourself with the utmost confidence. It is one of the world's maxims, never to trust any person with a secret, the discovery of which could give you any pain; but it is the maxim of a little mind, and a bad heart, unless where it is the effect of frequent disappointments and bad usage. An open temper, if restrained but by tolerable prudence, will make you, on the whole, much happier, than a reserved, suspicious one, although you may sometimes suffer by it. Coldness and distrust are the two certain consequences of age and experience; but they are unpleasant feelings, and need not be anticipated before the time.

But, however open you may be in talking of your own affairs, be sure never to discover the secrets of one friend to another. These are sacred deposits, which do not belong to you, nor have you any right to make use of them.

There is another case in which I suspect it proper to be secret, not so much from motives of prudence as delicacy; I mean in love matters. Though a woman has no reason to be ashamed of an attachment to a man of merit, yet nature, whose authority is superior to philosophy, has annexed a sense of shame to it. It is even long before a woman of delicacy dares to

avow to her own heart that she loves; and, when all the subtleties of ingenuity to conceal it from herself fail, she feels violence done, both to her pride and to her modesty. This, I should imagine, must always be the case where she is not sure of a return to her attachment. In such a situation, to lay the heart open to any person whatever, does not appear to me consistent with the perfection of female delicacy. But, perhaps, I am in the wrong. At the same time I must tell you, that, in point of prudence, it concerns you to attend well to the consequences of such a discovery.

These consequences, however important in your own estimation, may appear very trifling to your friend, who possibly will not enter into your feelings, but may rather consider them as a subject of pleantry. For this reason, love secrets are of all others the worst kept. But the consequences to you may be very serious, as no man of spirit and delicacy ever valued a heart much hackneyed in the ways of love. If, therefore, you must have a friend to pour out your heart to, be sure of her honour and secrecy. Let her not be a married woman, especially if she lives happily with her husband. There are certain unguarded moments, in which such a woman, though the best and worthiest of her sex, may let hints escape, which at other times, or to any other person than her husband, she would be incapable of; nor will a husband, in this case, feel himself under the same obligations of secrecy and honour, as if you had put your confidence originally in himself, especially on a subject which the world is apt to treat so lightly.

If all other circumstances are equal, there are obvious advantages in your making friends of your brothers and sisters. The ties of blood, and your being so much united in one common interest, form an additional bond of union to your friendship. If your brothers should have the good fortune to have hearts susceptible of friendship, to possess truth, honour, sense, and delicacy of sentiment, they are the fittest and most unexceptionable confidants. By placing confidence in them, you will receive every advantage which you could hope for from the

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friend-

friendship of men, without any of the inconveniencies that attended such connexions with our sex.

Beware of making confidants of your servants. Dignity, not properly understood, very readily degenerates into pride, which enters into no friendships, because it cannot bear an equal; and is so fond of flattery as to grasp at it even from servants and dependants. The most intimate confidants, therefore, of proud people, are Valets-de-chambre and Waiting-women. Shew the utmost humanity to your servants; make their situation as comfortable to them as possible: But, if you make them your confidants, you spoil them and debase yourselves.

Never allow any person, under the pretended sanction of friendship, to be so familiar as to lose a proper respect for you. Never allow them to tease you on any subject that is disagreeable, or where you have once taken your resolution. Many will tell you that this reserve is inconsistent with the freedom which friendship allows; but a certain respect is necessary in friendship as in love: Without it, you may be liked as a child, but will never be loved as an equal. The temper and disposition of the heart, in your sex, make you enter more readily into friendships than men. Your natural propensity to it is so strong, that you often run into intimacies which you soon have sufficient cause to repent of; and this makes your friendships so fluctuating.

Another great obstacle to the sincerity, as well as steadiness of your friendships, is the great clashing of your interests in the pursuits of love, ambition, or vanity. For these reasons it would appear at first sight more eligible for you to contract your friendships with the men. Among other obvious advantages of an easy intercourse between the two sexes, it occasions an emulation and exertion in each to excel and be agreeable: Hence their respective excellencies are mutually communicated and blended. As their interests in no degree interfere, there can be no foundation for jealousy or suspicion of rivalry. The friendship of a man for a woman is always blended with a tenderness, which he never feels for one of his own sex, even where love is in no degree concerned. Besides, we are conscious of a natural title you have to our protection and good offices, and therefore we feel an additional obligation of honour to serve you, and to observe an inviolable secrecy, whenever you confide in us.

But apply these observations with great

caution. Thousands of women of the best hearts and finest talents have been ruined by men who approach them under the specious name of friendship. But, supposing a man to have the most undoubted honour, yet his friendship to a woman is so near a-kin to love, that, if she be very agreeable in her person, she will probably very soon find a lover, where she only wished to meet a friend.---Let me here, however, warn you against that weakness so common among vain women, the imagination that every man who takes particular notice of you is a lover. Nothing can expose you more to ridicule, than the taking up a man on the suspicion of being your lover, who, perhaps, never once thought of you in that view, and giving yourselves those airs so common among silly women on such occasions. There is a kind of unmeaning gallantry much practised by some men, which, if you have any discernment, you will find really very harmless. Men of this sort will attend you to public places, and be useful to you by a number of little observances, which those of a superior class do not so well understand, or have not leisure to regard, or perhaps too proud to submit to. Look on the compliments of such men as words of course, which they repeat to every agreeable woman of their acquaintance. There is a familiarity they are apt to assume, which a proper dignity in your behaviour will be easily able to check.

There is a different species of men, whom you may like as agreeable companions, men of worth, taste, and genius, whose conversation, in some respects, may be superior to what you generally meet with among those of your own sex. It will be foolish in you to deprive yourselves of an useful and agreeable acquaintance, merely because idle people say he is your lover. Such a man may like your company, without having any design on your person. People whose sentiments, and particularly whose tastes, correspond, naturally like to associate together, although neither of them have the most distant view of any further connection. But, as this similarity of minds often gives rise to a more tender attachment than friendship, it will be proper to keep a watchful eye over yourselves, lest your hearts become too far engaged before you are aware of it.

At the same time I do not think that your sex, at least in this part of the world, have much of that sensibility, which disposes to such attachments. What is com-

monly

monly called love among you is rather gratitude, and as partiality to the man who prefers you to the rest of your sex; and such a man you often marry, with little either of personal esteem or affection. Indeed, without an unusual share of natural sensibility and very peculiar good fortune, a woman in this country has very little probability of marrying for love. It is a maxim laid down among you, and a very prudent one it is, that love is not to begin on your part, but is intirely to be the consequence of our attachment to you. Now, supposing a woman to have sense and taste, she will not find many men to whom she can possibly be supposed to bear any considerable share of esteem. Among these few, it is a very great chance if any of them distinguishes her particularly. Love, at least, with us, is exceedingly capricious, and will not always fix where reason says it should. But, supposing one of them should become particularly attached to her, it is still extremely improbable that he should be the man in the world her heart most approved of.

As, therefore, nature has not given you that unlimited range in your choice which we enjoy, she has wisely and benevolently assigned to you a greater flexibility of taste on this subject. Some agreeable qualities recommend a Gentleman to your common good liking and friendship. In the course of his acquaintance, he contracts an attachment to you. When you perceive it, it excites your gratitude; this gratitude rises into a preference, and this preference, perhaps, at last advances to some degree of attachment, especially if it meets with crosses and difficulties; for these, and a state of suspense, are very great incitements to attachment, and are the food of love in both sexes. If attachment was not excited in your sex in this manner, there is not one in a million of you that would ever marry with any degree of love. A man of taste and delicacy marries a woman, because he loves her more than any other. A woman of equal taste and delicacy marries him, because she esteems him, and because he gives her that preference. But, if a man unfortunately becomes attached to a woman whose heart is secretly pre-engaged, his attachment, instead of obtaining a suitable return, is particularly offensive; and, if he persists to tease her, he makes himself equally the object of her scorn and aversion.

The effects of love among men are diversified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit every one of them so easily as to impose on a young girl of an open, generous, and feeling heart, if she is not extremely on her guard. The finest parts in such a girl may not always prove sufficient for her security. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are unsearchable, and inconceivable to an honourable and elevated mind.

The following, I apprehend, are the most genuine effects of an honourable passion among the men, and the most difficult to counterfeit. A man of delicacy often betrays his passion, by his too great anxiety to conceal it, especially if he has little hopes of being fortunate. True love, in all its stages, seeks concealment, and never expects success. It renders a man not only respectful, but timid to the highest degree, in his behaviour to the woman he loves. To conceal the awe he stands in of her, he may sometimes affect pleasantry, but it sits awkwardly on him, and he quickly relapses into seriousness, if not into dulness. He magnifies all her real perfections in his imagination, and is either blind to her failings, or converts them into real beauties. Like a person conscious of guilt, he is jealous that every eye observes him; and, to avoid this, he shuns all the little observances of common gallantry. His heart and his character will be improved in every respect by his attachment. His manners will become more gentle, and his conversation more agreeable; but diffidence and embarrassment will make him always appear to disadvantage in the company of his mistress. If the fascination continue long, it will totally depress his spirit, and extinguish every active, vigorous, and manly principle of his mind.

When you observe in a Gentleman's behaviour, these marks which I have described, reflect seriously what you are to do. If his attachment is agreeable to you, I leave you to do as nature, good sense, and delicacy shall direct you. If you love him, let me advise you never to discover to him the full extent of your love, no, not altho' you marry him.--- That sufficiently shews your preference, which is all he is entitled to know. If he has delicacy, he will ask no stronger proof of your affection, for your sake: if he has sense, he will not ask it, for his own. This is an unpleasant truth, but I think

think it my duty to let you know it.---  
—Violent love cannot subsist, at least  
cannot be expressed long together, on  
both sides; otherwise the certain conse-

quence, however concealed, is satiety and  
disgust.

[Univ. Mag.]

For the MISCELLANY.

The ISLAND OF WIT.

A VISION.

A Few evenings ago I had been drudging through an insipid heap of modern publications; which my bookseller had sent me, and which, for the entertainment of my aunt Mārtha, I was obliged to read through; for she often tells me (with a tap of her snuff-box) that *she* thinks it prodigiously clever to have a body read to one of an evening, especially something new; for you must know she always estimates a book by its novelty: Now, though I skip'd here and there a page or two; (for it makes but little difference to her, poor soul!) yet I was heartily tired before I had finished, and could not forbear very often spoiling a sentence, by yawning in the midst of it.

The moment my good Aunt had ended her erudite *animadversions* on what I had been reading, I retired to my chamber, and had not long yielded to the silken bands of *Morpheus*, when Fancy presented to my imagination the following Vision:

Methought, as I was sitting in the great chair which I had lately quitted, musing on the present wretched state of true *Wit* and *Humour* in our nation, and on the apparent barrenness of it in the generality of our modern productions,---I was condemning with great earnestness the insignificance and meanness of that paltry *trash* which has been substituted in its place, and which is passed among the weak and undiscerning for *sterling*.

Such were my ideal reflections, when I found myself suddenly transported to an Island, in the midst of the sea.

Here I was left to wander in a most delightful and romantic shrubbery, and was wondering at the uncommonness of the scenes around me, when my footsteps led me to a large *Grotto*, curiously inlaid with shells and diamonds. It had an air equally pleasing and romantic with the surrounding plantations. Before it stood vases of marble, covered with several pleasant inscriptions, and filled with

flowers, tied and fashioned into various wild forms. The *Butterflies* were throwing out the most satirical speeches at the *Grasshoppers*, who were singing *French Sonnets* thro' the lawn: and the *Birds* were repeating *Epigrams*, which the *Squirrels* carved on the bark of the trees. A Fountain of Chrystal gushed from either side of the grot, and ran glittering over the costly *rock-work*, in a thousand meanders. In an inner apartment, seated on an *Ivory Throne*, I beheld a *Virgin Form*; but the lustre of her complexion, and the divinity of her features, bespoke her something more than human; on her head she wore a *Circlet*, composed of innumerable sorts of *Flowers*, and her Attic vesture was wrought with devices and emblematic figures, many of which were to me quite unintelligible. Her Eye was so extremely brilliant, that it was impossible to withstand her piercing gaze. A Child, rosy and smiling as a cherub, was sporting around her, while another of a milder aspect was sitting in her lap, and adorning her neck and bosom with violets---the one she called *Mirth*, and the other *Innocence*.

I blushed, and felt strangely confused at this unexpected appearance, and would willingly have withdrawn from the presence of the *Deity*, but found myself deprived of the power of *Motion*.

“Gentle Stranger, (said the smiling Divinity, while I prostrated myself before her) whom chance, or thy good Genius; hath conducted to these unfrequented regions, you have nothing to fear---welcome are you to my solitary cell, and freely may you partake of the bounties my garden affords. My name (continued she) amongst the sons of men is *Wit*; but I have long forsaken the haunts of the busy multitude, where my grand antagonists, *Impertinence*, *Scurriosity*, and *Profanity*, reign with despotic sway, arrogate to themselves the sacred names and honours

honours of my progeny, and usurp with impunity my ancient prerogatives.

"I once had (said she, with a sigh) in England, some worthy and powerful friends, who, in opposition to the flagrant injustice of the age, and the daily insults of my rivals, nobly supported my fame, and extended my influence; but, alas! when *Sterne*, when *Chesterfield*, my last, last *Champions* in Albion's once happy isle! when they quitted the mortal stage, unfriended, unadmired, what could I do? Pushed from the public walks of life, to make room for my detestable, but too potent opponents, I abode for a while with those happy *few*, who yet retained some relish for my company, some love and veneration for me; I cheered the evening fires of my hospitable patrons, and enlivened their social feasts with the smiles of festivity; but even *those* were at length overcome by the prevailing power of *Fashion*, and obliged to swim in the general current. Despairing to reclaim the universal degeneracy, I fled from the unhospitable *Concourse*, and have ever since resided a recluse in this sequestered island.

"The Stage, once the favourite seat of my residence, where once I shone resplendent, and where I found myself supported by real *Taste*, and loved by real *Delicacy*, has of late been in open hostilities with me; and that Court, where once I loved to mingle with the social train, has banished me for ever, banished me to their eternal disgrace, for the despicable tribe of *Effeminacy*, *Buffoonery*, and *Nonsense*.--- But tho' I have personally forsaken that degenerate land, (and there seems but little probability of my returning any more) yet I never deny my presence to those who seek me; and my good friend Voltaire is at any time ready to direct the way.

"I have of late, however, held a correspondence with some of my *well-wishers*

in England, who found the way to my solitude, and solicited that favour; and I have the happiness to hear that *some* there are, who, notwithstanding the baseness of the times, still entertain a relish for my converse, and employ their utmost abilities in redressing my injured fame, and in rescuing it from oblivion. I yet retain such a love for those seats in which I was once so blest, where I once reigned triumphant, that I have now delegated *Regents* there, who are willing,--if amidst the deceitful colourings with which a spurious *Progeny* are varnished over,--if in any yet untainted spot one genuine flow yet should arise to view,--to rear with tender care the gentle offspring, assiduously to collect them when maturely blown, and kindly present them to the public."

I interrupted the Divinity, by returning my acknowledgments for this distinguished favour bestowed on my country, which I did with so much vehemence, that I broke the *Visionary Enchantment*, and found myself in the land of Dulness again.

I confess I regretted the loss of knowing who these *delegated Regents* were, but I could think of none so like the representation of the Goddess as the Editors of the *Review*. \* I therefore put on my long gown,

The same his ancient pers'nage to adorn,  
My great, great grandfire, walk'd in all the morn,

and hastened to my desk, to give you the best account of it my memory was able.

\* The Editors are by no means insensible of the great honour intended them by this part of their ingenious friend's production; but as they wish to avoid the least appearance of assuming an unmerited consequence, they have left the blank to be filled up at the reader's discretion.

## REMARKS on the CONDUCT of COMMON FARMERS,

In proportioning their LAND to their MONEY.

By ARTHUR YOUNG, Esq;

IT is a fact well known in every part of the kingdom, that farms are every day hired with much smaller sums of money than the most considerate people

would allot for the purpose. It is not gentlemen and landlords alone who think such sums too small; even farmers themselves will often own, that a larger sum



of money is really necessary, than often possessed upon the hiring of a farm; and they will allow that it would be more advantageous to cultivate 200 acres completely, than 300 indifferently, for want of plenty of money: and the practice of the most enlightened ones prove the same thing as the sentiments of the rest, however contrary to their conduct; for we often see large sums applied to the culture of farms, and such as render a spirited practice necessary to pay the interest off.

The cause of such numerous deviations as we find from prudence, in this case, is the avarice of hiring a large quantity of land; their great ambition is not to farm *well*, but *much*. Nine out of ten had rather cultivate 500 acres in a slovenly manner, though constantly cramped for money, than 250 acres completely, though they would always have money in their pockets. And numerous are the instances in which they would be richer at the end of a lease of 200 acres, than of 400. But from whatever source this error is derived, the fact, that it is an error, is indisputable.

Farms are sometimes hired with such small sums, that many believe it to be almost impossible to carry them on: and yet the farmers of such do manage to go on after a manner to the end of the lease.--- Some explanation of this conduct is necessary.

Let us suppose a man to hire a farm of 200l. a year, containing as many acres, 40 of them grass, and 160 arable: For how small a sum of money may a farmer hire such a one? Answer, for 422l.—In this manner:

#### IMPLEMENTS.

These are all bought in second-hand, at low prices.

	£.	s.	d.
2 Waggon's	15	0	0
2 Carts	11	0	0
4 Ploughs	2	5	0
2 Pair of harrows	1	10	0
1 Roller	0	10	0
Screen, bushel, forks, rakes, shovels, &c. &c.	2	10	0
20 Sacks,	1	5	0
Harnes for 2 horses, cart and plough	4	10	0
Dairy furniture	2	10	0
Household ditto	30	0	0

#### LIVE STOCK.

8 Horses	45	0	0
5 Cows	30	0	0
50 Sheep (old crones)	17	10	0
Swine	1	10	0

Carried up, 165 0 0

Brought up, 165 0 0  
SEED.

40 Acres of wheat	24	0	0
40 of barley	20	0	0
10 of oats and clover	7	0	0

#### LABOUR.

Three servants (wages half a year) which, with himself or a son, makes one to each plough	10	0	0
A labourer in harvest	2	0	0
A maid's wages (if he has not a daughter grown up)	1	10	0

#### SUNDRY ARTICLES.

I suppose him to enter the farm at Michaelmas. His cows he will not buy till the winter is over: his horses he turns into a straw yard, (his own, if he has agreed with his predecessor for the straw of the last crop) but wherever it may be, at 1s. a week per horse, 5 months

Corn and hay in spring sowing two months, at 3s. a week per horse	9	12	0
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House-keeping a year, (besides what the farm yields) that is, fat hogs and wheat

Half a year's rates, &c. at 3s. 6d. in the pound	17	10	0
Cloaths and pocket-money	10	0	0

314 12 0

Thus we find that 314l. 12s. is necessary to carry him through the first half year, and, in some articles, the whole year; consequently so much must at first be in hand; the further sum necessary will best appear from stating his expences in half-year accounts.

#### SECOND HALF-YEAR.

##### Expences.

	£.	s.
To half a year's wages	13	10
Ditto rates	17	10
Blacksmith and wheel-wright, a year	12	0
Half a year's rent	100	0
Window lights	3	0

£. 146 0

##### Product.

By product of five cows	30	0
Ditto of sheep, the money doubled	35	0
Balance	81	0

£. 146 0

By this account we find a deficiency of 81l. which must likewise be supplied by cash for stock at first.

THIRD

## THIRD HALF-YEAR.

<i>Expences.</i>		£. s.
Wages	- - - -	13 10
Rates	- - - -	17 10
Tythe, at 3s. in the pound	- - - -	30 0
Blacksmith and wheel-wright	- - - -	10 0
Rent	- - - -	100 0
Lights	- - - -	3 0
Seed wheat, 40 acres	- - - -	24 0
Ditto, 40 of barley	- - - -	20 0
Clover with it	- - - -	3 0
Ditto 20 acres of beans	- - - -	12 0
20 of oats	- - - -	10 0
80 Sheep	- - - -	28 0
Sundry small articles	- - - -	10 0
		281 0
Balance	- - - -	34 0

£. 315 0

*Product.*

By 40 acres of wheat, at 4l.	- - - -	160 0
By 40 of barley, at 3l.	- - - -	120 0
40 Acres turnips sold	- - - -	35 0

£. 315 0

This half year nothing is reckoned for house-keeping: A farmer, when once his land begins to produce, lives off his farm; I mean such an one as takes a farm as large as possible; the swine furnish him with meat; the screenings of his wheat with bread, and poultry and other small articles with malt, and the few things he wants besides.

## FOURTH HALF-YEAR.

<i>Expences.</i>		£. s.
Rent	- - - -	100 0
Wages and labour	- - - -	15 0
Rates	- - - -	17 10
Wear and tear	- - - -	14 0

£. 146 10

*Product.*

By cows	- - - -	30 0
Sheep	- - - -	56 0
Balance of last half year	- - - -	34 0

Balance 26 10

£. 146 10

In this half-year we find another deficiency of 26l. 10s. which, like the former, must be carried to the first account of stock.

## FIFTH HALF-YEAR.

<i>Expences.</i>		£. s.
Rent	- - - -	100 0
Labour	- - - -	15 0
Rates	- - - -	17 10
Wear and tear	- - - -	15 0
Lights	- - - -	3 0

Carried up £. 150 10

Brought up £. 150 10

Tythe	- - - -	30 0
Seed for 50 acres of wheat	- - - -	25 0
30 Barley	- - - -	15 0
20 Oats	- - - -	10 0

£. 230 10

*Product.*

By 40 acres of wheat	- - - -	160 0
40 of barley	- - - -	120 0
20 of beans	- - - -	50 0
10 of clover, hay and seed	- - - -	30 0

Balance 129 10

£. 230 10

## SIXTH HALF-YEAR.

*Expences.*

Rent	- - - -	100 0
Labour	- - - -	20 0
Rates	- - - -	17 10
Wear and tear	- - - -	20 0

Balance 2 0

£. 159 10

*Product.*

By cows	- - - -	30 0
Sheep this year for stock to increase	- - - -	

Balance of last half year 129 10

£. 159 10

We are now come to the point, when it appears that our farmer may get up the hill with luck, but yet he continues in such a situation, that any unforeseen accident, or failure of crop, will sit heavy on him. His general yearly account will now stand as under:

*Expences.*

Rent	- - - -	200 0
Tythe	- - - -	30 0
Wages and labour	- - - -	40 0
Rates	- - - -	35 0
Wear and Tear	- - - -	35 0
Lights	- - - -	3 0
Seed for 40 acres of wheat	- - - -	20 0
40 Barley	- - - -	20 0
40 Oats and beans	- - - -	20 0
Sheep	- - - -	50 0

Balance 57 0

£. 510 0

*Product.*

Wheat	- - - -	160 0
Barley	- - - -	120 0
Beans	- - - -	50 0
10 Acres of clover, or turnips	- - - -	20 0
Sheep	- - - -	100 0
10 Cows, increased to this number	- - - -	60 0

£. 510 0

The balance of 57l. is, for all his private expences, his profit, the interest of his money, and the chance of accidents,

dents, very inadequate to these demands ; but, in a term of years, will increase, from the expenditure of itself in part on the farm, and from the gradual increase of stock by breeding, as he has, besides the article of sheep charged, 56l. worth for breeding, either in kind or cash. Now if we go over these accounts, the sums wherewith the farm was stocked will appear to be as follows :

The first expence	-	£. 314	12	0
The first wrong balance	-	81	0	0
The second ditto	-	26	10	0

Total, £. 422 2 0

Which is little more than two rents.

This sketch, in which a minute accuracy was not necessary, will serve to shew the management whereby farmers sometimes, with very small sums of money, get into large farms ; and it proves, at the same time, (notwithstanding the possibility of succeeding in such attempts) that the managing in this manner is very hazardous to the farmer, and pernicious to the farm.

If a bad year comes, or any accidents happen to his stock, he is ruined : With good years he can afford to do nothing in the way of improvement ; and he is so weak in cattle and labour, that, in a few years, his fields must inevitably be out of order for want of requisite tillage ; and better horses must be bought, and more men employed, or all will go to ruin. His implements bought in with a view of cheapness alone, will soon be done with, and fresh supplies demanded. All expences will multiply.

In such a state, how is it possible he should turn his land to the best advantage ? A vein of the finest marle may be under his fields ; he can have nothing to say to it. He may be within three or four miles of a town, where dung and ashes are to be had on very reasonable terms ; but how is he to afford the purchase ? Nothing can be clearer than the infinite disadvantages of such a confined situation.

The instance I have given above, is a remarkable one ; it must not be supposed that a great many farms of 200l. a year, are stocked with little more than 400l. but instances of very bad management in this respect are abundant, though not so execrable as this. In general, most farmers will be found very faulty, and partaking more or less of this spirit of avarice.

When a man is in search of a farm, he should be desirous alone of employing his

money to the best advantage : What is it to him, whether on 200 acres, or 2000 ? that quantity of land, which to his sum of money is most profitable, is the quantity to be desired.

One point cannot be attended to too much, which is, that the farmer be clear in the sum he possesses, and not, on any account, in doubt, or depending for any on accidents. It is common for farmers to be desirous, when they change their farms, of moving into one in the neighbourhood ; that they may not be at the loss of selling their old stock, and buying fresh ; but this is a most pernicious circumstance, and leads numbers to their ruin.

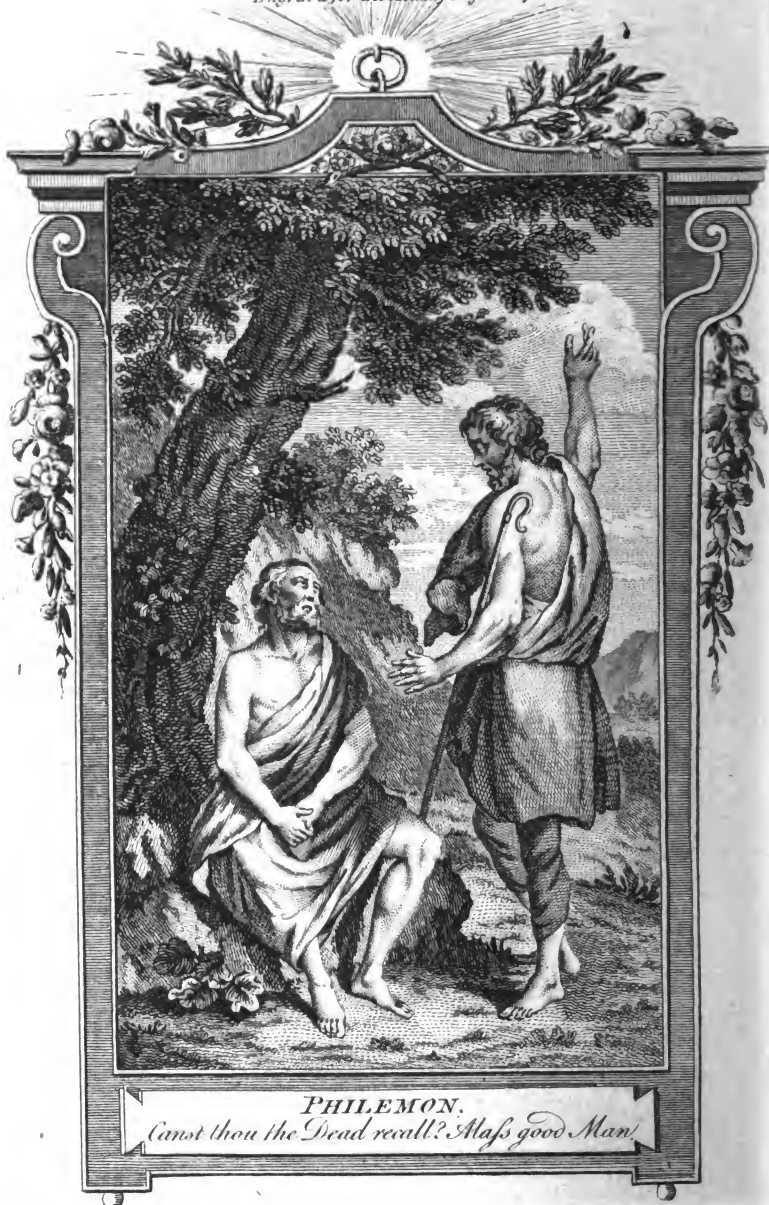
When a farmer acts on this plan, (I am here supposing him not to be a rich man, but in moderate circumstances, and depending, every year, somewhat on the last) he, in common with others, aims at as large a farm as he can grasp ; but the peculiar mischief here is, he reckons his acres of corn upon the ground, and the general produce of his farm the last year, as so much money (by calculation) towards stocking the new one, which he moves into directly : Now, upon entering into any trade or business whatever, the great point is to know to a shilling the amount of a man's fortune, to reckon at so critical a moment nothing upon contingencies, but have the satisfaction, as well as necessary accuracy, in knowing exactly the amount of his dependences.

If he moves directly out of one farm into another, this cannot be the case ; for it must be hired some time before he leaves his old one ; or, in other words, while his last year's crop is on the ground. Now I would earnestly advise all in such a situation, not even to look at a new farm, till the whole product of their old one is converted into money. He then knows exactly what he has to depend upon ; and can form a much more accurate judgment of the quantity of land proper for him to hire, than while he reckons his crops as money, before they are reaped.

Corn is sometimes very deceitful ; a man, in estimating the product, may easily be mistaken greatly : A very bad harvest, a blight, a mildew, an hundred things, may lessen the value greatly, and markets sink unexpectedly. He finds his product much less than he valued it ; but his new farm is hired, and he cannot withdraw the engagement, nor manage it with less money. Is not the ruin of such a situation sufficiently evident ?



*Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.*



**PHILEMON.**  
*Canst thou the Dead recall? Alas good Man!*

## FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

## MYRA: A Pastoral Dialogue.

*Sacred to the Memory of a LADY, who died  
Dec. 29th, 1763, in the 25th year of her age.*

[Illustrated with a fine Engraving.]

THIS morning, ere the opening dawn had spread

The shadowy landscape to the shepherd's eye,  
As I sped onward to yon neighbouring field  
To unpen my fleecy care, greatly surpriz'd,  
I saw a light, bright beaming from the East,  
And heard (or thought I heard) in midway air  
Voices celestial, in a sound so sweet  
As far excel'd all earthly melody.

"Come, come to us, our new-born MYRA,  
come,

And join, they said, thy kindred angels here,  
Join, while we lead thee to the realms of bliss,  
Where sorrow never shall approach thee more.  
Our God has seen thee in severest trials  
Firm, and unalter'd in thy love to him,  
Resign'd, obedient to his holy will,  
And constant in this truth—that all he does  
is right."

But see, from yonder plain two blooming  
maids,

With silent pace, and down-cast looks ap-  
proach,

As if by woe oppress'd—I'll ask the cause—  
They come—

"Sweet innocence! for such your age befits,  
Tell me, I pray, why on your youthful brows,  
Where nought but mirth and smiling joy  
should shine,

Sits gloomy sorrow brooding?—My heart,  
tho' old,

Is not yet harden'd to another's pain:

Tell me, ye modest maidens, do you mourn  
A tender parent lost? whose forming care

Train'd you to virtue, guardian of your minds  
'Gainst soft insinuating vice, which here

Befits with wiles the unexperienced youth,  
And tempts them to their ruin—say, is it so?

PSYCHE.

Not so, in lowly tone, the maid reply'd,  
Not so, good shepherd,—heaven be prais'd,

Its gracious goodness to our tender parents  
Yet lengthens the contracted span of life,

In tenderness to those who want their care,  
But chiefly to their children, who, herest

Of those dear guides, wou'd stray and err  
from right

As sheep without a shepherd.—If we mistake  
You are the good MENALCAS,\* oft have we

seen you  
At our dear father's lodge,—heard your dis-  
course

\* Dr. BURLACE.

SUPPL. VOL. II.

On all the beauties of the wild creation,  
With ear attentive, unobserv'd by you.  
You are our father's friend, he calls you so,  
His good old friend, companion of his youth.  
You, Sir, with anxious step we sought, and  
crave

That now you will your kind assistance lend  
To our poor father, in this day of trouble;

Beneath the covert of a shady oak  
The good *Philemon*\* lies, oppress'd with grief,

On the cold turf his hoary head reclines,  
Revolving in his mind with secret pangs

The loss he has sustain'd—our Sister, Sir,  
Cut off in all the bloom of sprightly youth,

By a hard fate, untimely, undeserv'd.

MENALCAS.

Are you the daughters of my much-lov'd  
friend?—

Aye, now I trace his features in your face.  
Haste ye, to shew me where *PHILEMON*

mourns;

I will forget my flocks, to comfort him—  
I'll sooth his pains, for all his griefs are mine.

CARLINA.

Oh generous, faithful friend! should hea-  
ven decree

For thee, good shepherd, in some future day.  
To feel, as we, some dire unseen distress,

May there a heart humane, a mind like yours,  
Be present at your need to lend you aid!

PSYCHE.

At your approach our parent lifts his head  
From off his mossy couch;—the tears glide  
down

His furrow'd cheek, betraying inward woe.

MENALCAS.

Why do I see *PHILEMON* bath'd in tears?  
Oh thou, the dear companion of my youth,

How oft have we together fed our flocks  
On yonder plains, and tun'd the oaten reed!

How oft have we beguil'd the nightly hours  
With sweet discourse of wonder, viewing  
round

The blue-bespangled canopy of heaven,  
So beautiful, so vast! With eager eye we

mark'd [turns  
The way of each revolving planet; their re-

How just, how regular! We stood convinc'd  
That this nice order only was upheld

By law—a law impress'd by God himself,  
When at the power of his creating word

All things from nothing started into form;—  
Tell me, my friend, why throbs thy gene-  
rous breast

With heaving sighs?—To me thy grief im-  
part,

That I may try to ease thy labouring mind.

\* The late Dr. OLIVER, of Bath.

U u

PHILEMON.



## PHILEMON.

Oh, good MENALCAS! thou wert ever kind;

A friend sincere! and, from thy friendly aid,  
When giddy rashness in my youthful heat  
Had plung'd me in misfortune, I have found  
Relief and comfort—*now* thou com'st too late.

## MENALCAS.

Perhaps not so—unfold thy present grief,  
I may at least alleviate, if not cure.

## PHILEMON.

Can'st thou the Dead recall? Alas! good man,  
All human comfort fails, e'en that of friendship, now:

From heaven I ask it—'tis to heaven alone  
I pray, for what no mortal can bestow.—  
MENALCAS, I have lost the dearest gift  
Heaven grants to man—a virtuous, worthy  
Child!

Solid her sense, her apprehension quick  
To form sound judgment; of a mind so pure,  
That all the gayest vanities of youth,  
Tho' plac'd amidst numerous snares, could  
never stain

The unpolluted crystal—Think, oh! think,  
my friend,  
What heart-felt joys a father's mind must  
know,

While planting seeds of knowledge, virtue,  
truth,

In such a grateful soil!—these joys were mine:  
I saw the bud, the blossom, and the fruit,  
Rais'd by my forming hand:—she grew my  
friend,

Companion, counsellor,—and with my affec-  
tions had my just esteem.

But I, unworthy of so great a blessing,  
Expos'd my tender plant to Northern Blasts,\*  
Rough, rugged, boisterous blasts, which soon  
destroy'd

Its vernal bloom, & wither'd all its beauties.  
Sure, my MENALCAS, thy good heart would  
bleed

To view, but with imagination's eye,  
A father, full of tenderness and love,  
Viewing each day his blighted, shrivel'd  
flower,

Dropping its leaves from the dried stalk!  
All help in vain;—so sure, such certain ruin  
Had that inexorable cankering blight  
Struck to its tender root.—Tears will flow,  
They will for ever flow, for thee, much in-  
jur'd daughter!

How gently did the cruel spoiler breathe  
His amorous sighs, and to thy bosom creep,  
With all the fondness of a zephyr's courtship,  
'Till to his power the sly deceiver got  
Thy spotless innocence expos'd; then reas-  
sum'd

His native fierceness, and with boist'rous rage,  
And storms incessant, laid thy bloom all waste  
With an unfeeling heart!—the fell destroyer!  
Forgive me, my MENALCAS, but she is gone!  
And I am left to mourn her hapless fate,

## MENALCAS.

Great is thy loss, PHILEMON, great thy  
woe!—

I feel with all the sorrow of compassion:  
Yet still, examine well thy throbbing breast,  
And search thy thoughts with an impartial  
eye:—

Must not thou then, my friend, confess, thy  
grief

Arises merely from that love of self  
Which minds like yours should combat and  
subdue?

I grant, humanity is weak and frail,  
And to its weakness make I great allow-  
ance:—

But for your daughter, she is happier far  
Than you, or all this earthly world affords,  
Could ever make her.—Envy you her joy?  
Her high translation to eternal bliss?—

I know you do not; therefore cannot grieve  
But for yourself:—Will not her happiness,  
Delivered as she is from racking pains,  
And all the torments of decaying nature,  
Borne with such patience and meek fortitude  
As gave her title to a nobler state,  
Give consolation to your aching heart?  
Rouse your philosophy; let that comfort  
And turn your mourning into Christian joy.

## PHILEMON.

I feel it wrong, MENALCAS, I confess,  
My fond and selfish passion to oppose  
To Heaven's high orders:—just and kind, I  
own,

Are its decrees, which always plan the good  
Of human race,—tho' man, short-sighted,  
sees

But seldom, how the means promote the end.

## MENALCAS.

Your daughter's name was MYRA?

## PHILEMON.

Yes, it was.

## MENALCAS.

Now, good PHILEMON, with attentive ear,  
And heart uplifted, hearken, and give thanks  
When you shall hear what now my lips re-  
veal:—

This morning, ere the opening dawn had  
spread

The shadowy landscape to the shepherd's eye,  
As I sped onward to yon neighbouring field  
To unpen my fleecy care, greatly surpriz'd,  
I saw a light bright beaming from the East,  
And heard (or thought I heard) in midway air,  
Voices celestial, in a sound so sweet  
As far excel'd all earthly melody.—

"Come, come to us, our new-born MYRA,  
come,

And join, they said, thy kindred angels here;  
Join, while we lead thee to the realms of bliss,  
Where sorrow never shall approach thee more.  
Our God has seen thee in severest trials  
Firm and unalter'd in thy love to him,  
Resign'd, obedient to his holy will,  
And constant in this truth—that all He does  
is right."

## PHILEMON.

\* Dr. O.—'s daughter married a Scotch gentleman.

## PHILEMON.

Oh, holy angels! ministers of grace!  
 To those who while on earth in virtue's paths  
 Unwearied tread, by kind religion's hand  
 Conducted safely thro' this vale of tears,  
 Whose souls new born, with many a painful  
 throe, [womb,  
 Hard struggling to get free from matter's  
 Where long confin'd they'd lain as in a dark  
 And noisom dungeon pent, you give  
 Safe guidance, teaching them to soar  
 To heaven's high mansions,—hail!  
 All hail! ye blessed spirits, thrice all hail!  
 My soul, enraptur'd, on the wings of love,  
 Such love, as to my MYRA, whilst on earth,  
 I bore,

Pure and unmix'd, accompanies your flight;  
 And now, by fancy's wondrous power convey'd,

The new-born angel 'midst you I behold,  
 Seated in radiant bliss, beneath the throne  
 Of Him who orders all things for the best,  
 Who turns the afflictions of this transient state,  
 Unequal lot, which but a moment lasts,  
 To joys unspeakable, which never end.  
 My good MENALCAS, thou hast eas'd my  
 grief,

Convinc'd my reason, fortify'd my heart;  
 And now, self love's insinuating wiles  
 No longer cloud my peace.

## MENALCAS.

Why then these tears?

## PHILEMON.

Oh! these are tears of joy, warm felt  
 Thawing the icy chains in which [within,  
 That rigid power bound all my senses up,  
 Bechill'd, & numb'd, as if my heart was stone,  
 Which now the heavenly vision has dissolv'd;  
 With ray divine it smote the harden'd rock—  
 What wonder, then, if healing waters flow?

## MENALCAS.

Farewell, PHILEMON!—May great Nature's God  
 Support, confirm, and strengthen thy resolves.

## PHILEMON.

Yet stay, MENALCAS, I have yet a boon  
 To ask thy friendship—thou shalt not deny.

## MENALCAS.

Say on, my friend, thou know'st, if in my  
 power,  
 Thou can'st not ask the thing I will not grant.

## PHILEMON.

Whene'er my soul, unfetter'd from this clay,  
 Shall take its native flight towards heaven—  
 if thou, [air,  
 My then surviving friend, shall breathe this  
 See my remains by MYRA's ashes laid,  
 In the same vault to rest; 'till both resume  
 Their former dust, if such be needful found,  
 To rise with that ethereal mould, of which  
 Our vehicles the Almighty hand shall form,  
 Fit habitation for our souls restor'd.

## MENALCAS.

May the fell rot corrupt my teeming ewes,  
 And taint my lambskins sporting on the green;

Nay more, may DELIA, daughter dear to me,  
 As was his MYRA to her father's heart,  
 Be ravish'd from me by untimely death,  
 If I forget PHILEMON's last request.

\*\*\*\*\*

To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.

IN last September's Lady's Magazine the  
 following REBUS, "on the adorable Mrs.  
 \*\*\*\*\* of Shepton-Mallet," was inserted.

'The idol of youth, and the pet of the gay;  
 'What rules thro' all arts, and what wise  
 men obey;

'Of moveable objects the largest we view;  
 'The contrast to vice, and possessor but by few;  
 'A country for health & soft harmony fam'd;  
 'The wisest of men by the oracle nam'd.

'These initials, summ'd up, and closely con-  
 join'd, sign'd;

'Will give you the name by my rebus de-  
 'Will mark out the Fair-one, whose charms  
 you'll approve, they love.'

'Since all that behold her must own that

THE above Rebus occasioned the following  
 lines to be inserted in the Lady's Maga-  
 zine for October.

Answer to the Rebus on Mrs. P-----s, of Shep-  
 ton-Mallet. Address'd to the Rev. Mr. ———.

'Pleasure's the idol of youth, and the gay;

'Regularity is what wise men obey;

'Orbis of objects the largest we view;

'Virtue's a treasure possess'd but by few;

'Italy's for health and harmony fam'd;

'Solomon's the wisest by th' oracle nam'd.

'DOES not thy function better thoughts in-  
 spire, mire?

'Than teach the world a married dame t' ad-

'Art thou so very vain, so void of sense,

'To think thou'lt any honour reap from  
 thence?

'Leave off thy scribbling, mend thy ill-spent life,

'To gain th' esteem of worthy P-----s' wife.  
 W. M.

THE author of the above Rebus therefore  
 begs the following Reply may be inserted  
 in the Supplement to the M. Miscellany.

To W. M. on his attempt to answer a Rebus, da-  
 ted from Shepton-Mallet; with an Address to  
 the Rev. Mr. ———.

THINK not what thou canst write I dare  
 not hear;— [fear,

What Sappscull writes no mortal needs to  
 Altho' thy pen with bitterest gall is fraught,  
 And malice dictates each invective thought.

Proceed as fast as envy can suggest;  
 Unmov'd by passion, I'll abide the test:

But, half-lick'd witling, know, no ill-spent  
 years

Distract my conscience, or alarm my fears.

Say, why dost talk of function and of sense?

I'm sure no honours e'er thou'lt share from  
 thence.

If thou'lt be wife, for once attention lend,

Regard th' advice yet given by a friend:

U 2

Forbear



Forbear to persecute the sacred Nine,  
Nor vainly think they'll aid such heads as  
thine;

Suppress thy aspiring genius, turn thy quill,  
Nor let revenge employ thy meaner skill.

*Shepton-Mallet, Nov. 7, 1774.*

TAFFY.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The last words of NOUSCHIRVAN, King of Persia, (called by the Greek writers Choïroes II.) to his son and successor, HORMOUZ, or HORMISDAS IV.—The substance of this advice is recorded by Mirkhond, and other oriental writers, and may be found in the Ancient Universal History, 8vo. vol. 11. p. 183.*

ATTEND, my Son, for thee my words  
shall raise

A lucid lanthorn in the darksome days,  
Or prove a path to point thro' wilds thy way,  
Or as a pole-star thro' the troubled sea!

When clos'd my eyes, which now unable are  
The glorious lustre of the sun to bear,  
Think thou that kings, 'midst all their pompous train,

Not for themselves, but for their people reign;  
As are the bounteous heav'ns to earthly things,  
That such to men are heav'n-descended kings:  
Can earth produce the fruits which mortals use  
Unfed by rains, uncherish'd by the dews?  
So let thy subjects flourish, rich and great,  
Cheer'd by thy hand, and nourish'd by thy  
state;

Thy lib'ral hand, affecting first the Near,  
By just gradations shall the Distant cheer.  
O that to thee, myself I cou'd approve!  
But rather let my own exemplar move,  
Yon radiant sun, which warms the circling  
In his due course beneficent to all: [ball,  
It is that other climes, if pass'd it seem,  
Partake the splendor, and enjoy the beam;  
Then let no province wherefoe'er thou stray,  
Miss the sweet influence of th' enliv'ning ray.  
Each clime shall hail thy lov'd approach in  
turn,

And every heart with grateful fervour burn;  
When no fond eye shall see thee disappear,  
But with intent to warm the regions near,  
Yet still bespeak thee due distinction must,  
Good to the good, and to the villain just;  
Eclips'd thine orb to those who love the night,  
While sons of virtue hail thy morning light;  
And as that glorious eye of heaven ne'er sleeps,  
But ev'ry end of high creation keeps,  
Be this thy care, in all things to impart  
A royal action from a royal heart;  
For would'st thou, as a King, be still obey'd,  
By no mean deed thy regal rank degrade.

Ask heaven's assistance often—but be sure  
Thou shun to ask it with a mind impure;  
Temples are not for dogs: mark this, my dear!  
Thy prayers ascending gracious heaven shall  
hear;

Affrighting terrors shall thy foes confound,  
And friends of faith encompass thee around;  
Thou by thy subjects, they by thee, approv'd,  
Shall reign triumphant, loving and belov'd.

Base insolence shall crouch, the lowly rise,  
Thy children view thee with endearing eyes,  
And science hail thee Patron of the Wife. }  
In council listen to the lore of age,  
Youth unexperienc'd errs, and years are sage;  
Supremely blest, who guards the public weal,  
And feels the generous joys which others feel.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE FOOTPATH to FELICITIE.

*A Poem written about 200 Years ago.*

A List'ning ear that loves to learne  
How to amend that is amiss,  
By grace divine shall have the choice  
Of that which good and healthful is;  
Resist the force and strength of sinne  
With spirituall artillerie,  
Abstaine from noisome lusts: This is  
The footpath to felicitie.

Have always in remembrance  
Christ Jesus crucifixe to death,  
And let the same thy comfort be  
Till utter gaspe of life and breath;  
Meeke-minded be, all pride detest,  
And learn of Christ humilitie,  
Forbear thy furious foe: This is  
The footpath to felicitie.

Lament the lack of faith and truth  
Which is forsaken and forlorne,  
Exhort to peace where it doth want,  
And of the needie think no scorne;  
Make much of such as pleasure take  
In fostering love and charitie,  
In such is hope of grace: This is  
The footpath to felicitie.

Nothing so much doth like the Lord  
As loving of his heavenlie lawe,  
Give care thereto, and from the same  
Let no allurements thee withdrawe;  
An upright life delight to lead,  
Thy lust keep in captivitie;  
By virtue honor seeke: This is  
The footpath to felicitie.

Revolt not from the word of truth,  
But even to death the same professe,  
And make account that thy reward  
Will be eternal happinesse;  
Hell is the hire of every one  
That is to truth an enemye.  
A true believer die: This is  
The footpath of felicitie.

Mark what reposed is in Heaven  
For such as do their maister's will,  
Free libertie from thralldom's yoke,  
And blessed angels' food their fill;  
Lord lighten thou our mistie eyes,  
That we may love the veritie,  
Extend to us thy spirit: This is  
The footpath of felicitie.

Make us to joine in nothing more  
Than in thy word procuring peace,  
I mean thy gospel full of grace,  
The love whereof, O Lord, increase;  
New harts, new minds create in us,  
And make us like thy majestic,  
Good like thyself, so shall we finde  
The footpath to felicitie.

*In the Introduction to the Narrative of the Proceedings of the New Parliament, given in our last Miscellany, a compendious Review of the State of Affairs in America is introduced; but as that may be considered too concise for so important a Subject, (though illustrative of what follows) we have, as a proper Supplement to the second Volume of our Work, selected from the public Prints a Summary of the Proceedings of all the American Colonists from the passing of the Boston Port Bill to the present Time, including the Resolves of the Grand Continental Congress, and their sensible and animated Letter to the People of Great-Britain.*

THE first notice received in America of the act for shutting up the port of Boston, till the inhabitants of that province should make compensation to the East-India Company for the tea wantonly destroyed there, was in the month of May last. The spirit and resentment of all the Colonies on that Continent was instantly roused. Public meetings were held of the inhabitants in the capitals and principal towns in Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Philadelphia, New York, and South Carolina, and various spirited resolutions were passed, the most important of which, and in which they almost all agree, are, That the Boston port bill is unconstitutional and oppressive: That the British Parliament have no right to tax the colonies: That a non-consumption of British manufactures, as also a non-importation and non-exportation agreement to and from the Mother Country, be entered into after the last day of August, by all the colonies, till the above bill, and others equally obnoxious, be repealed; and that every individual enter into a *Solemn League and Covenant* for that purpose, as well as to avoid all society with whomsoever shall refuse to embrace the said Covenant: That a general congress of deputies from all the Colonies be held at Philadelphia, to petition his Majesty on American grievances: That Committees be appointed by each to correspond with the other Colonies; and that Subscriptions be opened by each Colony to raise a sufficient sum to enable the committees to discharge the important trust to which they are appointed; and also for the relief of the distressed inhabitants of Boston.

The House of Representatives at Salem having also entered into similar resolves to those above-mentioned, his Excellency Gen. Gage directed his Secretary to acquaint them, that the General Assembly should be dissolved, and to declare the same dissolved accordingly: The Secretary went to the Court-house, and finding the door of the Representatives Chamber locked, directed the messenger to go in, and acquaint the Speaker that the Secretary had a message from his Excellency to the honourable House, and desired he might be admitted to deliver it. The messenger returned, and said he had acquainted

the Speaker therewith, who mentioned it to the House, and their orders were to keep the door fast.—Whereupon a proclamation was published on the stairs, leading to the Representatives Chamber, in presence of several Members of the House, and a great number of other persons, and immediately after in council, dissolving the assembly.

An address from the Council being afterwards presented to the Governor, containing amongst other observations on the present situation of affairs, some reflections on his predecessors in office, he refused to hear it, saying, it was an insult on the King and his Privy Council, and an affront to himself. He likewise soon after published a proclamation, forbidding all persons to subscribe the Solemn League and Covenant, on pain of being considered as open and declared enemies of the King and Parliament of Great Britain, and incurring the pains and penalties due to such dangerous offences.

The following resolution, passed by the town meeting of Annapolis in Maryland, may serve to shew the disposition of some who so violently oppose the measures of Government.—“That it is the opinion of this meeting, that the gentlemen of the law of this province bring no suit for the recovery of any debt due from any inhabitant of this Province to any inhabitant of Great-Britain, until the Act for removing the Port of Boston be repealed.” A protest, however, was entered against it by a respectable body of Merchants.

The first day of June, the memorable day on which the Boston port bill took place, was held in most of the American provinces as a solemn fast.—In Philadelphia, the inhabitants shut up their houses and shops; the bells were muffled, and rang a solemn peal; the colours of the vessels in the harbour were hoisted half-mast high; and the city wore the aspect of deep distress. An excellent sermon suited to the solemnity was preached to an assembly crowded with people of ALL denominations, from the following words: “And in every province whithersoever the King’s commandment and his decree came, there was great mourning among the Jews, and fasting, and weeping, and wailing; and many lay in sackcloth and ashes.” *Ester* iv. 3.

*East-r.* June 2. Business was finished at the Custom-House at 12 o’clock yesterday noon,

noon, and this harbour is now shut against all vessels bound hither, and on the 15th inst. none will be allowed to depart hence.

*June 4.* The 43d and the King's own regiments landed at Long Wharf, and marched into the Common; after which both regiments encamped upon the Common.

*Salutem, June 18.* A very pathetic address from the merchants and freeholders of this town was presented to Governor Gage, in which, after complimenting his Excellency on the wisdom and mildness of his conduct in another command, they express their sanguine expectations that the province will reap the happy fruits of his benignity.—“We are deeply affected, say they, with a sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of this province greatly excite our commiseration.”\*\*\*\*\*

“We account it the greatest unhappiness that this province, which has ever been foremost in loyalty to the Kings of Britain---in its efforts to defend their territories and enlarge their dominions,---should be the first to feel our Sovereign's severest displeasure. Our fathers fled from oppression, braved every danger, and here began a settlement on bare creation. Almost incredible are the fatigues and difficulties they encountered to subdue a dreary wilderness, filled with savage beasts, and yet more savage men: but by their invincible resolution they rose superior to them all; and by their astonishing efforts greatly facilitated the settlement of the other British colonies in America. Yet, Sir, we speak it with grief, the sons are checked and dishonoured for exhibiting proofs of their inheriting some portion of that spirit which in their fathers produced such astonishing effects.

“A happy union with Great Britain is the wish of the colonies. It is their unpeakable grief, that it has in any degree been interrupted. We earnestly desire to repair the breach. We ardently pray that harmony may be restored. And for these ends, every measure compatible with the dignity and safety of British subjects we shall gladly adopt.”

They conclude with assuring his Excellency, “that they shall make it their constant endeavour to preserve the peace, and to make the arduous task of administration in these perilous times as easy to him as the nature of things will admit.”

To which his Excellency in his answer assured them, that he felt for the inhabitants of Boston, but could take no steps for their relief without their co-operating with his endeavours, and was sorry their repeated provocations had forced the British nation to adopt the present measures. “Great Britain, (concludes his Excellency) is equally desirous as yourselves of a happy union with this, as well as every other colony; and, inheriting the spirit of her ancestors, finds it

necessary to support her rights, as the supreme head of her extended empire: she strives not to check that spirit which you say you inherit from your fathers, but to inculcate that due obedience to the King in his Parliament which your fathers acknowledged.”

*Extract of a letter from Boston, July 3.*

“If you should think that the majority in this town or province hold the same opinions with the assembly and with the liberty authors, you will be egregiously mistaken; the best caution I can give you, is, to credit nothing advanced by the opposers of peace in the Boston newspapers; all the papers without exception, over all British America, are violent against taxation, and the printers will not admit any piece in opposition to favourite opinions. The newspapers sent you need some explanations.—

“To begin: Every person of common sense and property wishes for the establishment of peace, and would readily pay their share of the loss sustained by the India Company, and profess their submission to the authority of Parliament; but all this won't do; our council and assembly must in their legislative capacity grant the compensation, and profess the obedience: The council will soon be reformed, but the assembly, is under the direction of some men, whose only interest is in fomenting disputes and deceiving the vulgar. Our assembly, which met about four weeks since, kept the doors sacredly shut; after doing some home business, they went upon the matter of the blockade of our port; a general convention of committees from all the colonies was agreed upon, and deputies appointed to meet those of the other colonies. The House also on their own authority, without the sanction of the Governor, presumed to vote a sum for the support of their convention deputies, and assessed the different townships in the colony according to their usual rate, to raise the sum voted. This strange proceeding obliged the Governor to dissolve the assembly, which he did, by sending his Secretary with a message for that purpose; but the assembly suspecting his business, shut the door against him, and the Secretary contented himself with reading the proclamation on the stairs leading to the representatives chamber, and immediately after in the council chamber. Our town meeting have resolved to bind themselves by a SOLEMN LEAGUE and COVENANT not to use, or to countenance those who should import or use any British goods: The covenanters are not only to sign this solemn covenant, but to swear to it. This covenant and oath has been properly filed in a proclamation by the Governor, scandalous and traitorous, and all his Majesty's officers in the province are commanded to seize and keep for trial all who shall have signed, or who shall persuade any person to accede to such covenant. About 150 of the principal

principal gentlemen and merchants, have protested against this new covenant and oath. Such protests are quite new to us, and we never durst have ventured upon them, had not Parliament by its late acts given well-meaning men encouragement. While Parliament suffered the disorderly people here to commit every outrage which the most unlicensed wantonness could devise, Government in England was more execrated by every loyal subject, than even the villainous oppressions of the rabble here. We looked to Parliament for relief, for protection, and safety; we were led by speeches from the throne, messages, replies, and resolutions, to expect for a course of years, that safety which quiet subjects are entitled to; but our expectations till of late were vain and delusive; and, let me tell you, that the best subjects of England in this town and country were so irritated at the torpor which seemed to overpower administration, that if the late acts had not luckily come to hand, they were resolved for their own peace and quiet to join the rabble, and rather head those disorderly wretches than be the objects of their malice,—to such a sad dilemma were we reduced. At present our resolves are violent and headstrong; our champions are men of broken fortunes and characters, who have no losses to fear, therefore they wish the Port to continue shut, that the clamours of the needy may increase their party; but all men of sense and property are on the opposite side. A great many fine resolves about our support are sent us from the rest of the colonies; they are even making contributions for us, sheep, corn, flour, &c. and all these good things are to be consigned to the custody of our overseers of the poor. You have, I suppose, heard or read of Gentlemen entrusted with the poor's money growing rich, while the poor starved; if you should judge so in this case, you will not be uncharitable. Our overseers of the poor have already made fortunes out of the contributions for maintaining the workhouse poor; what sums then will they not make, when they have the command of the purses of all the seditious fools on this continent?

*Boston, Sept. 2.* This being the season for the annual muster of the militia, the General, from some hints given him by Col. Brattle, or from the jealous fears so natural to one in his disagreeable situation, was apprehensive of their doing something more than going through their common exercise, and therefore thought proper to demand of Col. Brattle the provincial ammunition, and stores under his care, which were delivered to the General, who then sent two companies of his soldiers up the river, by night, and seized a large magazine of powder at the town of Medford, in which there happened to be private property, as well as provincial, to the latter of which he, as Captain General, had a right. Upon hearing of this, the next

morning, the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, to the amount of several thousands, as the letters say, assembled at Cambridge, mostly in arms, with a design to go to Boston, where the powder had been carried and stored, to demand the same, and, if necessary, to attack the troops; but, upon the importunate solicitations of the principal gentlemen of the town, they desisted, and, for that time, contented themselves with going to the houses of Mr. Sewat, the Attorney-General, Mr. Phipps, Colonel of the Provincial Horse, Mr. Hulton, a Commissioner of the Customs, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, several of the new Council, and several other Crown Officers, who they thought had shewn themselves unfriendly to the province; some of these they obliged to resign, and to declare that they would no more act under such arbitrary laws: others fled for their lives, and were concealing themselves, from house to house, when these letters came away, their own houses being much damaged by the people, and, it is said, some pulled down.

Upon opening the courts at term time, the juries throughout the province unanimously refused to take the oaths, or to act at all under their new Judges, and new laws. The clerks of the courts have, in the newspapers, declared their sorrow for having issued the warrants for summoning the said juries according to the late acts, and declare they will no more do so, let the consequence be what it will; that they did not consider what they were about, and that, if the people should forgive them, they could never forgive themselves.

The Governor's company of Cadets, consisting wholly of gentlemen of the town, and who are mostly on the side of government, disbanded themselves, and returned to General Gage the standard, which on his arrival there, he, according to custom, had presented them with. This was done upon the General's taking away Mr. Hancock's commission, as Colonel of the Company. Governor Gage shewed himself to be much out of temper when the Committee returned the colours, alledging, that Colonel Hancock had used him ill.

Out of the thirty-six new counsellors, only thirteen had been prevailed with to take the oaths; and, of these, five or six had resigned, some voluntarily, others through fear.

But what most irritated the people, next to seizing their arms and ammunition, was the apprehending six gentlemen, Select Men of the town of Salem, who had assembled a town meeting, according to the old custom, though contrary to the new acts of Parliament, to chuse some public officers; upon which General Gage sent for, and cautioned them, threatening them that he would enforce the acts if they persisted to carry matters to the last extremity. He was answered, that they should be governed by the laws of the province, and accordingly went on with the business

business of the meeting: mean time, a company of soldiers were ordered into the town, who came prepared as for an engagement; but, before their arrival, the meeting had got through with their business, and were broke up. The Select Men, however, were apprehended, and three of them admitted to bail, to stand trial at the next court, and three were sent to gaol, who, on their arrival, were by the keeper refused admittance, and remained under arrest when the Scarborough failed with these advices.

*Extract of a letter from New-York, Oct. 5.*

"It has just transpired here, that the Boston deputies at the general congress are violent beyond all bounds, and insist on the following measure, that each colony shall furnish a body of men properly equipped with arms and ammunition, and march them to the assistance of Boston; they say, such a vigorous effort would make Great Britain tremble, and engage parliament to repeal all the obnoxious acts.

"The other deputies in general oppose this desperate trial, for very good reasons, that many of them would have to march their men 500 and 1000 miles, and that it would be a long time before their army could rendezvous near Boston; but they offer, if the New England colonies will find the men, the rest of the colonies will each pay their quota of the expence; this does not satisfy the New England Deputies, though their four colonies can raise a great number of fighting men; they say, that in the common cause of America no obstacles should be feared, and a contribution in money is not an equivalent to the risk of actual service.

"This information you may be assured is genuine; it is said to have come from some of the Deputies against the measure; the madness of the proposal has given a general shock to the public; the horrors of a civil war look us full in the face; and though we are sure our deputies will never consent to such an act of desperation, we wish we had them home again.

"The Boston people want to involve us as deep into the scrape as themselves, and then very probably they would make their peace at our expence. I never liked the Boston people, and now I dislike them a thousand times more than ever. Britain has many friends in this town, yet none of us will pay taxes till we cannot help ourselves. I do think we shall never be rightly quiet here; in looking forward there is but an indifferent prospect; and my reason is, none of the printers dare to publish any thing against the popular opinions, so the people only hear their own side of the question.

"Our principal bookseller and printer, Mr. Rivington, published only a single piece in his paper against our liberty proceedings, and though he gave up his author when called upon, yet all the other printers, and all the patriots, have abused and threatened

him since. As he is an Old-England man, the printers and booksellers here consider him as an intruder; really they have some reason to be displeased, for he is a man of abilities, and very polite address, and has considerably hurt their trade. His friends have advised him to do so no more, or they will not be able to protect him.

"If you was here you would sometimes think yourself in London; almost every house has the London papers; our friends in London having orders to transmit us all the papers written in opposition to our measures, as the popular party hinder our printers from publishing them here."

The following extracts of letters from London, communicated by gentlemen of credit in America, will convince every impartial man, to whom the violent proceedings in that country are mostly to be attributed. The names of the authors are well known.

*Letters to Philadelphia, Sept. 7.*

No. I. 'If you are firm in stopping the importation from Britain a year or two, this treacherous Ministry must be overthrown, and all their measures reversed. They themselves tremble for their situation.'

No. II. 'Should the Ministry succeed in the enterprizes they have already undertaken with respect to the colonies, you will assuredly be robbed of that darling privilege the Liberty of the Press; for effectuating which, a scheme, I am well informed, is now agitating in the Cabinet by a certain Lord, who has publicly declared, that he is determined strenuously to oppose the advancement of your glory in the Western world.'

No. III. 'A warm opposition on your side, joined to the endeavours of the Friends of Liberty here, will force out the present Ministry, and make way for your advocates. Persevere, or all is lost.'

No. IV. 'The late measures will be looked on as justifiable by their success, and the venal crew, at present termed the Representatives of Great-Britain, will probably be returned next spring to finish the remains of American Liberty.'

*Letters to New-York, Oct. 6.*

No. V. 'If the colonies join with a manly courage, all will tend to the honour and advantage of America. Nothing will save England but the Americans behaving with resolution; and cutting off all commercial intercourse with Great-Britain.

'The ruin of this country seems as though it would come on soon. May the Almighty keep you from our sins and our plagues. Your salvation and ours depend on your firmness. Break off all trade with us; then interest will convince your enemies of their folly.'

No. VI. 'Be assured that nothing less than a firm and vigorous exertion of spirit and virtue, and the united strength of America, tending at once to dry up the sources

sources of revenue, and operating instantly upon the feelings of the people here, will or can possibly answer the purposes of a Congress. But if this be done with unanimity and severity, you will be free indeed."

*Philadelphia, Oct. 3.* The following letter from a gentleman in Bristol, to his friend in this city, dated July 20th, 1774, was published in the Pennsylvania packet, by order of the Congress:

"Surrounded as I am by a thousand various businesses, still I cannot resist the strong inclination I feel to tell you that I am alive and well once more in Old England: Formerly I loved the country and people; but now both appear odious to me; their conduct towards the Americans is horrid, cruel, and detestable; they call ye all thieves, pirates, and rebels, for which, in return, I make no scruple to call them knaves, scoundrels, and spiritless slaves. Every day I am in the most furious quarrels in vindication of America, that ever you saw—I wish to God that you had a few more friends in this city—I shall, thro' my zealous attachment, lose or endanger my election; but no matter; they already cry, *no American*—no Bill of Rights man. My acquaintance tell me I am too warm; but do you tell me, my friend, who that is made up of American flesh and blood can sit calm and composed to hear his native country, with his dearest connections, calumniated, belied, and reprobated? No, by heaven and earth, I swear, I never will silently put up with such ill usage while I have breath to speak, or hands to fight.

"I am just returned from London: It is with a degree of pleasure, I can assure you, many of the great men are ashamed of what they have done, seriously dreading the association and resentment of the Virginians in particular: The revenue arising from the duties on tobacco is *mortgaged*, and a stop to their exportations would make a glorious confusion among their High Mightinesses.

"When I left America, I recommended moderation; but with concern I find that conduct will not do. Resentment must shew itself; for our Ministers with themselves well out of it. *Firmness* on the part of the Americans will insure them the victory; now is the crisis, the important crisis, of your whole lives—you can *lose nothing* by a patriotic stand—you may gain *every thing*.

"The people of this country are sunk in luxury, and wish only to get their hands into the purse of the Americans to support them in it. They are totally indifferent about liberty, and lost to every sense of honour or virtue; open corruption is connived at and approved; oppression, black as hell, darkens the annals of the present times; and Britons seem happy in their supine folly and base vassalage.

"If once the Americans submit, I foresee

"a train of evils ready to light upon them: taxes, impositions, and oppressions, without moderation or end. Now is the appointed time to struggle like men for your dear inheritance; and there can be no doubt but Providence, and a *new Parliament*, will do you ample justice, I will weary heaven with my prayers for your success.—My sincere good wishes attend you, and all the rest of my worthy countrymen in Philadelphia."

When it is considered, that such artifices as these have been made use of by men of influence in this country to inflame the minds of the Americans, and fill them with false fears and groundless resentments, every impartial citizen, while he laments the miseries of dissention, will detest the base agents who have thus endeavoured to increase them.

Two pamphlets brought by the last ships from Virginia give us a pretty clear insight into the present American politics. The first is Mr. Jefferson's *Summary View*, in which he speaks of the acts of trade, passed in Charles the second's time, as proceeding from a spirit of tyranny; claims a right of sending their tobacco to what part of Europe they please, and of buying the goods they want at such foreign markets as they shall think proper; and thinks it great injustice, that they must leave their tobacco with the British merchant, to be by him re-shipped to foreign markets.—The other gentleman in his pamphlet, entitled, *Considerations* &c. very gently hints to us, that if the English merchants withheld their assistance, and do not second these views of the Americans, the people of Virginia may then be justified in stopping all exportation or remittances for what they owe to their English creditors. That is, (say these two gentlemen together) "If you English merchants will not support us in our attempts to take away your future trade, we will stop the payment of the debts we owe you for the past trade."

A writer on American affairs makes use of the following observations:—"The laying on the stamp act was foolish, the taking it off criminal; the laying on other insignificant and unprofitable duties, foolish again; the conduct of the Americans insolent and dangerous; the late coercive laws necessary; the opposition to these laws rebellion; the enforcing them now a point of necessity."

The following argument, with regard to the right of the British Parliament to impose taxes upon America, is taken from a pamphlet entitled, "An appeal to the justice and interests of the people of Great Britain."

"We are told (says the appeal) that Parliament, being the supreme legislature, its acts must bind in all cases whatever, that no line can be drawn, and therefore Parliament has a constitutional right to impose taxes. Before Parliament has constitutional powers, it

it must be constitutionally formed. There is no magic or efficient power in the word which can give it that right; it must be in part constituted by the people over whom its laws have sway in all cases whatever, or else it is not a constitutional power. With respect to Great-Britain it is so constituted—with regard to America it is not—its power, therefore, cannot be brought not to be the same over both countries; the delegation of the people is the source of that power, most especially in point of taxation. That delegation is wanting on the part of America, and therefore the right cannot exist. It is true that the authority of the legislature makes laws for the levying money upon the subject; but unless the gift be previously made by the representatives of the people, there is nothing on which the act can work—the gift must be made first and distinct, the law comes after to prescribe the mode of levying it. The representatives are the sole source of the gift, the legislative act is the completion of it, but without a beginning there can be no end. It is therefore a position founded in the essential principles of the constitution, that—“the supreme power, however, it may make laws for regulating the state, cannot take the money of the people without their consent.”

Sir Wm. Draper, in a little tract, entitled *The Thoughts of a Traveller on our American Disputes*, has fully proved that we cannot govern America by force; and that gentle measures will be construed weakness, and will produce the most pernicious effects to the authority of this government; that the most moderate of the Americans think we have no right to tax them, and on the same principles no right to make laws to bind them.—His arguments tend to prove, that a *Separation* will give us a greater command over them than we have at present, for the defenceless state of these North American Republics would be obliged to have recourse to us for protection.—He mentions the case of the Dutch, who revolted from Spain; but there he drops his argument too soon; for, had he pursued it a little farther, he would have seen, that after the Dutch and the Spaniards became two independent and separate states, their interest led them to be the most intimate and best friends to each other; and they actually afforded one another more assistance, against their common enemy, the French, after their separation, than they could have done under the same government.—We may add that the Dutch are, at this time, some of the best customers that frequent the ports of Spain.—These are facts not to be denied. Spain was much richer and more populous in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, when it had not one colony, than ever it has been since. France has lost Canada; but is it the weaker on that account?

Application having been made by General Gage to the workmen in Boston and New-

York, to assist in completing the fortifications on Boston Neck; by means of which the soldiery would become the sole masters of the passages into the town, the same had been unanimously rejected, and not a man was to be found base enough to assist in an erection which probably would be improved to spill the blood of their fellow subjects. Application was likewise made to the merchants of New-York and Philadelphia, to supply the troops with necessary provisions and clothing, and met with the same repulse. The New-York merchants also refused the use of their ships to fetch the troops from Quebec. Before these trials were made, the General had issued writs for calling a great and general court of assembly to be held at Salem on the 5th of October; but observing the spirit of the people, and the resolves of their respective meetings, on the 29th of September he caused proclamation to be made, forbidding the meeting of the said assembly, and discharging the members chosen on that occasion from their attendance till a future day.

On Sunday the 11th of December arrived at Dover from North America, the *St. Paul*, Capt. Gordon, by whom the following important advices were received.

Boston, Oct. 10. Wednesday last the members, chosen in consequence of Gov. Gage's late writs for calling a general assembly, met at the Court-house in Salem, pursuant to the precept; and after waiting a day without being admitted to the usual oaths, which should have been administered by the Governor, and having chosen the Hon. John Hancock their chairman, they proceeded to business, and passed several resolutions to the following purport:—That the Governor's representation of the province, in his late proclamation, as being in a tumultuous and disorderly state, are reflections the inhabitants have by no means merited, and are highly injurious and unkind; and that, by fixing a day for the meeting of the assembly, and then dissolving it before it had met, the Governor had been guilty of an unconstitutional breach of their charter: they therefore determined to form themselves into a Provincial Congress, and appointed a meeting at the town of Concord on the 11th of Oct.

Boston, Oct. 15. On the 11th the Congress was held at Concord, at which 260 deputies were present. It was resolved to present a message to the Governor to the following purport: “That the distressed state of the province rendered it necessary to collect the wisdom of the province by their delegates to concert some remedy to prevent impending ruin; that they saw such hostile preparations as threatened the horror and confusion of a civil war; that it must surprise all mankind that such measures are pursued against a people, whose love of order, attachment to Britain, and loyalty to their King, have ever been exemplary; that penetrated with the most

most poignant concern, and ardently solicitous to preserve union and harmony between Great-Britain and the Colonies, they entreat his Excellency to remove the fortrefs at the entrance of Boston, for the good people of that province have never had the least intention to do any injury to his Majesty's troops, but on the contrary they desire that every obstacle to treating them as fellow subjects may be removed; and they conclude with requesting his Excellency, as he regards his Majesty's honour and interest, the dignity and happiness of the empire, the peace and welfare of the province, that he would immediately desist from the carrying on the fortrefs now constructing at the south entrance of Boston, and restore that pass to its natural state."

To this address his Excellency gave the following answer:

"The previous menaces daily thrown out, and the unusual warlike preparations throughout the country, made it an act of duty in me to pursue the measures I have taken, in constructing what you call a fortrefs, which, unless annoyed, will annoy nobody. It is surely highly exasperating, as well as ungenerous, even to hint, that the lives, liberties, or properties of any persons, except avowed enemies, are in danger from Britons; Britain can never harbour the black design of wantonly destroying or enslaving any people on earth; and notwithstanding the enmity shewn to the King's troops, by withholding from them almost every necessary for their preservation, they have not as yet discovered the resentment which might justly be expected to arise from such hostile treatment.

"No person can be more solicitous than myself to preserve union and harmony between Great-Britain and her Colonies; and I ardently wish to contribute to the completion of a work so salutary to both countries; but an open and avowed disobedience to all her authority, is only bidding defiance to the Mother Country, and gives little hopes of bringing a spirited nation to that favourable disposition, which a more decent and dutiful conduct might effect. Whilst you complain of Acts of Parliament, that make alterations in your charter, and put you, in some degree, on the same footing with many other provinces, you will not forget, that by your present assembly you are yourselves subverting that charter, and now acting in direct violation to your own constitution. It is my duty, therefore, however irregular your application is, to warn you of the rocks you are upon, and to require you to desist from such illegal unconstitutional proceedings.

*Province-House, Oct. 17.* THO. GAGE."

On the 14th the Congress passed a resolution, forbidding the several collectors of the taxes from paying in the money they have received to the King's Receiver, but to wait for the farther direction of the Congress.

*New-York, Oct. 17.* We have the following authentic intelligence from Boston.—A few days ago Gen. Gage paid for, and deposited in his Majesty's magazine, a quantity of military stores, which had lain for a long time in the hands of Mr. Scott. The Select-men sent for Mr. Scott, and told him he deserved immediate death for selling warlike stores to the enemy; and a number of people immediately assembled to put this sentence in execution; but Mr. Scott was so fortunate as to make his escape. His house, however, suffered very much before the people separated, by order of the Select-men.—Dr. Warren, the president of the committee of correspondence, came at night to the General, acquainting him that he was to write to the Congress immediately; and he desired, for their information, that the General would answer the following questions, viz. What is the meaning of the fortifications? What is the meaning that the General buys military stores? Are the people of Boston to be made hostages, in order to compel the people of the country to comply with the new law?

Dr. Warren received for answer, that as the country people were all armed, and collecting cannon and military stores from all quarters, which, as they were not soldiers by profession, or under the least apprehension of any invasion, could indicate nothing but their intention of attacking his Majesty's forces in that town, it became therefore the General, and it would be inexcusable in him to neglect, to provide for their defence, and to enable them effectually to resist the attempts which it is no longer doubtful the people meditate against them. That the very construction of the fortifications shews them to be defensive; and every body might easily discern that they are not calculated in any respect to annoy the town or disturb the inhabitants, or even to lay them under the least restraint. That it is notorious that many cannon have been conveyed, notwithstanding the works, from thence; and arms are carried out openly by every man that goes out of Boston, without molestation.

That though the General, to ease the town of the burden of furnishing quarters for the troops, and to keep the troops from every possibility of giving offence to the inhabitants, hath ordered barracks to be erected for them, which he conceives to be of equal utility to the towns as to the troops; nevertheless, the Select-men and the Committee have ordered all the workmen to quit this employ, though they were paid by the King.

That orders are given to prevent all supplies for English troops. Straw, purchased for their use, is daily burnt; vessels with bricks sunk; carts with wood overturned; and thus even the property of the King is destroyed in every manner in which it can be effected. Yet such is the General's desire to preserve to the last, as far as in his power, the peace and quiet of the people, that all disorders,



disorders, though not the effect of rash tumult but of evident system, are endured with patience. There can therefore be no reality in the apprehensions which it appears the people conceive of dangerous designs entertained by the troops against them, when these very people are not afraid to provoke the troops by every wanton insult they can devise.

*Boston, Oct. 17.* Upwards of five months have expired since this devoted town has experienced all the horrors of the Port Bill, and as if these were not sufficient to satiate the malice of our enemies, severities which that act, vengeful as it is, did not know of, have been grafted upon it.

Our numerous poor are suffering by the rise of wood, butter, cheese, and other provisions not permitted to be brought up as usual from the little rivers and bays in our harbour, and when our tyrants have been expostulated with for these illegal proceedings, they have insultingly replied, that, agreeable to the act of parliament, it was to distress us; and this their intention has been so effectually accomplished, that it may be affirmed, without exaggeration, the loss this town has sustained during only one month of our blockade, exceeds the whole amount of all those generous donations received from our sympathizing friends through the continent. Added to all this our town is surrounded with ships of war: formidable fortifications are erected, and others erecting at the only avenue to the town: Chains and Chevaux de Frise already provided to stop up the entrances at pleasure: four regiments encamped upon the common, with a large train of artillery and matrosses; one regiment on Fort-hill, one on the new fortifications on the Neck, and another regiment at Castle William; three companies just arrived in the Rose man of war from Newfoundland; transports dispatched some time past to New-York, for two regiments from thence and the Jerseys, and to Quebec for two regiments from that quarter; military stores and implements of all kinds are collecting in this town, which has now the appearance of a garrison. This capital is a striking example of what is to be expected from the uncontrollable power claimed by a British parliament\* over these colonies; but under all these sufferings and terrors Boston has not as yet renounced the great and common cause for which it suffers.

\* [There is something remarkable in the dispute with the Americans. The patriots are for raising the power of the crown above the controul of the parliament, for they say that the charters granted to the colonies have exempted them from parliamentary jurisdiction, by which means they are become so many independent states, that is, independent of the parliament, tho' not of the King.

The ministerial party on the contrary first deny that such charters of exemption were

ever granted, challenging their opponents to produce their proofs; and even assert that if such charters had been granted they must be illegal and unconstitutional, because a King of England cannot exempt any English subject from the authority of parliamentary jurisdiction. This is fully set forth in an Act of the 7th of King William, wherein it is declared, that any attempts of the colonies to free themselves from parliamentary jurisdiction are null and void. A similar law respecting Ireland, passed the 6th of George I. By this one would imagine that opposition was for maintaining prerogative against law, whilst Administration is defending the laws against the power of prerogative.]

*PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 30.* The Grand Continental Congress, which met the 5th of September, broke up the 26th of October; and from time to time came to the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That this Congress approve of the opposition made by the inhabitants of the Massachusetts-Bay, to the execution of the late acts of parliament; and if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution by force, all America ought to support them in their opposition.

*Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this body that the removal of the people of Boston into the country, would be, not only extremely difficult in the execution, but so important in its consequences, as to require the utmost deliberation before it is adopted: but in case the provincial meeting of the colony shall judge it absolutely necessary, it is the opinion of this Congress, that all America ought to contribute towards recompensing them for the injury they may thereby sustain; and it will be recommended accordingly.

*Resolved*, That this Congress do recommend to the inhabitants of the colony of the Massachusetts-Bay, to submit to a suspension of the administration of justice, where it cannot be procured in a legal and peaceable manner, under the rules of the charter and the laws founded thereon, until the effects of our application for a repeal of the acts, by which their charter rights are infringed, is known.

*Resolved unanimously*, That every person or persons whomsoever, who shall take, accept, or act under any commission or authority, in any wise derived from the act passed in the last session of parliament, changing the form of government and violating the charter of the province of the Massachusetts-Bay, ought to be held in detestation and abhorrence by all good men, and considered as the wicked tools of that despotism which is preparing to destroy those rights, which God, Nature, and Compact, have given to America.

*Resolved unanimously*, That the people of Boston and the Massachusetts-Bay, be advised still to conduct themselves peaceably towards his Excellency General Gage, and his Majesty's

jeſty's troops now ſtationed in the town of Boſton, as far as can poſſibly conſiſt with their immediate ſafety and the ſecurity of the town; avoiding and diſcountenancing every violation of his Maſteſty's property, or any inſult to his troops; and that they peaceably and firmly perſevere in the line in which they are now conducting themſelves on the deſenſive.

*Reſolved*, That the ſeizing, or attempting to ſeize, any perſon in America, in order to tranſport ſuch perſon beyond the ſea, for trial of offences committed within the body of a county in America, being againſt law, will juſtify and ought to meet with reſiſtance and reſprial.

*Reſolved*, As the opinion of the Congreſs, that it will be neceſſary that a Congreſs ſhould be held on the 10th day of May next, unleſs the redreſs of grievances, which we have deſired, be obtained before that time.— And we recommend that the ſame be held at the city of Philadelphia, and that all the colonies in North America chuſe deputies as ſoon as poſſible, to attend ſuch Congreſs.

*Reſolved*, That the Congreſs in their own names, and in behalf of all thoſe whom they repreſent, do preſent their moſt grateful acknowledgments to thoſe truly noble, honorable, and patriotic advocates of civil and religious liberty, who have ſo generously and powerfully, though unſucceſſfully, eſpouſed and defended the cauſe of America, both in and out of parliament.

Before the breaking up of the Congreſs, the provincial Delegates entered into a *non-importation, non-exportation, and non-conſumption Association*; in the preamble to which they thus expreſs themſelves:

"We his Maſteſty's moſt loyal ſubjects, the Delegates of the ſeveral colonies of New Hampſhire, Maſſachuſets-Bay, Rhode-Iſland, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jerſey, Penſylvania, the three lower counties of New-caſtle, Kent, and Suſſex, on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and South-Carolina, deputed to repreſent them in a continental Congreſs, held in the city of Philadelphia, on the fifth day of September, 1774, avowing our allegiance to his Maſteſty, our affection and regard for our fellow-subjects in Great Britain and elſewhere, affected with the deepeſt anxiety and moſt alarming apprehenſions at thoſe grievances and diſtreſſes, with which his Maſteſty's American ſubjects are oppreſſed, and having taken under our moſt ſerious deliberation, the ſtate of the whole Continent, find, that the preſent unhappy ſituation of our affairs, is occaſioned by a ruinous ſyſtem of colony adminiſtration adopted by the Britiſh miniſtry about the year 1763, evidently calculated for enſlaving theſe colonies, and with them the Britiſh empire. In proſecution of which ſyſtem, various acts of parliament have been paſſed for raiſing a revenue in America, for depriving the American ſubjects, in many in-

ſtances, of the conſtitutional trial by jury, expoſing their lives to danger, by directing a new and illegal trial beyond the ſeas, for crimes alledged to have been committed in America: and in proſecution of the ſame ſyſtem, ſeveral late cruel and oppreſſive acts have been paſſed, reſpecting the town of Boſton and the Maſſachuſets-Bay, and alſo an act for extending the province of Quebec, ſo as to border on the weſtern frontiers of theſe colonies, eſtabliſhing an arbitrary government therein, and diſcouraging the ſettlement of Britiſh ſubjects in that wide extended country; thus by the influence of civil principles and ancient prejudices to diſpoſe the inhabitants to act with hoſtility againſt the free proteſtant colonies, whenever a wicked miniſtry ſhould chuſe ſo to direct them.

"To obtain redreſs of theſe grievances, which threaten deſtruction to the lives, liberty, and property of his Maſteſty's ſubjects in North-America, we are of opinion, that a non-importation, non-conſumption, and non-exportation agreement, faithfully adhered to, will prove the moſt ſpeedy, effectual, and peaceable meaſure; and therefore we do, for ourſelves and the inhabitants of the ſeveral colonies whom we repreſent, firmly agree and aſſociate under the ſacred ties of virtue, honour, and the love of our country, as follows:

1. That from the firſt of December next, we will not import, from Great Britain or Ireland, any goods whatever, nor any Eaſt-India tea from any part of the world; nor molasses, ſyrups, &c. from the Britiſh plantations; nor wines from the Weſtern iſlands; nor foreign indigo.
2. From the firſt of December we will diſcontinue the ſlave trade, and ſell no commodities to thoſe concerned in it.
3. From the preſent day we will purchaſe no Eaſt-India tea, on which a duty has been paid; and after the firſt of March, we will not uſe any Eaſt-India tea whatever.
4. If the preſent oppreſſive acts are not repealed by Sept. 10, 1775, a general non-exportation to Great Britain, Ireland, or the Weſt-Indies, ſhall then take place, except that of rice to Europe.
5. The merchants, factors, &c. to ſend over immediate orders to their correſpondents, in Great Britain and Ireland, not to ſhip any goods for America, as they will not be received.
6. The owners of veſſels to order their captains, not to take on board any prohibited goods on pain of immediate diſmiſſion from their ſervice.
7. We will do our utmoſt to improve the breed of ſheep; and to increaſe their number, we will kill them ſparingly, eſpecially the profitable kind; we will export none; and ſuch of us as may be overſtocked, will diſpoſe of them to our neighbours, eſpecially the poorer ſort, on moderate terms.
8. We will encourage indutry and fru-

gality;

gally, and promote agriculture, arts, and the manufactures of this country, especially that of wool. We will discountenance gaming, and all expensive shews and entertainments. None of us will wear any further mourning drefs, than a black crape or ribbon on the hat or arm for gentleman, and a black ribbon and necklace for ladies; and we will discontinue giving gloves or scarfs at funerals.

9. If any vender of goods, taking advantage of the scarcity occasioned by these regulations, shall advance the price, we will not deal with him in future.

[*Notwithstanding this resolution, many have already raised their goods 20 per Cent.*]

10. Goods imported between Dec. 1, 1774, and Feb. 1, 1775, shall (at the option of the owner) either be re-shipped,—stored up till the non-importation agreement may cease,—or be sold by public auction; in which latter case, the profits (if any) shall be applied for the relief of the people of Boston. And goods brought in after Feb. 1, to be immediately returned, unopened.

11. That Committees of Observation be appointed in each county, city, and town, who, on detecting any persons violating this agreement, shall publish the names of such persons in the Gazette.

12. That the Committee of Correspondence do frequently inspect the entries at the Custom-Houses, and inform each other of such particulars as may be necessary on this matter.

13. That all manufactures of this country be sold at reasonable prices.

14. That we will have no dealings whatever, with any colony or province in North-America, which shall not accede to, or shall hereafter violate these regulations.

And we do solemnly bind ourselves and our constituents, firmly to adhere to this association, until the oppressive acts against this country are repealed.

Signed by Peyton Randolph, the President, and 50 Deputies, on behalf of all the Colonies, except Georgia, East-Florida, and West-Florida. These three dissented from the proceedings.

*In Provincial Congress at Boston, Oct. 20.*

It is Resolved, and hereby recommended to the several companies of Militia in this Province; who have not already chosen and appointed officers, that they meet forthwith and elect officers to command their respective companies; and that the officers, so chosen, assemble as soon as may be; and, where said officers shall judge the limits of the present regiments too extensive, that they divide them, and settle and determine their limits, and proceed to elect field officers to command the respective regiments so formed; and that the field officers, so elected, forthwith endeavour to enlist one quarter at least the number of the respective companies, and form into companies of fifty privates at the least, who shall equip and hold themselves

in readiness to march at the shortest notice; and that each and every company so formed, choose a captain and two lieutenants to command them on any necessary and emergent service: And that the said Captain and Subalterns, to be so elected, form the said companies into battalions, to consist of nine companies each; and that the Captains and Subalterns of each battalion so formed, proceed to elect field officers to command the same. And this Congress doth most earnestly recommend that all the aforesaid elections be proceeded in, & made with due deliberation, and general regard to the public service.

Also Resolved, That as the security of the lives, liberties, and properties of the inhabitants of this Province, depends under providence on their knowledge & skill in the art of military, and in their being properly and effectually armed and equipt; if any of the said inhabitants are not provided with arms and ammunition according to law, they immediately provide themselves therewith; and that they use their utmost diligence to perfect themselves in military skill; and that if any town or district within the Province is not provided with the full stock of arms and ammunition according to law, the Select-men of such town or district take effectual care without delay to provide the same.

On the 5th of September the Congress at Philadelphia resolved unanimously to address the following letter to the Inhabitants of Great-Britain.

## A LETTER FROM THE GENERAL CONGRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

*Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774.*

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-SUBJECTS,

WHEN a nation, led to greatness by the hand of Liberty, and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence, and humanity can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and, instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for slavery and oppression, there is reason to suspect she has either ceased to be virtuous, or been extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers.

In almost every age, in repeated conflicts, in long and bloody wars, as well civil as foreign, against many and powerful nations, against the open assaults of enemies, and the more dangerous treachery of friends, have the inhabitants of your island, your great and glorious ancestors, maintained their Independence, and transmitted the rights of men, and the blessings of Liberty, to you, their posterity.

Be not surprized therefore that we, who are descended from the same common ancestors; that we, whose forefathers participated in all the rights, the liberties, and the constitution, you so justly boast, and who have carefully conveyed the same fair inheritance to us, guarantied by the plighted faith of government,

government,

vernment, and the most solemn compacts with British Sovereigns, should refuse to surrender them to men, who found their claims on no principles of reason, and who persecute them with a design, that by having our lives and property in their power, they may with the greater facility enslave you.

The cause of America is now the object of universal attention; it has at length become very serious. This unhappy country has not only been oppressed, but abused and misrepresented; and the duty, we owe to ourselves and posterity, to your interest, and the general welfare of the British empire, leads us to address you on this very important subject.

KNOW THEN, that we consider ourselves, and do insist, that we are and ought to be as free as our fellow subjects in Britain, and that no power on earth has a right to take our property from us without our consent.

That we claim all the benefits secured to the subject by the English Constitution, and particularly that inestimable one—of Trial by Jury.

That we hold it essential to English liberty, that no man be condemned unheard, or punished for supposed offences, without having an opportunity of making his defence.

That we think the legislature of Great-Britain is not authorised by the Constitution to establish a religion, fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets, or to erect an arbitrary form of government in any quarter of the globe. These rights we, as well as you deem Sacred, and yet sacred as they are, they have, with many others been repeatedly and flagrantly Violated.

Are not the proprietors of the soil of Great Britain, Lords of their own property? Can it be taken from them without their consent? Will they yield it to the arbitrary disposal of any man, or number of men whatever?—You know they will not.

Why then are the proprietors of the soil of America less Lords of the property than you are of yours, or why should they submit it to the disposal of your Parliament, or any other Parliament or Council in the world, not of their election? Can the intervention of the sea that divides us cause disparity in rights, or can any reason be given, why English subjects, who live three thousand miles from the royal palace, should enjoy less liberty than those who are three hundred miles distant from it.

Reason looks with indignation on such distinctions, and freemen can never perceive their propriety. And yet, however chimerical and unjust such discriminations are, the parliament assert, "that they have a right to bind us in all cases without exception, whether we consent or not; that they may take and use our property when and in what manner they please; that we are pensioners on their bounty for all that we possess, and can hold it no longer than they vouchsafe to permit." Such declarations we consider as Heresies in English politics, and which can no more operate to deprive us of our property, than the interdicts of the Pope can divest Kings of sceptres, which the laws of the land and the voice of the people have placed in their hands.

At the conclusion of the late war—a war

rendered glorious by the abilities and integrity of a \* Minister, to whose efforts the British empire owes its safety and its fame: At the conclusion of this war, which was succeeded by an inglorious Peace, formed under the auspices of a † Minister—of Principles, and of a Family, unfriendly to the Protestant Cause, and inimical to Liberty.—We say, at this period, and under the influence of that Man †, a plan for enslaving your fellow subjects in America was concerted, and has ever since been pertinaciously carrying into execution.

Prior to this era you were content with drawing from us the wealth produced by our commerce. You restrained our trade in every way that could conduce to your emolument. You exercised unbounded sovereignty over the sea. You named the ports and nations to which alone our merchandize should be carried, and with whom alone we should trade, and though some of those restrictions were grievous, we nevertheless did not complain; we looked up to you as to our parent state, to which we were bound by the strongest ties, and were happy in being instrumental to your prosperity and your grandeur.

We call upon you, yourselves, to witness our loyalty and attachment to the common interest of the whole empire. Did we not, in the last war, add all the strength of this vast Continent to the force which repelled our common enemy? Did we not leave our native shores, and meet disease and death, to promote the success of British arms in foreign climates? Did you not THANK us for our zeal, and even reimburse us large sums of money, which, you confessed, we had advanced beyond our proportion, and far beyond our abilities?—You did.

To what causes, then, are we to attribute the sudden change of treatment, and that system of Slavery, which was prepared for us at the restoration of peace?

Before we had recovered from the distresses which ever attend war, an attempt was made to drain this country of all its money, by the oppressive stamp act. Paint, glass, and other commodities, which you would not permit us to purchase of other nations, were taxed; nay, although no wine is made in any country subject to the British state, you prohibited our procuring it of foreigners without paying a tax, imposed by your Parliament, on all we imported. These and many other impositions were laid upon us, most unjustly and unconstitutional, for the express purpose of raising a Revenue.—In order to silence complaint, it was indeed provided, that this revenue should be expended in America, for its protection and defence. These exactions, however, can receive no justification from a pretended necessity of protecting and defending us: They are lavishly squandered on Court Favourites and Ministerial Dependants, generally avowed enemies to America, and employing themselves, by partial representations, to traduce and embroil the colonies. For the necessary support of Government here, we ever were, and ever shall be, ready to provide; and whenever the exigencies of the state may require it, we shall, as we have heretofore done, cheerfully contribute our full proportion of men and money. To enforce this unconstitutional

\* Lord Charlemont. † Lord Bute. and

and unjust scheme of taxation, every fence that the wisdom of our British ancestors had carefully erected against Arbitrary Power, has been violently thrown down in America, and the inestimable right of Trial by Jury taken away, in cases that touch both life and property.---It was ordained, "that whenever offences should be committed in the Colonies against particular Acts, imposing various duties and restrictions upon trade, the prosecutor might bring his action for the penalties in the Courts of Admiralty," by which means the subject lost the advantage of being tried by an honest, uninfluenced Jury of the vicinage, and was subjected to the sad necessity of being judged by a single man---a Creature of the Crown, and according to the course of a law which exempts the prosecutor from the trouble of proving his accusation, and obliges the defendant either to evince his innocence or to suffer. To give this new Judiciary the greater importance, and as if with design to protect false accusers, it is further provided, "that the Judge's certificate, of there having been probable causes of seizure and prosecution, shall protect the prosecutor from actions at common law for recovery of damages."

By the course of our Law, offences committed in such of the British dominions in which Courts are established, and justice duly and regularly administered, shall be there tried by a Jury of the Vicinage. There the offenders and the witnesses are known, and the degree of credibility to be given to their testimony can be ascertained.

In all these Colonies justice is regularly and impartially administered; and yet, by the construction of some, and the direction of other Acts of Parliament, offenders are "to be taken by force, together with all such persons as may be pointed out as witnesses," and carried to England, there to be tried in "a distant land, by a Jury of Strangers," and subject to all the disadvantages that result from want of friends, want of witnesses, and want of money!

When the design of raising a revenue from the duties imposed on the importation of Tea into America had in great measure been rendered abortive, by our ceasing to import that commodity, a scheme was concerted by the Ministry with the East-India Company, and an act passed enabling and encouraging them to transport and vend it in the Colonies. Aware of the danger of giving success to this insidious manœuvre, and of permitting a precedent of taxation thus to be established among us, various methods were adopted to elude the stroke. The people of Boston, then ruled by a Governor, whom as well as his predecessor, Sir Francis Bernard, all America considers as her enemy, were exceedingly embarrassed. The ships which had arrived with the tea were by his management prevented from returning;---The duties would have been paid: the cargoes landed and exported to sale; a Governor's influence would have procured and protected many purchasers. While the town was suspended by deliberations on this important subject, the tea was destroyed. Even supposing a trespass was thereby committed, and the proprietors of the tea entitled to damages,---the courts

of law were open, and judges appointed by the crown presided in them.---The East-India Company, however, did not think proper to commence any suits, nor did they even demand satisfaction either from individuals or from the community in general. The Ministry, it seems, officiously made the case their own, and the great council of the nation descended to intermeddle with a dispute about private property.---Divers papers, letters, and other unauthenticated ex parte evidence were laid before them; neither the persons who destroyed the tea, nor the people of Boston, were called on to answer the complaint. The ministry, incensed by being disappointed in a favourite scheme, were determined to recur from the little arts of finesse, to open force and unmanly violence. The port of Boston was blocked up by a fleet, and an army placed in the town. Their trade was to be suspended, and thousands reduced to the necessity of gaining subsistence from Charity, till they should submit to pass under the yoke, and consent to become slaves, by confessing the omnipotence of Parliament, and acquiescing in whatever disposition they might think proper to make of their lives and property.

Let justice and humanity cease to be the boast of your nation! Consult your history, examine your records of former transactions, nay, turn to the annals of the many arbitrary states and kingdoms that surround you, and shew us a single instance of men being condemned to suffer for Imputed Crimes, Unheard, Unquestioned, and without even the specious formality of a trial; and that too by laws made expressly for the purpose, and which had no existence at the time of the fact committed. If it be difficult to reconcile these proceedings to the genius and temper of your laws and constitution, the task will become more arduous when we call upon our ministerial enemies to justify, not only the condemning men Untried and by Hearsay, but involving the Innocent in one common punishment with the Guilty, and for the act of thirty or forty, to bring poverty, distress, and calamity on Thirty Thousand Souls, and those not your enemies, but your friends, brethren, and fellow subjects.

It would be some consolation to us, if the catalogue of American oppressions ended here. It gives us pain to be reduced to the necessity of reminding you, that under the confidence reposed in the Faith of Government, pledged in a royal charter from a British Sovereign, the fore-fathers of the present inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay left their former habitations, and established that great, flourishing, and loyal colony. Without incurring or being charged with a forfeiture of their rights, without being heard, without being tried, without law, and without justice, by an act of Parliament their Charter is destroyed, their Liberties violated, their Constitution and form of government changed. And all this upon no better pretence, than because in one of their towns a trespass was committed on some merchandize, said to belong to one of the companies, and because the MINISTRY were of opinion, that such high political regulations were necessary to compel due subordination and obedience to their mandates.

Nor are these the only capital grievances under which we labour. We might tell of dissolute, weak, and wicked Governors having been set over us; of legislators being suspended for asserting the rights of British subjects; of needy and ignorant dependants on great men, advanced to the seats of justice and to other places of trust and importance; of hard restrictions on commerce, and a great variety of lesser evils, the recollection of which is almost lost under the weight and pressure of greater and more poignant calamities.

Now mark the progression of the ministerial plan for enslaving us.

Well aware that such hardy attempts (to take our property from us—to deprive us of that valuable right of trial by jury—to seize our persons, and carry us for trial to Great-Britain—to blockade our Ports—to destroy our Charters, and change our forms of Government) would occasion, and had already occasioned, great discontent in all our Colonies, which might produce opposition to these measures, an act was passed “to protect, indemnify, and screen from punishment, such as might be guilty even of MURDER, in endeavouring to hary their oppressive edicts into execution;” and by another act “the dominion of Canada is to be so extended, modelled, and governed,” as that by being disunited from us, detached from our interests, by civil as well as religious prejudices, that by their numbers daily swelling with Catholic emigrants from Europe, and by their devotion to administration, so friendly to their religion, they might become formidable to us, and, on occasion, be fit instruments in the hands of power, to reduce the ancient free Protestant Colonies to the same state of slavery with themselves.

This was evidently the object of the said Act: And in this view, being extremely dangerous to our liberty and quiet, we cannot forbear complaining of it, as hostile to British America.—Superadded to these considerations, we cannot help deploring the unhappy condition to which it has reduced the many English settlers, who, encouraged by the royal proclamation, promising the enjoyment of all their rights, have purchased estates in that country. They are now the subjects of an arbitrary Government, deprived of trial by jury, and when imprisoned cannot claim the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, that great bulwark and palladium of English Liberty:—Nor can we suppress our astonishment, that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion, through every part of the world.

This being a true state of facts, let us beseech you to consider to what end they lead.

Admit that the Ministry, by the powers of Great Britain, and the aid of our Roman Catholic neighbours, should be able to carry the point of Taxation, and reduce us to a state of perfect humiliation and slavery; such an enterprize would doubtless make some addition to your national debt, which already presses down your liberties, and fills you with Pensioners and Placemen. We presume, also, that your commerce will somewhat be diminished: However, suppose you should prove

victorious---in what condition will you then  
 be? What advantages, or what laurels will you  
 reap from such a conquest?

May not a Ministry, with the same armies, ENSLAVE YOU?—It may be said, “ You will cease to pay them ; ”—but remember, the taxes from America, the wealth, and we may add the men, and particularly the Roman Catholics of this vast Continent, will then be in the power of your enemies ; nor will you have any reason to expect, that, after making slaves of us, many among us should refuse to assist in reducing you to the same abject state . . .

Do not treat this as chimerical. — Know that in less than half a century, the QUITTERS referred to the Crown, from the numberless grants of this vast continent, will pour large streams of wealth into the royal coffers, and if to this be added the power of taxing America at pleasure, the Crown will be rendered independent on you for supplies, and will possess more treasure than may be necessary to purchase the REMAINS OF Liberty in your island. — In a word, take care that you do not fall into the pit that is preparing for us.

We believe there is yet much virtue, much justice, and much public spirit in the English nation.—To that justice we now appeal. You have been told that we are seditious, impatient of government, and desirous of independence. Be assured that these are not facts but **CALUMNIES**—Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; we shall ever be ready to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the empire—we shall consider your enemies as our enemies, and your interest as our own.

But if you are determined that your Ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind. If neither the voice of Justice, the dictates of the law, the principles of the constitution, or the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding HUMAN BLOOD in such an impious cause, we must then tell you,—THAT WE NEVER WILL SUBMIT TO BE HEWERS OF WOOD OR DRAWERS OF WATER FOR ANY MINISTRY OR NATION IN THE WORLD.

Place us in the same situation that we were at the close of the last war, and our former harmony will be restored.

But lest the same dupliceness and the same inattention to our common interest, which you have for several years shewn, should continue, we think it prudent to anticipate the consequences.

By the destruction of the **TRADE** of **Boston**, the Ministry have endeavoured to induce submission to their measures. The like fate may befall us all; we will endeavour therefore to live without trade, and recur for subsistence to the fertility and bounty of our native soil, which will afford us all the necessaries and some of the conveniences of life. We have suspended our **IMPORTATION** from Great-Britain and Ireland; and in less than a year's time, unless our grievances should be redressed, shall discontinue our **EXPORTS** to those kingdoms and the West-Indies.

It is with the utmost regret, however, that we find ourselves compelled by the over-ruling principles of self-preservation, to adopt mea-

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tures, detrimental in their consequences to numbers of our fellow subjects in Great-Britain and Ireland. But we hope, that the magnanimity and justice of the British nation will furnish a Parliament of such wisdom, independence, and public spirit, as may save the violated rights of the whole empire, from the devices of Wicked Ministers and Evil Counsellors, whether in or out of office, and thereby restore that harmony, friendship, and fraternal affection between all the inhabitants of his Majesty's kingdoms and territories, so ardently wished for by every true and honest American.

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## OCCURRENCES

During the last six Months.

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

*Paris, June 30.*

THE Archbishop of this city, who has suffered grievous torture, for a long time, from a stone in his bladder, at length determined to undergo the operation of cutting, which was performed on the 2d ult. The stone extracted is of a grey colour, of the shape of a macaroon, but inclined to an oval. His Grace is as well as can be expected after such an operation. He is seventy-one years of age.

*Peterburgh, Aug. 4.* Last night Marshal Romanzow's son arrived at Peterhoff, with the agreeable news of the peace having been signed on the 21st of July by Prince Repnin, (who had powers from Marshal Romanzow for that purpose) and two Turkish plenipotentiaries named by the Grand Vizir. The principal articles of which are,—The independency of the Crimea—the absolute cession to Russia of Kinburn, Kerche, and Jenickale; and of all the district between the Bog and the Dnieper—A free navigation in all the Turkish seas; in which is included the passage through the Dardanelles, with all the privileges and immunities which are granted to the most favoured nations.—Several stipulations in favour of the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia; as well as those of the islands restored by Russia to the Porte.—Russia is to retain Azoff and Taganrok.—*Gaz.*

*Paris, Aug. 29.* Madame du Barré, from the indulgence shewn her by the French court since the late Monarch's decease, lately wrote a letter to the Duc de Choiseul for liberty to retire from the convent she is placed in; to which she received an answer, of which the following is a translation:

"MADAME, *Versailles, Aug. 6.*

"Though by the King's indulgence you have all your effects restored to you, and as much liberty as is consistent with your present situation, I am desir'd to acquaint you, your request cannot be complied with. A woman who has so long had the ear of a King, must necessarily be in possession of some secrets, the discovery of which might be prejudicial to the interests of a country,

both in respect to its foreign and domestic enemies. This must be a concluding reason with you for your present confinement; when the temporary consequences of those may wear off, I do not doubt you'll meet every reasonable indulgence. CHOISEUL."

There has lately been a general revolution in the French ministry: The Abbé Terray, comptroller-general, and M. de Meaupou, the chancellor, are exiled; M. de Choiseul is again placed at the head of foreign affairs; and the old parliament is restored.

*Warsaw, Sept. 19.* The Empress of Russia has presented the King of Poland with 650,000 Rubles, in return for the domains his Majesty has lost by the participation of Poland.

*Florence, Sept. 24.* Early this morning the Nuncio received by a courier an account of the death of the Pope, which happened in the night of the 21st instant.—*Lond. Gazette.*

*Naples, Sept. 29.* There is every reason to believe the death of the Pope was hastened by the Jesuits, who poisoned him in the Sacrament. He himself declared his suspicions before he died, and the belief of it is so general, even in these Catholic countries, that the ministers of France and Spain insisted on being present at the opening of his body, his belly having swelled extraordinarily, and being strangely discoloured, even before he expired. The corpse putrified so suddenly, that the surgeons could hardly go through the operation; and, as soon as they touched the head, the teeth fell out, and all the bones of his body crumbled away, and the flesh came away in pieces. They were forced to embalm the body twice, before they could carry it to St. Peter's; and instead of exposing his face as is usual, they covered it with wax, and in the transport, the head separated from the body. His confessor is dead in a manner little less horrid, and with the same symptoms his holiness had.

*Petersburgh, Oct. 28.* Pugatschew, ever since he has been taken, maintains a dead silence, which seems to arise from despair; he is watched closely, and bound very tight in an iron cage, that he may not make an attempt on his life, as it is supposed he has a design to do: For some days before he was made prisoner, he was in a terrible situation, being in want of necessaries, and forced to procure subsistence from the roots that grew in the fields, till at last he was obliged to kill his horse and eat him.

*Constantinople, Nov. 5.* The Russian officers are released from the Seven Towers. The Turkish Ambassador, who is preparing to go to the court of Petersburg, will have a retinue of 1500 persons; and it is thought that of Prince Repnin, who is appointed Ambassador from the Empress of Russia to the Porte, will not be less numerous.

The Grand Signor has given orders to set at liberty all the slaves that have been made by the Tartars or the Turks during the war,

and

and to pay the proprietors 100 piaſtres [about 20l.] for each ſlave. The Empreſs of Ruſſia has reſtored 3000 Turkiſh priſoners, and has ſent orders throughout her dominions to releaſe all Turks that are in ſlavery there.

*Hamburgh, Dec. 9.* Laſt night it froze ſo hard, that the Thermometer was ten degrees below the freezing point. The cold has continued as intense all this day, and ſeems to increaſe to-night. Not only the poſt, but alſo waggons with heavy loads, paſſed over the ice yeſterday to and from Harbours.

#### COUNTRY NEWS.

*Salisbury, July 29.* This day Abraham Jolly, late a ſoldier in the 35th regiment, was executed here for the wilful murder of Jane Kennedy, in a cloſe at Harnham, in 1772.

*Chelmsford, July 29.* On the trial of John Dickſon, a chimney ſweeper, for the wilful murder of Francis Belgard, his apprentice, at Layer de la Haye, near Colceſter, on the 2d of May laſt, it appeared, that he, with the deceaſed and another of his apprentices, had travelled above twenty miles that day; and the poor boy, not having any reſreſhment on the road, was unable to proceed, for which his maſter beat him unmercifully with his buſh, threw him into a pond twice, and after exerciſing a ſeries of cruelty, (for above two hours) tied a ſtring about his wiſt, dragged him a conſiderable way, left him quite helpſe to expire on the road, and purſued his journey; proper aſſiſtance was, however, given to the poor object afterwards, but he did not ſurvive more than two hours. Dickſon was executed laſt Monday, and behaved at the place of execution in the moſt daring and hardened manner, burſting with laughter while the rope was fixing about his neck, and not giving time to the executioner to do his office, he threw himſelf down in the cart before it was drawn off, without being at all affected, or ſeeming to have the leaſt ſenſe of his ſituation.

At the aſſizes for Suffolck, an action of damages was brought by a tradesman of Ipſwich againſt a gentleman of fortune of the ſame place, for an attempt to commit a rape on his daughter, a child of eleven years old, when the jury, without going out of court, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with 400l. damages.

*Briſtol, Sept. 10.* Sunday the Elizabeth, Capt. Weeks, bound from hence to Cork and Jamaica, ſailed from Kingroad down the Channel; but the wind changing, was obliged to put back, and early on Tueſday morning, unfortunately proceeding too near the Welch ſhore, the veſſel ſtruck on a rock off St. Donal's, and was daſhed to pieces. The ſhip's company and paſſengers conſiſted of 37 perſons, eleven only of whom were miraculoſly ſaved by being toſſed by the waves on a fragment of a rock which ſome ſhort time paſt had been diſlodged, and tumbled into the ſea. The captain, chief mate, pilot, and Capt. Sackville Turner, of the 33d regi-

ment, and his lady, who were married on Friday laſt, were among thoſe that periſhed: The latter of whom were found claſped in each other's arms, and in that poſition were interred. The unavailing cries of diſtreſs were truly ſhocking, and the whole was a ſcene of miſery to the ſurviving ſpectators, diſmal beyond deſcription.

*Briſtol, Nov. 9.* Sunday afternoon as Tho. Crofs, a newſman, and ſeven other perſons, were coming over the New Paſſage in a ſmall boat, and were got about three parts over, a gentleman's hat was blown off into the tide, on which the boatmen were deſired to turn the boat and go after it; but ſome of the company, as well as the boatman, thinking it impracticable, objected to it; on which the gentleman roſe up in a hurry and caught hold of the helm to turn the boat about, which he did with great violence, before the men had time to let go the ſail; and the boat being in full ſail inſtantly overſet, and every perſon on board periſhed, except the above Thomas Crofs who was ſaved after being five hours in the water. The following are the perſons who were drowned: A young gentleman about 16 years of age, ſon of Morgan Lewis, Eſq; of St. Piers; a butler of Mr. Lewis's; Mr. Webber, linen-draper of this city; a man and his wife from Cardiff, and the two boatmen.

*Birmingham, Dec. 15.* Sunday morning laſt Ann Mansfield, the widow of a ſoldier, and lately a ſervant to Mr. Richard Wilſon, of this town, on her return to her father, who lives at Cradley, near ſtourbridge, was found on the road, about half a mile beyond Hales-Owen, barbarouſly murdered. It is ſuppoſed, from the circumſtances under which ſhe was found, that ſhe had been alſo raviſhed: Her hair was diſhevelled, her handkerchief and cap torn off, and her under petticoat lay by her ſide. When ſhe ſet out from hence, ſhe had a ſmall bundle, containing ſeveral things of value, which were all taken away. A ſtrong ſuſpicion prevails againſt a carrier, (behind whom ſhe rode through Hales-Owen the night before) who is committed for trial.

*Worceſter, Dec. 15.* On Saturday laſt the following melancholy accident happened at Great Whitley in this county.—Two ſervants belonging to Thomas Foley, Eſq; being out with their guns, one of them ſhot a duck, which falling upon a large deep pool, that was frozen over, he very imprudently (though his companion endeavoured to diſſuade him) ventured upon the pool, took up the duck, and put it into his pocket; but in his return the ice gave way, and let him up to the chin. In this diſtreſſful ſituation he had no other ſupport than reſting his hands upon the edges of the breach, calling out for help, and ſo continued upwards of an hour, when, through the exceſſive cold, and vaſt fatigue, he at laſt ſunk, and was drowned in the preſence of a great number of people, who had uſed every poſſible means to ſave him.



## L O N D O N.

*July 1.* Came on to be tried in the Court of King's Bench at Westminster by a special jury, before Lord Mansfield, a cause wherein Capt. Elphinston, of his Majesty's ship Egmont, was plaintiff, and the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle was defendant, for printing and publishing a libel reflecting on the plaintiff's character as an Officer; when the jury, after being out about a quarter of an hour, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff with 500*l.* damages.

This morning, Wm. Hawke, (the noted highwayman) convicted last sessions at the Old Bailey for robbing Mr. Hart on the highway, and Wm. Jones, for stealing a large quantity of linen from Peregrine Hog, were executed pursuant to their sentence.

According to an estimate lately laid before both Houses of Parliament, the manufactures exported from Great Britain in the year 1773, to different parts, amounted to 13,226,70*l.* sterling; and the value of those imported from foreign countries, during the same year, amounted to the sum of 11,832,469*l.* so that there was a balance in our favour of 1,394,271*l.*

The commodities exported from Great-Britain to America, on an average of three years, have amounted to 3,370,000*l.* The commodities imported into Great-Britain from the colonies, for the same period of time, have amounted to 3,924,606*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

4. At Plymouth, the roundhouse of the Kent man of war (in which were three barrels of gunpowder, besides much loose powder in cartridges) suddenly blew up, and in its consequences exhibited a picture perhaps the most dreadful and shocking that it is possible for human nature to conceive. By the splinters of the deck in bursting, near fifty brave fellows were (some of them) either so terribly maimed as to have had their limbs taken off, or scorched so, as to be deprived of their sight, whilst others again are slayed all over: 37 are sent patients to the hospital, and 11 either killed or drowned.

It is remarkable no officer received any hurt, except Lieut. Shea, of the marines, who is slightly wounded.—The accident happened in saluting the Admiral, by some sparks falling into an arm-chest which stood on the after-part of the poop and great cabin. A drummer, who happened to be sitting on the lid of the chest, was blown into the air, fell overboard, and was picked up by the Albion's boat, without receiving the least hurt. Upwards of 100 stands of small arms, (tho' deposited at some distance) are rendered entirely useless by being either twisted or broken. It is remarkable, that out of the small Squadron that sailed with Sir James Douglas, the Egmont sprung her foremast, the Kent blew up, the Lenox sprung her foremast, the Dublin carried away her main and fore-top-mast yards and main-top-mast, the Albion a main-top-mast-yard, the Raifonable a fore-top-mast, and the Cerberus ran on shore.

14. Capt. Furneaux, of his Majesty's sloop the Adventure, who sailed from Plymouth the 31st of July, 1772, in company with Captain Cook, of his Majesty's sloop the Resolution, upon a voyage to make discoveries in the southern hemisphere, arrived at Spit-head, having penetrated as far towards the south pole as the latitude of 67 deg. 10 min. and circum-navigated the globe chiefly between the latitudes of 55 and 60, in which tract he met with much ice, but no land.

20. The Empress of Russia received the melancholy account of the loss of the Prince of Holstein. His Highness, about a month ago, embarked as a volunteer on board the Commodore's ship of the fleet now cruising in the Baltic; and on the 3d instant, in coming down from the main-top, he unfortunately missed his hold, and fell into the sea; three sailors jumped over-board immediately, but too late to save his life.

22. The new-born daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester was privately baptised by the name of Caroline Augusta Maria. The sponsors were, the Duchess of Cumberland, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Brunswick.

*July 29.* At the assizes holden for the county of Salop, was decided before the Hon. Baron Burland, and a special jury, the much talked of cause between Col. Davenant, and the Rev. Archdeacon Clive, concerning the distance required by law in order to be able to procure a dispensation to enjoy two livings. The law referred to, was a canon made in the year 1684, which limits that distance to thirty miles; the query therefore was, whether these miles should be interpreted as computed or statute miles? The Council on each side debated for some time, in defence of their respective clients. The learned judge however declared it as his opinion, that this distance should be reckoned by computation, as this was the ancient rule of measure; that the boundaries should not be limited from parish to parish, but be extended from church to church, as it certainly was more for the benefit of the clergy; to favour and to assist which reverend body, a regard to religion and the welfare of mankind required. It being then proved by the Archdeacon's counsel that the benefices of Aderly and Clun were within 30 computed miles, the jury gave a verdict for the defendant.

*August 1.* A driver of cattle from Smithfield was convicted in the penalty of twenty shillings, for cruelty to the cattle in his care; which penalty the said driver being unable to pay, he was committed to the house of correction at Clerkenwell for one month to hard labour, pursuant to act of Parliament.

3. A Chapter of the Order of the Bath was held at St. James's, when General Howard, and John Blaquiere, Esq; Secretary to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, were elected, and invested with the ensigns of the said order.

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The same day was tried before the Hon. Mr. Gould, and a special jury of gentlemen of the county of Northumberland, the long contested cause between the rector of Morpeth, plaintiff, and the burgesses and free brothers of that town, defendants; concerning the rector's claim to the tythes of corn produced on the barren and waste parts of Morpeth low common, which have been lately cultivated and improved; when, after a full hearing, and many learned arguments of counsel on both sides, a verdict was given for the defendants, to the great satisfaction of the public; it being founded on a liberal construction of a statute, of Edward VI. which gives a seven years' exemption from tythes to barren and waste lands, and may be the means of encouraging the improvement of many thousands of acres in this kingdom, which have been hitherto in a great measure locked up from the hand of industry, by the narrow and illiberal construction of this statute in former times, in favour of the clergy.

5. The Lord Chancellor ordered two Attorneys to be struck off the roll, for being concerned in procuring a fraudulent commission of bankruptcy.

10. A curious cause was lately brought before the Court of Session in Scotland. Two gentlemen had wagered one hundred guineas on a horse race. The loser paid a small part of the wager, but died soon after; the winner brought an action against the trustees of the deceased gentleman's heirs for the remainder of the money, who refused to pay it, alledging that no wager for more than one hundred marks could be legally recovered. The court determined, that the winner was only entitled to recover one hundred marks, but that the loser, or his heir, was liable for the remainder of the money, which was confiscated for the use of the poor of the parish where he resided, and that an action was competent for the recovery thereof.

16. The King has been pleased, on the humble petition of the merchants, tradesmen and freeholders of the borough of Helleston, in Cornwall, to reincorporate the same by the name of the Mayor and commonalty of the borough of Helleston, and to grant and confirm to them, and their successors, their ancient powers, authorities, liberties and privileges.

The Royal Captain, Barrow, from China for Ballambangan, and afterwards for London, three days after he sailed from China, struck on a sand and foundered. The crew were all saved except three of the foremastmen; the ship and cargo entirely lost.

19. This morning Levy Parnet, and Wm. Waine, for burglary; and Patrick Madan, for a highway robbery, (attended by the two sheriffs, and Mr. Reynolds the under sheriff,) were conducted to Tyburn to suffer death according to their sentence. While the ordinary of Newgate was performing the duty of

solemn prayer, it was suggested that Madan was innocent of the offence of which he was convicted, for that one Amos Merrit had declared that he was the person who had committed the robbery. Merrit was accordingly admitted into the cart, when Mr. Reynolds asked Merrit if Madan was innocent, and if it was true that he (Merrit) had committed the robbery? To both which he answered, that Madan was innocent, and that he was the guilty person. He then desired Merrit to declare the same publicly, looking at the prisoner; which he then refused to do, denying that he was the guilty person, *but that Madan was innocent.* Merrit was ordered into custody; and the sheriffs directed Mr. Reynolds to attend and report to the Secretary of State the declaration of Merrit, and to pray his Majesty's clemency in favour of the unhappy convict. Lord Rochford attended to the circumstances, and a respite was immediately made out for Madan, who was carried back to Newgate, (amidst the acclamations of many thousands) and the other two were executed. — Merrit (who was in a coach waiting for examination at the Secretary's office) was, by Mr. Reynolds's order, sent to Sir John Fielding's office, and there voluntarily confessed, before Wm. Ad-dington, Esq. "That he was the person who robbed Wm. Beckenham of a coat and waistcoat, and 40s. of which Madan had been convicted." — [*Madan has since received his Majesty's free pardon.*]

Aug. 20. A few days ago a young Gentleman shot himself at an Inn at Eaton Socon, near St. Neot's. The Coroner's jury sat on the body, and brought in their verdict lunacy. It appears from the intelligence of our correspondent, that he had with him a beautiful young girl, whom he had taken from a green-stall in London, and had hired a house in the neighbourhood of Eaton for the purpose of keeping her genteelly. A farther account adds, that the above young Gentleman was the son of a couple who preferred the dictates of love to any other consideration, and married without the consent of their relations, which could never be obtained. — The grandfather, however, in his will left twelve thousand pounds to his grand-child when he was at age, which sum he took possession of about three years ago. Having contracted an acquaintance with one Mr. W——, a young Gentleman in much such circumstances, and of such a disposition as himself; their finances being exhausted, they took a resolution of putting a period to each other's existence at the same time, with pistols, and to blind the world with the appearance of a duel. The place of action was to have been at the above-mentioned place, and Mr. H—— waited three days in expectation of his friend; who not keeping his appointment, he sat his supper and retired to bed, giving strict order not to be disturbed by any one but Mr. W——. In the morning the door,

door, however, being broke open, he was found with the pistol in his mouth; the ball had penetrated through his head, and was found in his night-cap. Mr. W—— the same morning shot himself about thirty miles distant from the above place.

23. The King has been pleased, at the humble petition of the Mayor, Bailiffs, and Burgeses, of the borough of Abingdon in Berks, to grant unto them and their successors, a power to chuse every year two persons out of the body of the capital Burgeses, to execute the offices of Justices of the Peace within the said borough, and the precincts and liberties thereof, for one whole year.

28. At Lancing, in Suffex, a violent hurricane arose, which blew down five barns, a stable, several hovels, and cart lodges; greatly damaged six houses, tore up many trees by the roots, snapped others in the middle, and carried their tops to a considerable distance; then, directing its course north-east, slightly damaged a corn-mill, and crossed the river to Shoreham, where it abated without doing any damage.

Sept. 5. A poor fellow was shot dead by the guard of the Exeter coach, on suspicion of his being a highwayman; but, on examination, they could find no fire-arms, or powder or ball, about him, nor any money in his pockets. He had only a pair of gloves, an apple, and a watch, in his pockets. His horse had saddle-bags, in which they found only two clean shirts, and one dirty one, three neckcloths, and three pair of stockings, one of silk, and five or six bundles of hair, which appeared to have been just cut from different people's heads, as it was unfurled and uncurled. Before the coroner's inquest it appeared, that he was an hair-dresser in King-street, Westminster, was only married on Whit-Monday last to an agreeable young woman, who has, with her deceased husband, lodged in King-street ever since; and, about ten days ago, he hired a little poney to go a journey into the country to his friends, of whom he was to receive 1700l. It is said that he was much in liquor, rode between the horses of the above stage-coach, and being entangled, bid the coachman stop; he afterwards rode round the coach, still bidding the driver to stop; and, at the same time, making towards the coach-door, the guard shot him.

At Auld-Haiks, in Fifeshire, was the greatest take of herings ever known there. Some boats brought 50,000 on shore at one time. They were sold to the country-people at 3d. a hundred, and to purchasers by wholesale 4000 for 3s. 6d. It is even said, that 10,000 were offered for a bottle of gin!

8. The Stamford fly was attempted to be robbed near Stukely, in Huntingdonshire, by a single highwayman; but the guard fired a blunderbuss, and lodged two slugs in his forehead. His corpse was carried to Huntingdon, when it appeared that he was a

horse-keeper belonging to an inn at that place. He had no fire-arms about him, but made use of a candlestick, instead of a pistol.

13. Amos Meritt, who, at the place of execution, took upon himself the robbery for which Madan was about to suffer, was tried at the Old Bailey on that and another indictment, acquitted of both, and discharged.

Sept. 24. Three new windows of stained glass, which have been long in painting, were at length compleated, and fixed up in the north side of New College chapel, Oxford. They contain 24 figures of patriarchs and prophets, as large as life, each within a nich, upon a pedestal, and under a canopy of Gothic decoration. The design and execution do equal honour to the painter; and the brilliancy, as well as variety of the colouring, which promises to be lasting, exceed any thing of the kind hitherto done in this kingdom.

Sept. 30. The parliament of Great Britain was dissolved by royal proclamation, being the only parliament that has received its dissolution before the expiration of the term of seven years since his present Majesty's accession to the throne. There was but one such dissolution during the long reign of George II. viz. in 1746.

October 12. A dispute which has long subsisted between the court of Sardinia and that of Great Britain, on account of Mr. M'Namara's daughter, who was intrusted to the care of the Countess of Lozelli, of Nice, is at last terminated. This is the proselyte whom the Bishop of Nice abjured, confessed, and administered the sacrament to, at the age of nine years three months; which conduct, approved by the casuists of Turin, though contrary to the canons of the church of Rome, has been condemned by the Pope, and all the excommunications & anathemas *de ipso facto*, pronounced by this court against those who favoured the restitution of the child to her parents, have been declared null by the court of Rome: the episcopal functions of the Bishop of Nice are suspended during two years, and the casuists and theological doctors of Turin are forbidden to support and countenance such doctrine for the future, under pain of excommunication. The King of Sardinia entirely disapproved of the proceedings of his clergy, but he would not take upon him to decide the question, without the authority of the court of Rome, that he might give his subjects a proof of his submission to the decision of that court. His conduct in this respect, has so well satisfied the court of Great Britain, that it has given him time to make satisfaction, without any disputes with his clergy. The girl is returned to Ireland with her mother and sister, and her father remains at Villa Franca, by consent of the British court, to execute his engagements.

22. The London Gazette contains an order of the King in Council, commanding that no person (except the Master-general of the

the Ordnance for his Majesty's service) presume, during the space of six months, to transport into any parts out of the kingdom, or carry coastwise, any gunpowder, or any sort of arms & ammunition, without permission from his Majesty or his Privy-council.

*Nov. 7.* This morning the seven following malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz. Charles Nangle, for forging an indorsement of the name of Robert Swyer, on a Bank post-bill for 50*l.* William Hughes, for returning from transportation before the expiration of his time. Charles Mills, and John Pugh, for robbing Lawrence Gibson, of a guinea and 6*s.* Wm. Griffiths, for house-breaking; John Holden, for stealing a pair of breeches and about 12*l.* in a dwelling-house, near Uxbridge; and Abraham Abrahams, convicted in April session last, of feloniously publishing an order of payment of money, purporting to be the order of John Firloe, on Mess. Boldero and Co. for payment of 50*l.* to William Longden, with intent to defraud Anthony Chapman, and whose case was referred to the Judges.

A few days ago died, at Alton, in Hampshire, Mr. Henry Furstone; he is said to have died worth 7000*l.* in the funds, and having no relation, he has left it to the first man of his name, who shall produce a woman of the same name, and it is to be paid them on the day of their marriage.

*9.* This being Lord Mayor's-day, about 12 o'clock the new Lord Mayor, old Lord Mayor, several of the Aldermen, City Officers, &c. preceded by the Joiners and Salters Companies, went in procession from Guildhall to Three-Craine stairs, where they took water, and proceeded to Westminster, and, after paying their respects to the different Courts, who were then sitting, the Lord Mayor was sworn into his office before the Barons of the Exchequer. After which they again took water, and about half after three landed at Blackfriars, from whence they proceeded thro' the city to Guildhall; but it was five before the procession could reach there, on account of the croud of people, who, by their continual loud acclamations, frightened the horses in the state coach, so that it was with difficulty they could be made to move on. The Lord Mayor was much indisposed, so that he could not enjoy the loud acclamations of his fellow-citizens. His Lordship made a very grand appearance; the livery of his footmen were blue coats, turned up with scarlet, and laced with silver, with scarlet waistcoats and breeches, laced also with silver.

Mr. Wilkes has been elected five times for the county of Middlesex, twice Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without, and three times returned by the Livery for Lord Mayor of London.

*Nov. 11.* This evening as Lord Berkely was going in his post-chaise over Hounslow-Heath, he was called to by a young man on horseback to stop; but the driver not regard-

ing him the fellow fired at his Lordship, who immediately returned the compliment; on which a livery servant discharged a pistol at the assailant, who instantly fell from his horse, and expired with a groan. On examination it appeared, three slugs had penetrated his right breast; two loaded pistols and a mask were found in his pockets. By the horse (which he had hired that morning from a stable-keeper's near Covent-garden) being traced, he was discovered to be one Evan Jones, a hair-dresser, formerly of Eagle-street, Piccadilly.

*15.* There have been coined, during the course of this year and the last, at the Mint, gold to the amount of 700,000*l.* sterling, and 90,000*l.* in copper.

*18.* Was argued in the Court of King's-bench, the cause between the Post-master of Hungerford in Berkshire, and the inhabitants of the said town, on the latter claiming an extra price for the delivery of letters over and above the postage. It was determined against the postmaster.

*19.* Came on in the Court of King's-bench, before a Special Jury, the remarkable trial at Bar, upon a writ of Mandamus, for settling finally the long contested question concerning the rights of the Freemen of Shrewsbury against the Corporation. After a long discussion, which lasted eleven hours, of the written and parole evidence on both sides, a verdict was given in favour of the rights of the freemen.

This day's London Gazette contains the translation of a declaration of war which the King of Spain has published against the Emperor of Morocco.

*19.* Last week the dam of a mill-pool at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, containing 36 acres, was broken by the violent rains, the water from which forced a passage thro' the middle of a pool-dam below, containing 20 acres; from thence it proceeded and took away a bridge upon the road to Sutton; and at some mills below, belonging to Mr. Oughton, carried away the dwelling-house of one Thomas Pearson, two warehouses, one large outhouse, and many loads of coals therein. The poor man's family were forced to escape naked from their beds. Great quantity of fish have been taken in the meadows, and the damage done is very great, but cannot yet be calculated.

*26.* The printer of the Public Advertiser, and the printer of the Morning Chronicle, were brought up to the court of King's Bench, to receive judgment in the verdict given against them for publishing a letter, signed *A South Briton*, which was deemed to a libel on the Revolution. The court adjudged them to pay each a fine of 200 marks, and 3 months imprisonment in the King's-bench.

*30.* The six following malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz. John Coleby and Charles Jones, for house-breaking; Wm. Lewis, for publishing a forged draft upon Mess.

Drummond

Drummond and Co. for 28l. 18s. John Rann, alias Sixteen-string Jack, for robbing the Rev. Dr. Bell of his watch, and 1s. 6d; and Wm. Lane and Samuel Trotman, for assaulting, robbing, and barbarously wounding Mr. Wm. Floyd in the Knightbridge stage.

22. George Strap, a journeyman shoe-maker, of Bicester, was committed to Oxford castle, by virtue of the coroner's warrant, charged with the wilful murder of Edward Bowden, his master.—It appeared that the deceased had received a blow upon the head from a hammer, and that his throat was not only cut, but an incision made quite round, so as to almost sever his head from his body. It is reported, that his master had informed him that he had 15 guineas by him; which is supposed to prompt the fellow to commit this atrocious crime.

The following most affecting and melancholy accident happened at Mr. Crabb's at Littleport in the Isle of Ely. A grand daughter and a young woman her acquaintance, together with the maid servant, having accidentally caught the itch, innocently procured a preparation of mercury, as a remedy to expel it, which it seems they heated over a pan of coals, and put it into a bowl with which they dressed themselves. Their not appearing as usual the next morning induced Mrs. Crabb, who knew nothing of the operations over night, to go to call them, but she found the door locked, and no answer made, on which she ordered the door to be broke open, when to the great surprize and grief of the family, these three unfortunate young women were found dead; the maid servant on the floor, and the other two sitting on the bed, with their heads leaning against each other, one having a candlestick in her hand, and the poisonous bowl lying by them.

30. The house of Henry Bishop, gent. of Sydling in Dorsetshire, was broke open and robbed of a considerable sum of money, and Ann Chappel, his maid-servant, cruelly murdered. This villainous and inhuman act was not discovered till the evening, Mr. Bishop being from home all day. The strongest suspicions have fallen upon one Wm. Mitchell, a labourer of Mintern, who has absconded.

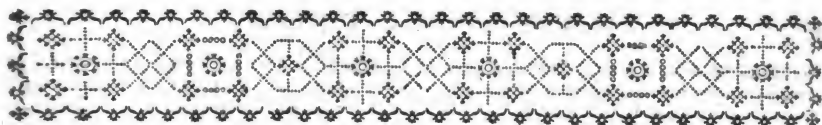
Dec. 14. Came on at Guildhall, before Ld Mansfield, and a Special Jury of Merchants, a very important cause, which arose on an issue directed by the Court of Chancery. The plaintiffs were, Hope, and Co. of Amsterdam, and Hoare, and Co. of London, Merchants; the defendants, Cust, and others, Assignees of Fordyce, and Co. The words of the issue were these: "Whether, on the failure of the said Alexander Fordyce, the said Henry Neale, William James, Alexander Fordyce, and Richard Down, the Bankrupts, were indebted to the plaintiffs in any, and what sums of money?" The real question was, "Whether the House of Fordyce was privy to, or bound by a concern of money circulation transacted between the plaintiffs and Fordyce

alone?" It was admitted, or collected from the evidence, that in truth and in fact the House were not privy to this concern. It was admitted that it was a separate concern, carried on by Fordyce alone, and for his separate advantage.—But it was contended, that Fordyce had bound the House to answer for him, by a Guarantee of the House, though in the hand-writing (body and signature) of Fordyce himself. "That such Guarantees were usual; that credit was given to them in mercantile circulations; that the plaintiffs were not called upon to enquire whether the Houses pledged were privy to them; and that, in point of law, by virtue of this Guarantee, they had a right, upon the failure of Fordyce, to recover the sum due to them from the House."—Ld Mansfield explained the force of these Guarantees, and laid it down that they might be, and often were, inserted by *Covin*, i. e. by trick, between the partner, and the person with whom he dealt, to cheat the House, by drawing them into a Guarantee clandestinely; that such *Covin* would make the Guarantee void. He acquitted the plaintiffs from being parties in this *Covin*, but he added, that gross negligence was equivalent to *Covin*, and that their taking this Guarantee in Fordyce's hand-writing, without enquiry at the House, and at the very time that they began to suspect him, was gross negligence, and, for the sake of justice, ought to bar them from the benefit of such a Guarantee. The Jury found for the defendants.

A bill of indictment against the Duchess of Kingston,\* for bigamy, (in marrying the late Duke at the time she was actually the wife of the Hon. Augustus Harvey, was yesterday presented to the Grand Jury for Middlesex, at Hick's-hall, and found a true bill. In consequence of which she must appear to take her trial at the Old Bailey as a felon, or an outlawry will issue against her.

26. In all the sea-ports of Spain, a general pardon is published in favour of the sailors who have deserted from his Catholic Majesty's service, provided they will return in two months, and engage on board the men of war now fitting out in the different ports of that kingdom. His Catholic Majesty even engages to give them the arrears of pay due to them when they quitted their ships.

\* The Duchess of Kingston, while she was Miss Chudleigh, was married to Capt. Harvey, Lord B.'s brother; but, that she might not lose her place of Maid of Honour to the Princess Dowager of Wales, the marriage was kept a secret. When the Captain was tired of her, the Duke of Kingston, ignorant of her matrimonial connection, took to her as a favourite, and afterwards as a wife; and since his death his relations have indicted her for felony, in marrying a second husband, the first being alive; by which means they hope to recover the vast fortune that the Duke of Kingston had left her.




NARRATIVE OF THE  
**P R O C E E D I N G S**  
 IN THE  
 FOURTEENTH PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

NUMBER I.

**I N T R O D U C T I O N :**

*Containing a concise and impartial History of the STATE of BRITISH AFFAIRS, at the Meeting of Parliament, Nov. 29, 1774.*

 HE state of affairs in Great-Britain, in time of profound peace, was perhaps never more remarkable, never more truly critical, than it has been within these few years. We have seen contests arise from quarters whence they were least suspected. We have seen parties change sides, and ministers change measures, sometimes from the slightest causes, and sometimes even from no apparent ground at all. Ever since the resignation of Mr. Pitt, an opposition to government has been formed, the conduct of which has varied, according to the different tempers of its leaders. This has generally been formed by a coalition of different parties, so has it been frequently altered, and sometimes even seemed as if it were on the brink of being overthrown, by their splitting into various divisions.

Every one is acquainted with the conduct of the great popular Leader, and his friends, their struggles against Government, and their disputes with each other; nor need we here recapitulate the various changes in the Administration, which have successively taken place, without either altering the conduct of the Court, or proving satisfactory to the People.

The Minister at last pitched upon (whatever different parties might think of his measures and abilities) appeared at least to have more steadiness and uniformity in his conduct than his predecessors. He seemed in most matters of importance to lay a plan, and pursue it into execution, with unremitting diligence. Whilst some called this wisdom and resolution, others gave it the epithets of Self-Confidence and Pertinaciousness; but whether from a want of conception in the people, or from their dislike of matters being carried with so high a hand, his measures were disliked by the bulk of the subjects of Great-Britain.

Petitions and Remonstrances had been presented to the Throne in vain, against what was judged by some to be the usurped authority of the House of Commons. These the King and his Ministry thought proper to disregard; and the Sovereign, in particular, took every opportunity of declaring, that he should always be governed by the advice of his Parliament. Such a declaration at some periods of time, would have been received with the warmest marks of approbation, by Britons. It was to obtain such concessions that their ancestors had risen in arms, and shed their blood like water.---

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But the face of things was now changed. The Minority, and the people in general, complained that an usurpation in one branch of government was as bad as in either of the others; that a legal Member had been already denied his Seat; and that the Majority of the Members had been elected, not by the free voice of the people, but by the powerful influence of venality and corruption. This had ever induced them to request a Dissolution of this wicked Parliament, (as they called them) in order that they might be sent back to a new choice, in order to remedy the errors of the former, which had proved to them the cause of so much anxiety. And when this request was slighted, they expressed the greatest dissatisfaction that the Crown did not exert its legal prerogative, which they conceived as the only likely method of redressing their grievances.

The people in effect had been wound up to such a pitch of ill humour, by frequent disappointments of a similar nature, and by the spirit of opposition that had been raised among them, that had all those who called themselves Patriots been united, and in earnest in the cause which they professed so disinterestedly to espouse, they would have been likely to have overturned a system of Administration, founded even on a more solid basis than that which they were engaged against.

Among the many objects which had lately engaged the attention of Government, was the situation of the East-India Company's affairs. They had for a long time, notwithstanding their great supposed riches, grown more and more perplexed. The conduct of their servants was base, venal, cruel, unjust, and impolitic. They had oppressed the Indian inhabitants, even to death. They had established monopolies, equally destructive to the well-being of the natives, and the interest of their masters. Their hands were full of bribes, and their hearts replete with iniquity. Justice was a stranger to their courts, and wisdom had departed from their councils. The Directors in England in vain endeavoured (even where they *did* interfere) to check the progress of those over whom in effect they had no supreme power, or to make these amenable to laws, who abroad had the laws at their command, and had, by their excesses, amassed such fortunes, and made such connections, as secured them from meeting with deserved punishment at home.

These excesses had often been publicly taken notice of; the Ministry had even been called upon in the public prints to interfere in the affair. Individuals who were injured had applied by turns to the Directors, and to the King and Council; and the atrocious proceedings in Asia had become the talk of the whole nation.

Things were thus circumstanced, when Government first began to notice them; and the Company were reduced to ask the assistance of the public, by a loan, when Parliament first took cognizance of their affairs. After much debate, a Select Committee was appointed, armed with full powers for enquiry. The Company being alarmed, it was proposed, at the recess of Parliament in 1772, in the India-House, during the recess, to send out a new commission of Supervisors (the three former Supervisors having been unhappily lost in the *Aurora*). These were to have full powers for regulating all their business in Asia. After much time spent in settling their plans, six gentlemen were at length put in nomination, and an Officer of high rank and desert agreed to go as the leader of this Supervision. But the next meeting of Parliament caused the design to prove abortive. The Company's affairs underwent a strict and critical examination, and Government resolved to interfere effectually in their concerns.

It appeared that the Merchants trading to the East-Indies, as a chartered society, had accepted bills to a great amount, which were near becoming due, at the same time that their treasury was empty: they were likewise in debt to the Bank for borrowed cash, as well as to the Revenue for duties; nor had they made good the stipulated payments, nor fulfilled in that respect the article of indemnification for teas. The dividend was raised to 12 1-half per cent. The annual stipend to Government continued, and the India bills, to the amount of 1,200,000*l.* accepted, though no proper funds were established for the payment. The publication of the Reports of the Select Committee had been, in all respects, every where unfavourable to the Company; and the more so, as the chief part of them related to the unjustifiable behaviour of their servants in Bengal.

The Parliament, in 1773, added to this the weight of an enquiry, by means of a Private Committee, which some objected to; while others, who were advocates for the measure, asserted, that this mode would be best even for the Company, as their affairs would not thereby be so much exposed as they must necessarily be by a Committee of the whole House, or indeed by any other Select Committee whatsoever.

It was reported by the Secret Committee, that the East-India Company, even then upon the verge of a bankruptcy, were on the point of sending out a very expensive Supervision to Asia, which was ill conceived, was likely to be badly executed, and must certainly add to their embarrassments. They added, that it was their opinion, that the first step which Parliament ought to take, should be that of passing a bill to restrain them, at least for a limited time, from issuing any such commission.

It was indeed alledged on the other hand, that the distress of the Company was merely temporary, but that on a just balance, with an eye to future emolument, the United Company of Merchants trading to the East-Indies were yet in vigour as a corporate body, and even as to *present* circumstances were yet in credit. As to the *first* point, it was however answered, that this was merely precarious, especially while their servants continued to act upon the ruinous plan which they had hitherto followed, and it was uncertain by what means of their own they could check them. As to the second allegation, it was urged that the decline of their credit was best seen by the *forced* methods they had taken to re-establish it, and by that application to Government (or in effect to the public) which they had voluntarily made, though they seemed now so unwilling to abide by the result of it.

To prevent the bill, which was now prepared, from passing, two of the Directors offered to pledge themselves (being then in their places in the House of Commons) that no Supervisors should go out till a proper enquiry had been made into East-India affairs; but this offer was rejected, because it was justly alledged that the sense of the Court of Directors at one time was not the sense of the same Court at another, and even if it were, that of a General Court of the Proprietors might at one time reverse it. Notwithstanding all this, the Ministry, and even the Parliament, were censured for doing what at one time it was thought to be their duty to do; and when this was urged in their defence, their adversaries shifted their ground, and observed, that even though examining into the East-India affairs might be proper, yet there was no occasion to carry matters so far; and that, though the thing in itself might be right, yet the *mode* of doing it was in every respect wrong and arbitrary. It was added, that the measures now adopted amounted in effect to the suppression of the laws of the land; that the whole was a wanton exertion of the authority of Parliament, without a proper motive, and that Administration meant only to plunder a chartered Company, under the pretence of assisting them in their exigencies.

Charters, indeed, whether granted to a few private persons, or to any large body of men, have always proved sources of dispute in this, as they ever will in any free country. Such as have received, are resolute in keeping all the advantages that accrue from them, and often are found endeavouring to extend them beyond their due bounds, and original intent and meaning; whilst there are always numbers, who, as they either are, or think themselves aggrieved by these grants, are constantly attempting to restrain or overturn them. This in a great measure was the case with the East-India Company: the complaints of the injuries done by their servants throwing no small weight into the scale which preponderated against them.

The argument used by the Company's advocates, "That they could not prevent the abuses of their servants," was one which was effectually turned against them by their opposers; who observed, that this was a very good ground for Administration to go upon, in throwing their affairs into the hands of Government, which could better manage such a territorial acquisition, as their Asiatic possessions were now become, than any chartered Company whatsoever. And when their Council was heard at the Bar, the same conclusion was drawn, viz. "That the evils in India had been fully demonstrated to be of such a magnitude, that nothing less than the Legislature could reform them." It was further observed, that Legislature had a supreme controlling power, to which all things must and ought to submit. That charters, and even laws, must submit to a change of times and circumstances, and must be altered, modelled, or repealed, as the nature of things required; that if there was a necessity for the interposition of Parliament, the Company ought to throw themselves upon its wisdom; and that there was such a necessity, was most certainly indicated, by the Company's making an application to that body for relief and assistance.

The bill depending in Parliament in the year 1773, for the better regulation of the Company's affairs, was passed on these grounds by a considerable majority in both Houses, though not without protests being entered, containing every argument that could be used against such a measure, which gave to the Legislature the power of appointing Officers to be vested with the civil and military authority, and the ordering



of the Company's territorial acquisitions in Bengal, Bahar, and Orisa. Judges were also appointed by the Crown, with certain salaries, for the better administration of justice in our Asiatic dominions; and, at the same time, the sum of 1,400,000 l. was voted to be raised by loans on Exchequer bills, to be applied for the service of the Company.

We have been the more particular in our account of these transactions, by reason of the reference they bear to the revived disputes with the North-Americans, whose advocates assert, "That the same power which deprived the East-India Company of its chartered rights, would willingly make use of that Company as an aid to deprive *them* likewise of the benefit of their charters, by a similar stretch of arbitrary and ill-erted authority."

The ill-concerted stamp-act, which was the political child of Mr. Grenville, had first set the Colonists in a ferment; and some, who were no friends to this measure, assert, that if there could be any thing worse judged than the passing this act, it was the repeal of it, which followed so soon after. Whether they were strictly right in this assertion, or not, certain it is, that nothing but American complaints and American bickerings have, in some degree or other, subsisted ever since.-----Having gained one point, the Colonists were led to the discussion of many others, which it would have perhaps been better both for them and us had rested unexamined. Every day suggested to them some new grievance that they suffered or imagined that they suffered from the Government of Great-Britain; and they now seemed first to have found out what was evident enough long before, namely, that many restraints were laid upon them, for the advantage of their mother-country.

However, they kept within bounds, after the repeal of the stamp-act, &c. till a ship, laden with tea, the property of the East-India Company, arrived at Boston, a small duty upon which being resolved not to pay, some of the inhabitants of the place, in disguise, entered the vessel, and threw the whole offending cargo into the sea.

This added fresh fuel to the fire. In England, it was represented as the most daring outrage against Government, and piratical plunder of private property, that ever was committed in a country where laws subsisted. In America, the act was applauded, though the *actors* were kept behind the curtain; and a general alarm was spread all over the country, concerning this new attempt to tax America by a British Act of Parliament, whose edicts they declared they were resolved never to submit to.

The publication of certain letters of Messrs. Hutchinson and Oliver (formerly Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province) contributed still more to excite the resentment of the people of Boston. A duel was fought in England, occasioned by the charge of confidence betrayed in the communicating them. But Dr. Franklin, the American Agent, soon afterwards gave the public to understand, that they were communicated in a manner different from what had been supposed in England; and so that matter rested.

These letters contained hints of the necessity of making some alteration in the government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay:---suggestions, which were not *new*, though they tended so much to incense the Colonists, whose subsequent behaviour (in the opinion of many) proved the best commentary upon the propriety of them.

From this period, nothing but heart-burnings and uneasiness could be expected between them and their Governor.—The project for making Governors independent of the people, as far as regarded their salaries, was another matter which gave great offence, but which the Crown and Administration at home had resolved to carry into execution. Jealous of the least alteration in what they called their Constitutional Government, the Colonists had expressed the greatest disgust at this step, and had done every thing that lay in the compass of their power to prevent it from being carried into execution.

But the outrage which the inhabitants of Boston had suffered to be committed on the tea-ship, their perpetual riots, and repeated insults, not only upon the Naval and Custom-house Officers, but on several peaceable persons who were suspected of favouring Government, together with the menaces they were imprudent enough to vent against those in the Government, occasioned the Legislature at home, who had already sent troops among them, to augment the number of soldiers; and, after the return of Mr. Hutchinson, who had rendered himself so obnoxious to their resentment, to appoint a military gentleman to the government of the Province.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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Besides this, it was judged expedient by Parliament, to shut up the Port of Boston, leaving, however, a power vested in his Majesty to take off this restraint whenever he should see fit.---The nature and form of the Government was also changed, by an act of the same Session of Parliament, wherein it was enacted, "That the Council should be called up by the King's mandamus, and that the Judges should be appointed by the Crown;" and General G---e had orders from Administration to take every legal measure to secure the peace, prevent riots, and protect such as were threatened with any injury either in their persons or properties, by the madness of party-rage, or the evils of private malice or resentment.

These measures of Government were no sooner known in America, than the rage of the Colonists transported them beyond all the bounds of moderation. They affirmed that their constitution was subverted, that their privileges were trampled upon, that of freemen they were become slaves, that Administration was wicked, Parliament unjust, and that nothing less than their destruction could satisfy the mother country. They averred, that they wanted nothing from England, that they could subsist without Great-Britain, but that Great-Britain would be ruined, were it not for them. They held frequent meetings, vowed fidelity to each other, laid a plan for preventing all future importations from, and exportations to, any part of Great-Britain; and concluded, by reiving their liberties on their ancient charters, and professing their loyalty to his Majesty; at the same time that they declared, "They would not be the subjects of subjects: they would not (as they emphatically phrased it) become the Helots of the Spartans."\*

However injurious some at home might deem reflections of this kind, yet they were common among the Americans: Boston took the lead; and the punishment inflicted upon that place (especially as it included an alteration in Government) was looked upon as a common cause, and supported accordingly. Provisions and supplies of all kinds were voted by the Committees appointed in different Colonies, to be sent to the *besieged* Bostonians, as they were called; among whom no less than six regiments were disposed; besides that, on account of some menaces thrown out by the country people, batteries were erected at the entrance of the town, which now became the asylum of all such as feared the popular resentment.

But before we proceed any farther, it may not be amiss to give the readers a proper idea of the nature of our Settlements in general, and the form of Government established on charters which they claim upon. These are various in their nature, and many of them so different in their construction, that it will be really wonderful to hear of their resolving upon any measures in concert which may be for the benefit of America in general, where so many different interests are concerned.

The Colonies in general are well peopled; yet the accounts of their vast population, by some, is rather exaggerated.—In the year 1760, the proportions of the four Provinces, which New England comprizes, were estimated as follows:

Massachusetts-Bay	-----	-----	-----	400,000
Connecticut	-----	-----	-----	100,000
Rhode Island	-----	-----	-----	30,000
New Hampshire	-----	-----	-----	24,000
				954,000

Which account included a small number of Indians and Blacks, the rest being Whites.

The most considerable of the four Provinces (as to the number of people) is Massachusetts-Bay. Formerly the people of this Province had the privilege of choosing their own Governor, as well as the Council and Assembly; but, on accusation of their having abused this power being laid against them, they were deprived of it by a judgment in a *Quo Warranto*, in the King's-Bench in England, in the reign of King Charles the Second.-----After the Revolution, they received a more favourable one, but such as was by no means equal in the extent of privilege to that which they had lost: the places of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and other chief posts in the law and revenue, remaining in the disposal of the Crown, as

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\* The Helots were a people whom the ancient Spartans held in perpetual slavery.

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also the Militia; though the Council (*till the late changes*) was chosen by the Representatives of the people. Appeals above £. 300 were admitted by this charter to the King and Council; and all laws passed there, were to be remitted to England, for the assent of the King, without which they were not valid. The salary of the Governor, the people of this Province could never be brought to settle by any regular standard, as it remained entirely at their pleasure [*it is now settled, as dependent on the Crown*] and the Colonists reason was, that by such a mode they could the more effectually reduce their Chief Magistrate to behave in a popular manner.

When the Charters were attacked in Charles's reign, Connecticut agreed to submit to the King's pleasure; no judgment was therefore given against them: at the Revolution, in consequence of this, they were deemed to be in possession of their old charters; which were nearly as extensive as those of the Massachusetts were formerly.

Rhode Island, a small Province, preserved its Charter by the same method.

New Hampshire, the fourth Province, has always been considered as a *Royal Government*. The nomination of the Officers of Justice, of the Militia, and the appointment of the Council, having always remained with the Crown.

Besides these two forms of Charter and Royal Government, there is also what is called a *Proprietary* one: Large tracts of land being obtained with facility, at the first planting our Colonies in America; over which a power, little inferior to *regal*, might at that time be obtained by an individual, who had Court interest: a trifling quit-rent only being demanded, to shew their dependance on the Crown of England.----Barbadoes had been thus granted to the Earl of Carlisle; Carolina was formerly a Government of this kind, but subject to eight Proprietaries, who resigned on account of intestine divisions, and put the Province under the immediate protection of the Crown; New Jersey was of the same sort, but likewise failed.---Pennsylvania and Maryland are now the only proprietary Governments remaining, and these are in a great measure abridged of their privileges. The Constitution of the latter is similar to that of the Royal Government, only the Governor is to be appointed by the Proprietary, and approved of by the Crown; to which the Customs also are reserved, and on whom alone the Officers collecting them are dependant.---The Proprietary in Pennsylvania is under the same restrictions as in Maryland, with relation to the Crown; as to what regards the people, it is still more restrained, having no Council, which in other Provinces serves as a medium between the Governor and the people; and thus his power is held in a very unequal balance.

Before the present disturbances, many have been of opinion that the Charter Governments in general were badly instituted, and not well conducted; and the event has proved, that they have been such as have given birth to perpetual dissensions between the Government and the people there, and have more than once contributed to perplex the Legislature at home.

As to the present disputes between the Mother Country and the Colonies, the former asserts that right, which in divers other cases has never been denied; while the latter rest their claim upon old Charters, and on the supposition, that they are by no means either actually or virtually represented in the Parliament of England; to whose acts, therefore, they absolutely refuse to render any obedience.

In answer to the first argument which regards Charters, it has been observed, as it was in the East-India Company's case, that these as well as laws must give way to times and circumstances; that they would be, at the same time, the most arbitrary and the most unreasonable of all grants if it were otherwise; and that the Parliament, according to the present institution of things, and our happy Constitution, has the power (with the Royal Assent) to revoke the grants of former Kings, as well as to repeal any acts which might not be for the public good.---As to the second argument, the matter of actual and virtual Representation has been most warmly disputed. By the Colonists, it was argued, that those who had no Representatives, had no right to pay any taxes; but to this it was objected, that thousands even in the British dominions paid taxes, who were not, and could not be represented.-----The state of the Irish was next adduced; but it was answered, that the American Colonists by no means formed a separate kingdom; that they were emigrants from our own dominions; and besides, that they neither had, nor ever pretended to have, a regular Parliament of their own, nor could find it convenient to send Representatives to the British Parliament; by whose acts, they, as well as all the rest of the British Empire, ought to be bound, or otherwise, they must, in effect, be independent;

dent, and while they refused to contribute to expences which in the last war they had been so highly instrumental in incurring, must become useless to this country.

It is true that the Colonists talked of granting certain sums by requisition, or request, and this their advocates say must sufficiently answer every rational end of Government, without having recourse to the mode of taxation now adopted. But on the other hand it is objected, that as this method of requisition supposes also a right of refusal, it is by no means a proper one, but will always leave us at the most important crisis, at the mercy of their good-will and approbation. Beyond dispute, the Colonists have sometimes furnished us abundantly, ~~say~~, in such a manner, that a part of what was granted, has been returned to them. This is urged in favour of the Colonists, and by some has been reckoned a most cogent argument against taxing them in the present manner; whilst others have, on the contrary, brought instances where they were refractory, and have likewise observed, that however largely they might have contributed with the greatest good-will towards their own defence, it ought not to be imputed to them as a merit, especially when it is considered that the last war was undertaken chiefly on their account, and that it is this very undertaking that has burdened Britain with additional taxes, to which, on pretence of disliking the mode of raising them, they now absolutely refuse at all to contribute.

Whatever force the arguments on either side may have, the Americans have certainly some real advantages; not the least of which is, that notwithstanding their complaint of a want of representation in England, their cause is warmly espoused by many individuals, who imagine their own particular interest to be concerned in so doing, and by an innumerable multitude of others, who deemed the cause of the Colonist, and that of liberty, the same.

It has ever been the peculiar characteristic of the English nation to declare (often indeed prematurely) in favour of those whom they had the least reason to suppose in any measure injured or oppressed. With a liberality unparalleled in history, the bulk of the English nation were ready to take part with those who scrupled not, on account of the supposed misconduct of some, to express their hatred of the British name: with a generosity, unexampled as it has been said to be undeserved, they clamoured in favour of those who refused to contribute to the exigencies of Government, at the same time that they knew such a refusal, on whatsoever principles it might be conceived, must double the weight upon their own shoulders.

Without entering deeply into the merits of either party, *this* at least is evident; the remark is no more than what justice requires; and those who make it, cannot be charged with partiality. It is to be lamented, whatever might be the grievances of the Colonists, that they had not acted with equal moderation; since such a conduct might have prevented many of the evils which have since ensued, and prevented a breach of confidence, which now the wisest among them and us may possibly never be able to heal.

The great object of the Colonies was that of sending Deputies to a general Congress. This, notwithstanding some obstacles which seemed to lie in the way, was a plan that, being once laid, they were resolved to accomplish; and on a proper consideration it appeared, that whether the mode was constitutional or not, situated as they were, there was no power that could hinder them. Previous to their taking this step, the Constituents gave out that there was nothing in it but what ought to be wished for by every worthy man; that it was intended only to adopt the most moderate measures, and to restore peace and tranquility to America.

It was thought that declarations of this kind might restrain the people from acts of violence, even better than troops quartered amongst them; the friends of the Colonists were all ready to assert this, and the other party seemed ready to believe them; but matters turned out otherwise; and whether from the disgust conceived against the measures of Government, or from the disposition of the people, riots became more frequent than ever, where there was no military power to check them; and this very circumstance was urged by the ministerial party as a sufficient reason for the presence of those troops which the others had so vehemently inveighed against.

During all this time, however, the people of Massachusetts Bay failed not to present Remonstrances (generally decent in their terms) to the Governor, on account of every successive circumstance which they could by any means apprehend to be an incroachment upon their just rights and privileges. The answers given were mostly short and wary, conceived in terms which on the one hand might not encourage causeless complaints, and on the other side could not be properly construed into an inclination to arbitrary measures.

measures. But as words on either side could be little satisfactory in matters of this nature, so it fell out that the Remonstrances, and the Replies to them, commonly proved equally unserviceable, and both parties were still farther confirmed in their own opinions, by the methods which had been used to controvert them.

Among the unpopular acts which passed in this Parliament, was another commonly called the Quebec Act, which by permitting the exercise of the Romish Religion under particular restrictions, and likewise allowing of a different mode of trial in certain cases, from that practised in England, and especially the trial by juries, gave great offence to many on this, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. Popery and slavery was now the general cry, that was dinned in every one's ears; it was asserted in the first place, that this was done with a view to conciliate the affections of the Catholic Canadians, in order that a body of troops might be raised among them, who were to cut the throats of the Protestants in North-America. From thence it was easy for people who argued in this manner to pass over into Great-Britain, where they predicted that the same popery and slavery would certainly in consequence take place, and that all our liberties, civil and political, would be shortly quite overturned. Overstrained and unconnected as this manner of argument might be, many both at home and abroad adopted it; and this bill was one of the high crimes and misdemeanors laid to the charge of the Ministry, whose views were supposed to be so clearly seen through upon the occasion.

The powers vested in the Crown by these acts seem to have furnished the chief cause of complaints to a people ever jealous of their liberty, who consequently suppose every additional weight thrown into that scale as tending either directly or indirectly to subvert their rights and privileges. On such principles it was that a general disgust was conceived against these proceedings, and no opinion was conceived to be orthodox in politics which gave the least shadow of countenance to them. Nevertheless they were all warmly defended by some who rested their opinions on the utility of the acts, and the constant controul which Parliament still has over the regal power, according to the principles of the British Constitution; which power, they argued, the Americans seemed rather inclined to increase by their undue attachment to charters, and declaring themselves the subjects of the King alone, and not of the whole united body of the British Legislature.

In truth, there was little occasion to go abroad to seek for new grievances. There were sufficient of these complained of at home; some of which were real, and, as will always happen, some existed only in the imaginations of the people. Ever since the peace, ill humours had been generating in the nation, and every day seemed to administer fuel to the flame of dissention which had been raised, as we before observed, by those who opposed the Favourite and his measures. At the same time those who were most intent upon political matters, seemed to forget the commercial state of the nation, which was far from being favourable. Trade appeared absolutely declining on the one hand---whilst, on the other, the high price of provisions rendered it impossible but that many of the artificers and labouring poor must be reduced almost to a starving condition, either for want of employment, or of higher wages; the raising of which must in itself always be prejudicial to a trading country like this, by giving other nations the opportunity of underselling us at foreign markets.

It had been more than once recommended to the Parliament from the Throne, to take these matters into consideration, but little or nothing had been done in them; partly on account of their attention being engrossed by political disputes, and partly by reason of the intricacy of the causes from whence the grievances sprung, which now demanded a redress. Not but that there were ingenious persons who strove to investigate these, and some of them with great accuracy; yet even when the evils were exposed, the cure of them appeared so complicated, that those who had the care of the State's health, seemed tacitly to acknowledge that they knew not how to undertake it.

The frequent Bankruptcies which happened in the nation, undoubtedly greatly tended to the stagnation of trade, and was one, though perhaps not a primary source, of the evils complained of. It was sensibly remarked by those who first wrote upon the subject, that the monopolizing farms must be considered as one great cause of the dearness of provisions, a position which was proved to demonstration by several able writers. To these some added the enormous size of the Capital, which certainly, as it must be supplied with provisions, would tend to render them dear, especially since the turnpike roads had made the conveyance easy from almost any part of the country,

and the vender was sure to find a sale of his commodity in London. At the same time, remarks were made upon the numbers of people in the Metropolis, who lived only upon ideal wealth, such as paper credit, stock-jobbing, gaming in the funds, and other business of mere speculation. All these must be supplied with the necessaries of life, many of them even living in affluence, without contributing in the least to the wealth or common stock which they were continually consuming. The contagion had spread almost to all conditions of men. The public gaming of Lotteries, countenanced by the Government, had debauched even the lower class of the people, who neglected their callings for this idle deception; while those who by ill success in business, or otherwise, had either imprudently or dishonestly involved themselves in difficulties, spotted thus with their creditor's money, depending only on chance for a lucky hit, which they conceived might raise their fortunes, and if that never happened, they could only become bankrupts a little sooner, and leave less money to discharge their lawful debts.

Another unhappy circumstance for this City was said to be the increasing number of those who are perhaps most properly called *Tradesmen*, (i. e. the *Deliverers* of goods manufactured by other people). These are to be considered in nearly the same predicament as those who sell only by commission, and yet the increase of the former has by no means abridged that of the latter class of men. These Tradesmen, without manufacturing any thing, and without promoting foreign commerce in the least degree, raise the commodity from 10 or 20 to 100 per cent. according to the nature of it, upon the vender. There is no occasion for such a number of these who live upon what they do not contribute to supply; few, very few of them, are necessary. In most cases, the Merchant alone is wanted to come between the manufacturer and the vender, for the benefit of commerce, and the facility of exportation. Luxury in the rich, and idleness in the poor, have been considered as the general causes of that poverty complained of among us. While the former were contented to reside at their seats in the country, where they lived like princes; and, while the latter duly attended to business, instead of plunging in riot and dissipation, the grievances now complained of were agreed to be by no means so enormous. Now all classes of men were concerned in them, and the correction was required to be almost universal.

But, above all things, the falling off of the North American trade, in consequence of the disputes with the Colonists, was most loudly talked of; and in some measure this was certainly true, and more than this; for the people of New England seemed resolved not only to withdraw their trade from us, but even to withhold the payment of their debts to Britain, if their demands were not complied with.

As to the fifth circumstance, and indeed the whole of what related to our breaking with the Americans, it was what some politicians asserted long since would be the case; it was what others, after the event happened, said was no more than what might well have been expected from Colonies situated under nearly the same parallels of latitude, and where the country in general was such as could be brought to bear a produce the same, or nearly a similar kind, to our own.

These politicians affirmed; that it was an event which must, sooner or later, at some time have taken place; that it might indeed have been deferred for a few years, but that was the utmost that could have been expected. They went further, and asserted that our possessions beyond the Atlantic had upon the whole even proved in some respects rather detrimental than beneficial to us. They averred that numbers of tradesmen, manufacturers, &c. were drawn together upon the prospect of the American trade, which must fail (as it now has done) at some period or other; and that the consequences then could not but be highly prejudicial to Great-Britain. But, to speak candidly; allowing this argument its full force, it certainly rather tends to prove the advantage of the American trade *while it lasts*, than otherwise; consequently, though it should be allowed that it must fail at one time or other, it would be well worth the while of Great-Britain to put off that evil day, at least to a time, when other concurring circumstances may render the inhabitants of this country more able to bear the failure. By what means, conciliating or coercive, this end may best be effected, it must lie with the wisdom of legislature to determine.

But we cannot help remarking that the Americans seem not only to have hindered us of the benefits of their trade, but in a measure to have robbed us of those arising from our own. Our subjects emigrate daily at a time when Colonization of such a kind is no longer serviceable to the State: they take along with them our manufactures, and will not be warned against the particular evils attending such emigrations,

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even from the accounts given by those whom experience has made wise, and who have found no such success as they promised themselves in resorting to America.

At the same time, we find that the increase of our foreign trade is by no means such as can be supposed to balance the loss of that which we formerly drove on with our own Colonies. Quite the contrary; we have warred; we have negotiated for such an increase in vain. There is a visible falling off upon the balance, when the exports and the imports are compared together; and what it is perhaps of no less consequence to remark, the latter are not only less advantageous, but the former more useless, and consisting of a greater number of articles appropriated to luxury, than ever was known in these kingdoms.

This is a melancholy view of affairs; yet upon examination it will be found a just one. And while things are in this state, it is not wonderful that a nation should be distressed, and even on the verge of a general bankruptcy; it is owing to the superior Genius of Britain, and to the consequences of her former triumphs, that she still rises superior to such evils. It is plain, however, that matters draw to a crisis; a circumstance which requires particular attention.

While these things passed at home, the foreign powers in general (Russia and the Porte then in actual war excepted) made professions of the most pacific inclinations towards Great-Britain, and each other. The Spaniards had indeed been accused of some depredations, and hostile designs. Their seizure of Falkland's islands had even occasioned preparations for a war to be made in England. The point in dispute was, however, compromised between the two powers, and the matter brought to a favourable issue, without bloodshed, to the great disappointment of those who hoped for advantage from the consequences of war and confusion.

The Court of France was quite quiet. The French Ministry, it was said, had refused in any degree to countenance the Spaniards, in case of their entering into hostilities with England; and in this disposition they remained till the death of the old King, and the accession of Louis XVI. to the Crown; who has recalled the Old Parliaments, which his grandfather banished, and put the administration of affairs into different hands. What consequences this change will produce in regard to the affairs of Europe, time only can determine.

It has been already observed, that a difference subsisted between the Patriots, some of whom acted upon principles that seemed to be incompatible with those adopted by others. However, the temper of the nation was such, that the people gave them credit for their professions, however apparently opposite; and a belief in them was expected from every Son of Freedom. Not but that there were those who detested Ministerial Cabals, and were the true friends of their country, who yet would not join in the general cry, and disdained to acquire a short-lived fame, by merely attaching themselves to any particular set of men whatsoever. But these moderate persons were generally disregarded; and as the parties ran high, it was expected that all should list themselves under the banner of one or the other.

Mr. Wilkes, who was generally deemed the Hero of Opposition, and little esteemed even in private life, though at once engaged in a contest with the Ministry and a great body of the Patriots, still seemed to gain every point he aimed at; and after having gotten his friends and relations into some of the most honourable and profitable places in the city, at length was himself elected Lord-Mayor of this metropolis.

In the mean time, the Ministry, though they had hitherto carried matters with a high hand, were resolved no longer to oppose a man, whom they began to be sensible that oppression of Government alone had raised into consequence. This, the author of the letters signed *Junius*, had already informed them, and this was what, if they had reasoned justly, they would have found long ago. As it was, he was approved as Chief Magistrate of London by the Lord Chancellor, and took his seat as Member of Parliament for Middlesex at the General Election.

This event was brought on at a period somewhat earlier than it would have happened according to the common course of the Constitution of Parliaments, by an exertion of the Royal Prerogative, in dissolving that Great Assembly by Proclamation, which was made on the 30th of September; the writs bearing teste on Saturday the 1st day of October, and being returnable on Tuesday the 29th of November,

This dissolution of the Parliament, though it was what had before been so earnestly desired by the Patriots, failed not now to raise discontents among the people; who asserted, that it was a manœuvre of the Ministry, in order to secure a majority by the suddenness of the measure. Whether this was the case or not, if we can judge from appearances, the majority seems to be on the same side, and in favour of many of the measures adopted by the late Parliament.

The grand object which now lies under the consideration of Parliament, is the business of America, which at present principally engages the public attention.----- We have already observed upon the charters, number of inhabitants, &c. in New England, which takes the lead in the present American disturbances: as the greatest reason offered by the supporters of the Colonists, in their favour (and which will now claim the attention of the Great Assembly of the nation) is their situation, and the likelihood they have of maintaining themselves by their own industry, as well as turning the course of their commerce to other nations, we shall only add a few remarks communicated by the most accurate observers.

New England lies from 41 to 45 degrees of latitude, stretching along an extensive coast: but the Back Settlements are continually exposed to the irruptions of the Indians. The climate, though further to the southward, is by no means so moderate as that of England. The summers are rather hotter, the winters most severely cold.--- The soil is various, but generally unfavourable to European corn: the wheat is apt to be blasted, and the oats lean and chaffy. The pasture lands in general are tolerably good, though where, from a principle of economy, too much grass is grown, the hay is often rank and sour. Flax is a growth favoured by the soil: the culture of hemp has been later, but not unsuccessfully adopted. Sheep, oxen, and hogs are generally plentiful; and there are many other European commodities which the New England men are now endeavouring to raise. The linen manufactory has been lately much improved by Irish and Scotch emigrants; and as to wool, they have such as will make tolerable good cloth, though by no means equal to that manufactured in Great-Britain.

This being the state of the case, it remains therefore to be considered how far such a people, by withdrawing their trade, (a great part of which has been long lost to us by smuggling) can injure the Mother Country; how far they can subsist upon their own growth (the chief of which, as to corn, is maize) and establish a trade by their own industry; as also, what a length of time it will take to bring about the end they seem to aim at, and what weight the obstacles which design or accident may throw in their way, will have upon them, on a due consideration.

Finally, whether yielding to the Colonists, in regard to certain points, or whether determining to force them to a submission in all; and, if the latter should be resolved on, whether sending more soldiers among them, or re-calling those already sent, and contenting ourselves with preventing, by our men of war and privateers, their trade to foreign countries, would be the best method?----these are the questions which Parliament must determine.

There is no doubt but that if conciliating measures could be had recourse to, without the danger of the Colonists perpetually insisting upon still *more* than was granted, till at last they claimed an absolute independance, these would be the best. As it is, the matter appears a doubt, which of itself has given sufficient ground to such candidates; who indeed might have urged many other reasons against implicitly subscribing to the *previous commands* proposed to them by their Constituents, as preliminary articles to their obtaining a seat in the present Parliament.

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Such was the state of affairs at the opening of the present Parliament, the crisis of which gives *some* every thing to *hope*, *others* every thing to *fear*, and all every thing to expect, from the determinations of the Great Assembly of the nation.



# NARRATIVE OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ON Tuesday, Nov. 29, the two Houses of Parliament met; and his Majesty having come to the House of Peers, the Commons were ordered to attend, when the Lord Chancellor signified his Majesty's pleasure that they should proceed to the choice of a Speaker. Accordingly they returned, when Lord Guernsey proposed the Right Hon. Sir Fletcher Norton. Lord Robert Spencer seconded the motion; and the question being put, it was unanimously carried.

Sir Fletcher then rose in his place, and after thanking the House for this *second* proof of their confidence, assured them of a punctual obedience to their commands. The Lords Guernsey and Spencer then conducted the Speaker to the first step of the chair, where he again addressed the House, and proposed to alter the petition, relative to the ancient privileges of the House, on his being presented for the King's approbation. He afterwards sat down, and the House adjourned.

NOVEMBER 30.

The Commons again attended in the Upper House, when the Speaker received the approbation of his Majesty; and having by petition claimed the ancient privileges of the House, (particularly, that their persons, estates, and servants might be free from all arrests and molestations, not taken away or abridged by Parliament; that they might have liberty of speech in all their debates; and might have access to his Majesty's person when occasion should require) his Majesty was pleased to grant the same, in as ample a manner as had been done by any of his predecessors.

His Majesty then made the following most gracious Speech to the two Houses of Parliament:

*"My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

"IT gives me much concern, that I am obliged, at the opening of this Parliament, to inform you, That a most daring spirit of resistance, and disobedience to the law, still unhappily prevails in the province of the Massachusetts's bay, and has, in divers parts of it,

broke forth in fresh violences of a very criminal nature. These proceedings have been countenanced and encouraged in other of my colonies, and unwarrantable attempts have been made to obstruct the commerce of this kingdom, by unlawful combinations. I have taken such measures, and given such orders, as I judged most proper and effectual for carrying into execution the laws which were passed in the last session of the late Parliament, for the protection and security of the commerce of my subjects, and for the restoring and preserving peace, order, and good government, in the Province of the Massachusetts's bay; and you may depend upon my firm and steadfast resolution to withstand every attempt to weaken or impair the supreme authority of this Legislature over all the dominions of my Crown; the maintenance of which I consider as essential to the dignity, the safety, and the welfare of the British empire; assuring myself that, while I act upon these principles, I shall never fail to receive your assistance and support.

"I have the greatest satisfaction in being able to inform you, that a treaty of peace is concluded between Russia and the Porte. By this happy event, the troubles which have so long prevailed in one part of Europe are composed, and the general tranquillity rendered complete. It shall be my constant aim and endeavour to prevent the breaking out of fresh disturbances; and I cannot but flatter myself I shall succeed, as I continue to receive the strongest assurances from other Powers of their being equally disposed to preserve the peace.

*"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"I have ordered the proper estimates for the service of the ensuing year to be laid before you; and I doubt not but that, in this House of Commons, I shall meet with the same affectionate confidence, and the same proofs of zeal and attachment to my person and government, which I have always, during the course of my reign, received from my faithful Commons.

*"My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

"Let me particularly recommend to you, at this time, to proceed with temper in your deliberations, and with unanimity in your resolutions. Let my people, in every part of my dominions, be taught by your example, to have a due reverence for the laws, and a just sense of the blessings of our excellent constitution. They may be assured that, on my part, I have nothing so much at heart as the real prosperity and lasting happiness of all my subjects."

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The Speech being ended, the Commons returned to their House, and immediately proceeded to the swearing in the Members.

DECEMBER 1, 2.

Continued to swear in Members.

DECEMBER 5.

This day some few Members were sworn in, and the several usual standing orders relative to privileges, trade, religion, controverted elections, the interference of Peers, and double returns, read and agreed to.

Lord Beauchamp moved for an address to his Majesty, to return his Majesty the thanks of this House for his most gracious Speech from the Throne. Besides the usual form of addressing, his Lordship introduced several pertinent observations on the present spirit of the Colonists, their resolves, meetings, and in particular their intended non-importation agreement.

His Lordship was seconded by Mr. De Crey, jun.—Lord John Cavendish now rose, and having previously condemned the conduct of Administration, and the turbulent spirit of the Colonies, moved an amendment, in calling for such papers relative to America, as had been received since the last Sessions, without which, his Lordship remarked, it would be impossible for the house to determine whether it might be necessary to adopt other measures.

Lord North answered Lord John Cavendish in a short speech, and said he should give himself or the House very little trouble, as he imagined when he came in that there was not a Member present, who would not perceive the necessity for acting in the manner proposed by the speech.---His Lordship owned himself to be the fabricator of it, and said that it was drawn up short, purely to avoid all cavil, and to promote an unanimity of opinion at this important crisis.

He was answered by Mr. Frederic Montagu, who in general disapproved of the Address, and seconded the motion for the amendment very strenuously.

Gov. Johnston spoke very fully to the same side, and was heard with a good deal of attention. He contended very ably, that America was not worth keeping on the terms and principles contained in the Address.

Col. Barré was very able on the same side. He was of the same opinion with Governor Johnstone. He said that the scheme of reducing the Colonies by force, was wild, incoherent, and impracticable; and, though it were not, that a dominion

supported by force, would answer no end whatever.

Mr. T. Townsend, and Mr. Burke, were for the amendment. The latter was more witty than solid, ingenious than convincing. He put the House into great good humour, but seemed willing to avoid the real merits.

Lord Carmarthen entered fully into the contents of the proposed amendment, and dwelt much on the spirit of sedition, turbulence, and rebellion, which had manifested itself from one end to the other of the American Continent.

Mr. Van spoke strongly for the most firm and decisive measures.

The Solicitor General spoke very fully and ably, and endeavoured to answer every thing that had been offered on the other side.

The question being put at about half after ten, the House divided. For the amendment 73, against it 264; and the question for the Address being put, it passed of course in the affirmative.

[Notwithstanding this disparity in the numbers, the Members declared they did not consider themselves bound to approve of the late American measures, tho' they approved of the Address.]

Ordered, That a Committee of Election and privilege be appointed.—That all persons who question any returns are to do it within fourteen days.---That all Members returned for two places, do make their election for the place they will serve in three weeks.---That Committees of Trade, Religion, &c. sit as usual.

DECEMBER 6.

In consequence of the order of yesterday, many Members attended to deliver their Petitions, the first of whom was Mr. Dundas, complaining of a double return for the borough of Milborne Port.

The Speaker then rose, and desired the assistance of the House, to reconcile the standing order which is made at the opening of every Sessions of Parliament, that no petition for a double or undue return shall be received, if not presented within fourteen days after the meeting of Parliament; and that part of the act for regulating controverted elections, which expressly orders, that whenever a petition is received, it shall be read, and a day appointed for hearing it.

Mr. Cornwall rose, and endeavoured to reconcile the act, by vesting a power in the House to receive or reject a petition in the first instance.

Mr. Dunning.---My honourable and learned friend over the way has started an objection,

objection, which, were it to prevail, would in reality defeat that act, which a short time since seemed to be so justly the favourite of a majority of this House. The evil, which the act was designed to remove and guard against, was partial decisions in this House on controverted elections. I believe no man here will deny, that too many instances of that kind have happened; indeed its several provisions are the clearest proof, that that was the sole intention of its framers and friends. What then will be the probable consequence, were my learned friend's ideas to prevail? It would be this: that a majority of this House, without enquiry, and perhaps only knowing the name of the town or the petitioner, or chusing to usurp a jurisdiction to determine the merits in the first instance, would at once take upon itself to reject a petition, without any other hearing or trial whatever.

*Mr. Cornwall.* No man in this House more highly approves of the act in question in several respects than I do. I am not surprized, therefore, if the learned gentleman thinks such a power as I have mentioned, would lead to defeat the act, that he should be desirous to prevent its supposed ill consequences; but I suspect he has equally mistook my meaning and intentions. All I wish for is, that the House, if a Petition on a true ground were presented, might be deemed competent to entertain it, though the fourteen days prescribed by the standing order were expired. As to the learned gentleman's fears, that such a power might be abused, I believe the annals of Parliament do not furnish an instance of a petition being rejected, complaining of an undue election, without being sent to a Committee.

*Mr. Dunning.* How the fact stated by the Right Hon. Gentleman may be, I will not pretend to say; but this I am confident of, that if it were strictly true, it would be still a stronger motive with me to resist the voting any such power in this House; because, if in former times the House did not reject in the first instance, the reason was obvious, as those who led it could effect with ease, under the appearance of a judicial decision, what, if they had done in the first instance, would carry with it the strongest marks of the most manifest partiality. But being by the act now under consideration totally precluded from exerting that shameful influence, should the reasons now offered by the learned gentleman prevail, they will in a summary way be enabled to do that which is denied them in any other.—I there-

fore beg to make the following motion, and take the sense of the House on it.

The motion was accordingly handed to the Speaker, and a general debate ensued, which lasted till near five o'clock, when the question being put, it was agreed to without a division.

The motion, after receiving one amendment from Mr. Solicitor General, and another from Mr. Hartley, was to this effect:

Resolved, That according to the legal construction of the said act, (Mr. Grenville's) every petition that is presented to the House, complaining of an undue election, &c. shall be received, be read by the Clerk, and a day appointed for sending it to a Committee, without any question put thereon.

Besides the above Gentlemen, Mr. Attorney General, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Rigby spoke against the motion, and Mr. Burke for it.

Mr. Dundas then presented his petition, which was ordered to be heard the 20th inst. as did likewise Mr. Wallace one, for an undue return for the borough of Morpeth, which was fixed for the 24th of January.

The Speaker again addressed himself to the House, and stated the disagreeable situation he stood in, respecting the petitions that were then going to be presented; he observed, that it might frequently happen, that several Members would apply to him at once, and as he wished to avoid every appearance of partiality, he begged their assistance in establishing some method, to free him from a possibility of incurring the displeasure of the petitioners.

Mr. Rose Fuller therefore moved, that in order to prevent confusion, the names of all the counties, cities, &c. concerning which petitions were presented, should be written upon slips of paper, and put into a glass, and be drawn out by the Clerk; and that the petitions referring to the names successively drawn out should have the preference in being first heard.—This occasioned a tedious, uninterested debate, but it was carried without a division.

[This regulation, though it may appear trifling, was very much wanting to compleat Mr. Grenville's truly constitutional bill: for notwithstanding the many provisions made by that bill, there was no remedy against the evil of two or more persons rising at once, except the choice being left with the Speaker; and this reduced him to a most irksome situation, as every determination (however impartial)

was liable to the censure of some or other of the Members.]

The several other Members who had petitions to present, delivered them in to the Clerk, who having complied with the terms of the motion, drew out eighteen names, to be heard in the following order:

Hindon, Wilts,	Friday, Jan. 27.
Downton, Wilts,	Tuesday, 31.
Bristol,	Friday, Feb. 3.
Radnor, Wales,	Tuesday, 7.
Dorchester,	Friday, 10.
Taunton,	Tuesday, 14.
Pontefract, Yorksh.	Friday, 17.
Abingdon, Berks,	Tuesday, 21.
Shrewsbury,	Friday, 24.
Hull,	Tuesday, 28.
Hellstone, Cornw.	Friday, Mar. 3.
Honiton, Devon,	Tuesday, 7.
Bedford,	Friday, 10.
Sudbury, Suffolk,	Tuesday, 14.
Wigton, Lanc.	Friday, 17.
Poole, Dorset,	Tuesday, 21.
Shaftesbury,	Friday, 24.
Haslemere, Surry,	Tuesday, 28.

#### DECEMBER 7.

More petitions were presented this day, and drawn for hearing as follows:

Clackmannan,	Friday, Mar. 31.
Lanerk,	Tuesd. Apr. 4.
St. Ives, Cornwall,	Friday, 7.
North Berwick,	Tuesday, 11.

The Speaker, with the Lords Beauchamp, Guernsey, and Robert Spencer, and many other Members, waited on his Majesty with the following Address, in answer to his Majesty's most gracious Speech from the Throne.

#### *The humble ADDRESS of the COMMONS of GREAT-BRITAIN in Parliament assembled.*

##### *"Most Gracious Sovereign,*

"WE, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of Great-Britain in Parliament assembled, return your Majesty our humble thanks, for your most gracious Speech from the Throne.

"Permit us to assure your Majesty, that we receive with the highest sense of your Majesty's goodness, the early information which you have been pleased to give us of the state of the Province of the Massachusetts-Bay.

"We feel the most sincere concern, that a spirit of disobedience and resistance to the law should still unhappily prevail in that Province, and that it has broke forth in fresh violences of a most criminal nature: and we cannot but lament that such proceedings should have been countenanced and encouraged in any other of your Majesty's

Colonies; and that any of your subjects should have been so far deluded and misled, as to make rash and unwarrantable attempts to obstruct the commerce of your Majesty's kingdoms by unlawful combinations.

"We beg leave to present our most dutiful thanks to your Majesty, for having taken such measures as your Majesty judged most proper and effectual, for carrying into execution the laws, which were passed in the last Session of the late Parliament, for the protection and security of the commerce of your Majesty's subjects, and for restoring and preserving peace, order, and good government, in the Province of the Massachusetts-Bay.

"Your faithful Commons, animated by your Majesty's gracious assurances, will use every means in their power to assist your Majesty in maintaining entire and inviolate the supreme authority of this Legislature over all the dominions of your Crown; being truly sensible that we should betray the trust reposed in us, and be wanting in every duty which we owe to your Majesty, and to our fellow-subjects, if we failed to give our most zealous support to those great constitutional principles, which govern your Majesty's conduct in this important business, and which are so essential to the dignity, safety, and welfare of the British empire.

"We learn with great satisfaction, that a treaty of peace is concluded between Russia and the Porte; and that, by this happy event, the general tranquillity is rendered complete: and we entertain a well-grounded hope, that your Majesty's constant endeavours to prevent the breaking out of fresh disturbances will be attended with success; as your Majesty continues to receive the strongest assurances from other powers, of their being equally disposed to preserve the peace.

"We assure your Majesty, that we will, with the utmost cheerfulness, grant to your Majesty every necessary supply; and that we consider ourselves bound by gratitude, as well as duty, to give every proof our most affectionate attachment to a Prince, who, during the whole course of his reign, has made the happiness of his people the object of all his views, and the rule of all his actions."

To this Address his Majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious Answer:

##### *"Gentlemen,*

"I Return you my particular thanks for this very loyal and dutiful Address. I receive with the highest satisfaction and approbation your assurances of assistance and support, in maintaining the supreme authority of the Legislature over all the dominions of my Crown. It shall be my care to justify by my conduct the confidence you so affectionately express, and to shew that I have no interests separate from those of my people."

DECEM-

DECEMBER 8.

Reported and read his Majesty's answer to the address.

Mr. Dundas moved, that the hearing of the petition relative to the double return for Milborne Port, which was ordered for the 20th of December, might be postponed; and having stated his reasons to the House, it was accordingly deferred till the 20th of January, with the consent of the opposite party.

Petitions were delivered, and drawn as before, for

Dumferline,	Tues. April 25.
Petersfield,	Friday, 28.
Cardigan,	Tues. May 2.
Linlithgow,	Friday, 5.
Seaford,	Tuesday, 9.
Peterborough.	Friday, 12.

Besides the above petitions, there was one presented from the voters of Radnor, which was in course referred to be heard according to the order of December 6, when the said borough was drawn for Tuesday Feb. 7.

When the petition for Dumferline was brought in, Col. Archibald Campbell (who is the sitting Member) informed the House, that he cheerfully submitted his cause to the determination of the Committee. Mr. Medley, (Member for Seaford) likewise rose, and endeavoured in some measure to answer the charge of the petitioners: He was extremely jocular upon his opponents (Mr. Chetwood and Mr. Sayre) and observed, that the House would sustain a very great loss in the want of such able orators and financiers.

In a Committee of the whole House, resolved, that a supply be granted to his Majesty.

DECEMBER 9.

This day there was very little business done, the House not sitting above three quarters of an hour. The resolution which the Committee of Supply came to yesterday was reported and agreed to: and the Committee ordered to sit again on Monday.

Resolved on Mr. Cooper's motion, that

an humble Address might be presented to his Majesty, that his Majesty would be pleased to give the proper Officers directions to lay before this House the following estimates for the service of the year 1775; and that the same might be referred to the said Committee.

The ordinary estimate for his Majesty's navy, for the year 1775; and also,

An estimate of the charge of what may be necessary for the buildings, rebuildings, and repairs of ships of war in his Majesty's yards, and other extra works, over and above what is proposed to be done, under the heads of wear and tear, and ordinary, in the year 1775.

An estimate of the charge for guards, garrisons, and other land forces, for the year 1775.

An estimate of the charge of the Office of Ordnance for the land service, for the year 1775.

A list of the regimental and warrant Officers of his Majesty's land forces, and of such of the Officers of marines as were reduced before the last war, who are to be on half-pay, for the year 1775.

An account of services incurred, and not provided for by Parliament.

And, an account, shewing the monies arisen within the respective half-years, ending the 5th of April 1774, and the 10th of October following, out of the aggregate, South-Sea, and general, commonly called the Sinking-Fund.

As soon as the House had come to these several resolutions, Lord Howe acquainted the House, that the Navy estimates would be referred to the Committee of Supply on Monday; and then taken into consideration.

Such Gentlemen as had petitions to present, delivered them to the Clerk, and they were drawn out of the glass in the following order:

Malden;	Tues. May 16.
Carnarvonshire,	Friday, 19.
Totness,	Tuesday, 23.
Dyfart, &c.	Friday, 26.

The House rose at three o'clock, and adjourned to Monday.

DEBATES

# DEBATES of the COMMONS.

## NUMBER II.

DECEMBER 12.

**T**HE Speaker took the Chair at two o'clock, and proceeded, after receiving some inclosing bills, to take into consideration such petitions complaining of undue returns and elections, as were presented, when the same were drawn by the Clerk in the following order :

Edinburgh City,	Tuesday,	May 30.
Dumbarton,	Friday,	June 2.
Barnstaple,	Friday,	9.
Ilchester,	Tuesday,	13.
Stockbridge,	Friday,	16.
New Shoreham,	Tuesday,	20.
Westminster,	Wednesday,	Jan. 25.
Worcester,	Friday,	June 23.

Very little was said to any of the petitions, until the Westminster one was read, when Mr. C. Fox arose and said, he intended some days since to have objected to the present mode of deciding when petitions shall be heard; that the noble Lord (T. Clinton) whom the petition before them alluded to, was returned for East Retford, as well as for Westminster, therefore until the petition was decided, East Retford would be deprived of a Member; that in his opinion such petitions as related to double returns ought to be heard in preference to any other.

Mr. Rigby said, he coincided in opinion with the Hon. Gentleman, that such petitions as related to double returns, ought to have priority, yet from the number that was already presented, and the number which in all probability would be presented, before the expiration of the time limited for receiving them, he was led to think that many of them were frivolous and vexatious; that the petition before them was brought in very late, and it would lay in the breast of any person who wished to present a petition, and not to have it heard, to escape the censure of the House by presenting it so late that it could not be heard.

The Lord Mayor (who presented the Westminster petition) replied, that he could not agree with the Hon. Gentleman, that the Westminster petition was pre-

sented late, for if he remembered, the time allowed was fourteen days, and that was but the seventh, therefore in his opinion it was far from being delivered in late.

Mr. Rigby answered, in his usual jocular manner, that he had not the least doubt but the worthy Magistrate who presented the petition knew the contents of MEAT and DRINK being given, to be true; yet at the same time, considering the great distance Westminster was from that house, the great distance the worthy Magistrate lived from Westminster, and the loss that the Standard Tavern had sustained by Humphry Cotes's leaving them, it was astonishing to him how they had been able, in so SHORT a time, to come to any resolution at all.

Mr. Rose Fuller moved, that the 25th of May (instead of the day which was allotted according to ballot) might be set apart for hearing the Westminster petition.

Mr. C. Fox said, that, as there were four or five other petitions in the same predicament, he could wish, as they had been presented before the Westminster one, the orders for hearing them might be discharged, and some earlier days appointed.

Lord George Germaine acquainted him that that was impossible, for the Act of Parliament expressly said, "that when any order for hearing petitions is withdrawn, a future day must be appointed;" therefore those petitions that were already appointed could not be heard before the day that was first allotted them; yet he hoped that the one before them, which was not gone too far to be remedied, might be heard as soon as possible; he should therefore move, that it be heard on Wednesday the 25th of January.

The Lord Mayor arose and said, the earlier the day the better, and returned Lord Germaine thanks for fixing the day so early.

Mr. E. Burke explained to the House, that the number of petitions which were already presented, in his opinion, was a

proof

proof of the just light the public held Mr. Grenville's act in; that it was always customary, when a new court of judicature was erected, that a number of causes came to be tried before it; that he had no right to believe that any of the petitions were frivolous or vexatious, yet if they were, when they came to be tried, he hoped they would be treated as such.

A proposition was now submitted to the House, by Mr. T. Townsend, relative to opening the doors to the Members of the other House. This produced a conversation (for there was no question before the House) which continued above an hour.

Mr. T. Townsend said, that he did not mean to urge his proposition by way of motion, or question, but barely to collect the general sense which he flattered himself they would entertain of it. He said that no man who had the least recollection of the very indecent conduct of the House of Peers, relative to their shutting their doors against the Commons, could be supposed ever to forget the unprovoked indignity then put on this House, or suspect him to be the first that would propose an improper concession. But as most of the great national business originated, and was transacted in the House of Commons; as there were many young Lords, who, by the order for excluding the Peers, were deprived of those grand sources of information to be had within those walls; as from the nature of conducting business in the other House, little knowledge could be obtained; as matters of the first consequence to the welfare of these kingdoms would shortly come under discussion, he submitted it to the House, if the order of a rigid exclusion, made at the time he now hinted at, in a spirit of heat and resentment, might not be relaxed, to reach so far, at least, as a connivance. He observed, if the Peers had behaved ill, if they had acted imprudently, nay indecently, the Commons had now a fair opportunity of taking the higher ground, of acting with temper, with moderation, and like gentlemen. And concluded with saying, that a great number of the younger part of the other House had already manifested a strong inclination to make reparation for the former misbehaviour of their body; and, in fine, said he, the act was more the act of a few individuals than of the whole House.

Mr. Rice rose next, and was very warmly severe on the conduct of the Peers. He owned that the Commons, it

was true, had the advantage of now choosing the higher ground, but contended strenuously, that as the Peers were the aggressors, they should first certainly concede; and that, for his part, till that event took place, he should steadfastly continue to be against the least relaxation on their part. He said, he was himself a witness to the shameful, the scandalous outrage committed on the representative body of the British nation; and it was impossible he could ever forget the several aggravating circumstances which accompanied it. That the reasons urged now, by the Hon. Gentleman who moved in this business, were just, and struck him at the time; but that what might have been then extremely proper, would at this time be extremely improper, considering the disposition the Peers had shewn on a recent occasion, when they had an opportunity to make a suitable reparation to this House, which they had so grossly insulted and offended, without any colour of provocation whatever.

Mr. Hans Stanley denied, in general terms, that the Commons had any right to complain, as they had no business in the other House. He insisted that the proposed connivance would answer no sort of purpose; for that whatever the general sense of the House might be, there were many Members, who, if they saw a Peer in the House, would instantly move for having him turned out. Here he digressed on the impropriety of permitting strangers of any denomination into the gallery; said it was disagreeable to be obliged to move for having the House cleared; that therefore, in his opinion, it would be better to prevent such an inconvenience, by having the standing order enforced more strictly, and thereby avoid disappointing those, who perhaps wait out of curiosity or entertainment from twelve o'clock. Whether such a regulation would admit of any exceptions, relative to persons who had any real business to transact, he would not determine. His speech did not seem to be relished in any quarter of the House.

Col. Barré said, he had been told that in the latter end of the reign of George the first, or beginning of the reign of George the second, a like affair happened, both Houses shut the doors against each other, and that John Duke of Argyle gave it as his opinion, that the Peers of the land, by their birth and education, ought to be more polite and have better manners than the Commons, therefore it was expedient in them to

set the Commons an example, and open their doors.

Mr. Burke said he by no means agreed with the Duke of Argyll that the Peers of the realm had more manners than the Commons, for in general their rank made them proud and saucy; that Commoners were remarkable for their civility, for it was civility that gained them their seats; they were obliged not only to be civil to their constituents, but their constituents wives and children. He then argued with great force of reasoning in favour of opening the doors of both Houses on the principle of duty, declaring that if he could do his duty completely without, he would never desire to enter the doors of the House of Peers; but he was very well convinced, that upon certain occasions it was absolutely necessary the Members should have free access to their respective Houses; that a great commercial bill, the importation of provisions from Ireland, would probably have been lost if he had not had access to the House of Peers to explain the principles on which that bill went; and that if the doors of that House had not been shut against the Lords last session, the bill for the security of Literary Property would never have been rejected with contempt after it had passed the House of Commons; for if the young Peers had come down and heard the arguments on it, it would have met with a different fate.

On the whole it seemed to be lamented that any difference had arisen to occasion such an improper step; but nothing was done; for the question being moved that the House do go into a Committee of Supply, it was carried in the affirmative.

The order of the day was now called for, for the House to resolve itself into a Committee of Supply to his Majesty; the Speaker accordingly left the Chair, and Sir Charles Whitworth being seated, Mr. Buller moved, "that it is the opinion of this Committee, that 16,000 seamen, including 4284 marines, be granted for the year 1775."

He prefaced his motion with setting forth, that Admiral Harland was daily expected home from the East Indies, with three sail of the line, and by that means 16,000 would be sufficient, which was 4000 less than last year.

Mr. T. Townsend desired to know why 20,000 was necessary last year, and 16,000 would do this, and what quantity were necessary to be sent to America, and what proportion left to guard us at home.

Mr. Buller attempted to solve Mr. Townsend's questions; he read an extract of a letter from Admiral Amherst, commander at Plymouth, informing them that they had several supernumerary seamen, and that their guardships were full; that the number of ships at America were three third-rates, one fourth-rate, six six-rates, seven schooners, and two armed vessels; the number of seamen 2835.

Mr. Luttrell arose, and said he was much surprized to hear the Hon. Gentleman mention the state of our seamen in such a manner; that, had he been apprized of the business coming on that day, he would have prepared himself to have answered him more fully; yet he was so much a judge of maritime affairs as to know it was impossible that the ships or seamen the Hon. Gentleman had mentioned to be in America could be there for some months, for ships that went out at this season were prevented by winds and weather, so that they were obliged to go to the West-Indies or put back, and could not arrive in America till the spring; that he should be glad to be informed whether or not the seamen sent in the fleet to America were taken out of the guardships here, which consequently weakened our strength at home, and left us almost defenceless; and whether the Admiral's account of the full complement of men did not include those drafted off to other ships, and sent to America, which might be set down as *lent*, but were absolutely lost, as a defence to this country, until they returned.

Col. Barré said, he had been informed, that unless Admiral Harland arrived in ten days, it would be impossible for him to arrive in less than four months, therefore the number of seamen expected from his coming home was very precarious, and not to be depended on.

Mr. Hartley next desired to know the number of ships that were on the American station before the present disturbance.

Mr. Buller answered, one fourth-rate, six six-rates, seven schooners, and two armed vessels, and about 1900 men.

Col. Barré then desired to know what force we have at home to defend us against any attack of an enemy.

Mr. Buller replied, 5900 men in the guardships, and 1168 men in the other ships on the British and Irish coasts.

Mr. Buller's partizans finding him hard pressed for further explanation, immediately adverted to "*The Question! The Question!*" which put an end to the business; the Chairman then put the question,



question, that it is the opinion of this Committee that 16,000 seamen, including 4284 marines, be granted for the year 1775, which was carried.

DECEMBER 13.

Sir Charles Whitworth, from the Committee of Supply, reported the two resolutions of Monday, which were agreed to without opposition.

Mr. Rose Fuller moved to have the resolution of the 5th of May, 1774, read, which being accordingly complied with, he observed, that it appeared at that time to the House, that there were several large counties, where it was extremely inconvenient for the freeholders to attend at an election for Members to serve in Parliament. He begged, therefore, to acquaint them with what came within his own knowledge. He said, he resided in a county (Suffex) where he was eighty miles from the place of election, and that there were several freeholders who lived above a hundred miles off, and were obliged to go to give their suffrages at the expence of 4l. each; which he looked upon as no less troublesome than expensive. He then moved that leave might be given to bring in a bill, according to the resolution of the House of the 5th of May 1774, which was agreed to, and Mr. Fuller, Mr. Cornwall, Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Grey Cooper, and Lord George Germaine, were ordered to prepare and bring in the same.

Just as the House was preparing to rise, Lord John Cavendish, by way of information, desired to know the meaning that the King's speech proclaimed the necessity of certain measures to be pursued towards our Colonies in America, and yet the naval establishment was lower by 4000 men than the last year. He said, the House had no authentic information on what motives this naval arrangement was made; he should be therefore glad to have those seeming contradictions reconciled. He added, that the thinness of the House prevented him from framing any motion; but he could not, nevertheless, avoid observing, that he feared Administration, by fixing the naval establishment so low, meant to make calls of a very disagreeable and expensive nature on the House, in the future progress of the American affairs.

Lord Beauchamp answered Lord John, and said, that the latter having communicated to him that morning his intention of suggesting his ideas to the House, he had accordingly imparted them to the noble Lord who presides at the head of

the Treasury, who is indisposed, and who informed him, that Administration had no particular information to lay before the House at present.

Mr. Cornwall next rose, and endeavoured to apologize for the Minister's conduct. He insisted, that the present was not a proper time to enter into any discussion relative to American affairs; that the naval reduction, he presumed, was founded on good and substantial reasons; that however, the motives which gave birth to them might vary with the circumstances; and, that when the question concerning Great Britain and the Colonies came in a Parliamentary way before the House, every Member would then be fully at liberty to deliver his sentiments and maintain his opinions.

Mr. Burke answered the two Gentlemen on the Treasury Bench in a very masterly manner, and was extremely severe on the conduct of Administration. Among a variety of other things, he compared the House of Commons to a dead, senseless mass, which had neither sense, soul, or activity, but as it derived them from the Minister. If his Lordship chuses to tell them one day, that America is in a state little short of actual rebellion, it is all very well; if in a few days after he acquaints that at second hand, that he had no information whatever to authorize such an assertion, who can doubt his candour and his veracity? Both assertions still remain uncontradicted, and all must be silence. A few days since it was indecent to call for papers, because they could be had; to look for them now would be improper, because they cannot be had. That however absurd it might seem, such a conduct was nevertheless founded in system; for if matters turned out well, the merit would be imputed to the Minister; whereas if they should be attended with miscarriage or misfortune, it is no more than applying to Parliament, and every thing will be set to rights; that is, we despise the Parliament, who are our only proper and constitutional counsellors; but when we have blundered and ruined our affairs, perhaps beyond a possibility of redress, then we will come to Parliament---to do what?---to remedy what is incurable, and to recover what can never be regained. It is an old device, though methinks not a very wise one (says he) to trust to the chapter of accidents. This valuable chapter counsels you to trust to accidents, because accidents are sometimes productive of good fortune.

# I N D E X

T O T H E

L E T T E R S , E S S A Y S , P O E T R Y ,

A N D O T H E R

M I S C E L L A N E O U S A R T I C L E S .

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